1918

THE CAMP REUNION, APRIL FIFTH, 1918.

At one time we wondered whether enough of us could get together, there were so many in service, here and on the other side. But when we began to count up possibilities we found that there were more than we had realized. So the invitations went out, and in due time the acceptances came in.

We didn't run to verse this year, but there are fine touches about both the following:

Dear Skipper:

On hearing the horn on Friday the 5fth this child will, as usual, put on a necktie and appear.

Yours,
A.M.Goodale.

Mr.J.Arnold Lowell, Jr.
requests to state that
he will be seen
putting his undershirt on
on Friday evening
April the 5th
at 6.59 p.m.
as he has so often done before
at the corresponding hour
in the morning.

The necktie and its wearer were both on the spot. As for Domy's undershirt, we did not see him put it on, but his external attire was so gorgeous that we do not doubt that the dreaded cry, "Put on an undershirt" had no terrors for him. (Happy thought! What would happen if we had a tooth-brush raid at Reunion? On the whole perhaps it is an unhappy

thought.)

We were thirty-one in all;and time was when we thought that a big reunion!The majority were graduates of more recent years,but five,besides assorted Richardses,dated back before 1910.Several gay birds,who were going on to assorted balls afterwards,appeared in dress suits,and three were in khaki;Chick Abbot,from his regiment,Louis Zahner,from his Y.M.C.A. hut,and David Wheatland from Tech.We hardly knew Dave at first,but when we looked all the way up to the top of him,we realized that he was the same boy after all. (Steve couldn't come,having a previous engagement with the mumps.)

But if Dave looked tall,what can one say of Francis Parkman? A few of us had not seen him since his last visit at camp,and he is surely twice as tall as he was then.In fact he says he doesn't dare to get measured now,and doesn't know how tall he is.

Also we have seen shorter people than Clarence Corning,but are used to him.

Well,it was a good time,surely.We made some changes;how could we help it,when the world is changing so round us?Instead of Kipling we had Hermann Hagedorn's two finest poems,written in 1907 and 1917;ten years apart,but with the same noble fire in both.

Then came letters from France;only a few of the many,but good to hear,and to think about afterwards.(R.R. is making a book of war-letters from our boys.Already it is a wonderful collection.)

And then came "Andy Coggin."It takes more than war to change that.The following members of former casts were present:

Clarence O'Shea	G.E.Abbot.
Sud Lanigan	L.C.Zahner.
William	C.F.Batchelder Jr.
The Poet	Philip Batchelder.
Yvernelle	R.P.Hallowell,and
	J.Arnold Lowell Jr.

By this time several had to go,so we put them in the middle, six little half-past eighters,and sang Taps.

Henry Richards '00 – ?

A.M. Goodale '17

J. Garland '16

F.D. Perkins '10

F.S. Thayer 17

Russell Chapin 1911

Chas. N. Cowie '12

J. Arnold Lowell, Jr. '12

Sumner McRoberts '17

Philip Batchelder '10

Alice M. Richards '00

R. Amory Thorndike '12

Loring T. Swaim. 1909

Theodore G. Holcombe 1913

Philip S. Parker, Jr., 1909

Thos. T. Allen Jr. 1911

David P. Wheatland – 1912

Lowell C. Palmer – 1911.

Charles F. Batchelder, jr. – 1911.

Barbara Burrell 1903

Rosalind Richards.

H. MacD. Barton 1901

Julia C. Richards

Henry M. Richards.

Yearbook 1906

Raymond C. Bennett 1910

Twining Symes 1912

Richard P. Hallowell 1910

Francis Parkman

Gardner Coolidge

We generally have a game,but the letters had taken time,and we wanted much singing,so we had it.

F.M.B. had a train for Worcester to catch,but before he went he gave us "O'Grady's Goat",his own original song,(I don't mean that he wrote it),and "Pull me up,O'Reilly".We wanted more of course, but as it was he had to run.

We had the Scouting Song,of course,and the Chantey,and the Graduates' Song,and Renzo.Then one wanted "Merryweather Boys",and another demanded the Picnic Song.And then we learned "The Hottentot, which is new to Camp.

And then came "The Merryweather Light",which is dearer to us all than ever in these days.

And so,after the Camp Song and Auld Lang Syne,we scattered.

No one but R.R. knows who wrote the following,and she has promised not to tell.

The 1918 Reunion.
(To MERRYWEATHER in War-Time.)

We come,we come;we,Merryweathers all,
Hear echoing still from field and wood and shore
Shouted from lusty throat to throat the call,
"All in! All in!" And eager,as before,

We troop together for a little space,
Throng up the hill,find how the game has sped:
What runs are scored,what guards are still in place;
Take breath and rest for harder games ahead.

What though so many are afar to-night
In camp or trench,at littered desks or guns?
Above us all one Merryweather Light
Gleams through the mists,a beacon to thy sons

To meet men's tasks with hearts afire with youth
And quit us true,as thou hast taught us truth.

A Graduate.

GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

IN SERVICE.

R.G.Henderson is major,with the 14th.Railway Engineers,and has been right at the front since last fall.He has been cited for special bravery in action.

J.C.Wiggins is a lieutenant in the Quartermaster's department,in France.He and Captain John have been in the same town lately,having a good time together.

J.R.Abbot is a lieutenant in the U.S.Field Service,and has received the Croix de Guerre.

Russell Chase,Jack Ladd,and Bob Sealy are privates in the same branch of the service.

C.E.Abbot is captain of artillery,and sails for France early this month.

Edward Harding is a captain in the R.A.M.C.

George Harding is a lieutenant,and Supply Officer in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps.He was at Verdun for six months.

C.H.Robertson,L.Van Stone,Alan Gregg,H.G.Tobey,and J.A.P Millet are all lieutenants with the R.A.M.C.,seeing heavy firing and terrific work.

Andrew McAusland is also a lieutenant with the R.A.M.C. When last heard of he was orthopedic surgeon in a British hospital in Liverpool.

Harry Parkman is a captain in the 304th.Infantry.

Marcus Morton is captain and adjutant in the 303rd. Artillery.He sails early in July.

S.D.Stevens and S.E.Peabody are both lieutenants,and have been transferred from Camp Devens to southern camps.

José Harris is captain in the 303rd.Infantry,and expects to sail for France very soon.

Abbot Stevens is captain in the Quartermasters' Division.

Lawrence Hemenway is a lieutenant.

Rex Carey is also a liuetentant.

John Simons,now a lieutenant and an Ordnance Reserve Officer, is at the office of the chief purchasing agent in Paris.

Philip Simons is a lieutentant in the Quartermasters' Division.

Alden Foss,after doing ambulance work for six months,is now a private in the aviation service.

"Jack" Kunhardt is Ade-de-camp to Gen.Edwards,and has been cited for special bravery.

Harry Fay is First Lieutenant in the aerial service of the 101st.Artillery,and is now acting Adjutant.

John Richards is a corporal in the 102nd Infantry,and has been doing advanced work at all sorts of special schools in France, (Since has his commission,as 2nd.Lieutenant.

Augustus Aspinwall is alieutenant,in a Scouting and Sniping school,305th.Infantry,A.E.F.

E.F.Graves is with the Royal Flying Corps,and Arnold Lowell has recently gone into the same service.

Gardiner Aspinwall is in France with the Railway Engineers.

Chester Ladd is an Able Seaman in the U.S.Marines,and has seen very hot fighting lately.

Ten Eyck Perry is a private in the artillery,A.E.F.

Percival Howe is Second Lieutentant in the Seventh Regiment.

Melbert Carey is Captain in the 103rd.F.A.N.G.,and Adjutant besides.

Oliver Beebe is a corporal,and has received the French Croix de Guerre.

William Rice as a Lieutenant in the U.S.Field Service, and has received the Croix de Guerre.

Lawrence McKinney is a Second Lieutentant in the Field Artillery.

Arthur Richmond is a Captain, and Instructor in Aviation.

Tudor Gardiner is Top Sergeant in the 56th. Pioneer Infantry.

R.F.Jackson is Major of Ordnance, stationed at Rock Island, Illinois.

Maynard Rees is a Lieutenant, and is just now in Arizona.

R.H.Randall is a Lieutenant.

Hermann von Holt is a Lieutenant in a Tank Corps.

Sam Bennett is a Lieutenant in the Aviation service.

Roger Bennett is a Lieutenant with the 101st.Engineers. He has just been gassed, but not very badly.

Conrad Chapman is a Communication Officer, with rank of temporary Ensign, U.S.N., on board U.S.S. Cleveland.

Francklyn Lawrence is an Ensign in the N.R.F.C.

Arthur Terry is a Lieutenant in the Motor Transport service, and has been in France a year. He has been recently cited for bravery.

Oliver Wolcott is a captain.

"Tim" Fearing is a lieutenant.

Carl and Eli Stillman are both in the Royal Flying Corps.

Leander Plummer is a Ist.Lieutenent ithe I7th.Regiment of the Massachusetts State Guard.

Philip Batchelder is a private ,Headquarters Co., F.A.R.D.

Victor Chapman, after gallant service in the French Aviation Corps was killed in action in the summer of 1916.

Hamilton Coolidge is aLieutenant in our own aviation service, and has just downed a German plane,in afi ght with seven of them.

J.R.Coolidge 3rd.is First Lieutenant in the 20th.Engineers. This is a Forestry regiment,andwe hear of him doing first rate work at Dijon.

Davis Kelley is,or has been,in the U.S.Field Service.

Oakes Ames is a Lieutenant.

Harold Barton is in the 7th.Field Artillery,A.E.F.

Philip Parker and George Wrenn are in the R.O.T.C. at Camp Devens.

Charlie Thorndike and Dick Hallowell are both in the U.S.N.R.F.

Charlie Fuller is an Ensign and Naval Attaché,U.S.N.R.F.

Cecil Murray,whom we always called Mike,is also an Ensign,U.S. N.R.F.C.

Alec Biddle is 2nd.Lieutenant in the 310th.Field Artillery.

Richard Evarts enlisted in the regular army at the beginning of the war,but we have heard nothing of him for some time.

Jim and Tom Cabot are both flying.

De Witt Peltz has been in the U.S.Field Service,and is now a Lieutenant in the Artillery.

Templeton Briggs is First Lieutenant,Field Artillery O.R.C., 83d. Division.

Amory Jeffries is a Lieutenant in the 302nd.Infantry.

Francis Gray is a Lieutenant,but we don't know in what.

Eliot Bacon is a Captain,304th.F.A. A.R.C.

Charlie Ames is in service in France.We don't know the exact branch,but an invention of his has been adopted for general use.

Marcel Gourd has been in the French army since the war broke out. He is now a Brigadier,and has the War Cross with a silver star.

J.J.Minot is 1st.Lieutenant,Quartermaster's Company, N.A.,Remount Service.

Henry Minot is a 1st.Lieutenant.

Hall Roosevelt is a Flying Cadet,in the Aviation Service.

René Hoguet is a 1st.Lieutenant in the U.S. Gas Defence service.

Ripley Cutter went to France last year for ambulance work,but we have not heard of him lately.

Ives Gammell is 1st.Lieutenant,101st.Field Artillery.

Francis Cummings is in the U.S.N.R.F.

Bill Platt is an Ensign,in Naval Aviation.

March Wheelwright is in the Field Artillery.

Jack Storrow is an Ensign,U.S.N.R.F.

Phin Chrystie,after being commissioned captain in the Ninetieth Field Artillery,was killed by explosion of a big gun,in Oklahoma.

Jack Coolidge is a private in the photographic division, A.S.S.C.

Roger Hooper is an Ensign,U.S.N.R.F.

Jimmy Cooper,a Captain in the 308th.Field Atrillery, died of pneumonia a few months ago.

Monroe Robinson is a Captain,commanding Co.B.,302nd. ammunition train,77th.Division,A.E.F.

Augustin Gray is a Lieutenant in the Navy.

Sidney Biddle is 1st.Lieutenant,M.V.R.C.

Howard McHenry is 2nd.Lieutenant,3rd.Field Artillery.

Witney Wright is with the Philadelphia City Cavalry,at Camp Hancock.

Leonard Opdycke is a seaman, U.S.N.R.F.

Francis Willett is a corporal in the Gas Defence Service.

De Ford Beal is a Lieutenant in the Gas Defence Service.

Phillips Muirhead was killed in 1916. At the time of his death he was First Lieutenant, Royal Field Artillery.

H.M.N.Wynne is a Lieutenant, U.S.R.M.C.

Archie Coats is in some branch of the service, in France.

Guido Pantaleone is in the Balloon Service.

Caroline Stevens is a Nurses' Aid, at Toul.

Nevill Bennett has been called on the draft, and has gone to Fort Dix.

Francis Perkins has enlisted, we don't know in what.

Hallowell Davis was abroad last year for six months, doing ambulance work.

Horace Davis is with the American Friends' Unit of the Red Cross, making portable houses in the Jura Mountains.

Otis Russell and Sidney Dexter are both in the service, but we don't know in what branch.

John Elliot is in the Aviation Service.

Reginald Windram is is the British army.

Theodore Holcombe is in the Naval Reserve.

Francis Parkman and Duncan Thayer have enlisted in the marines.

Eliot Farley, in spite of being over age, and having a bad leg, has got into Naval Aviation.

Amory Thorndike is in Italy with the Red Cross Ambulance Service, and has received a medal.

R.P.Ogilby has got his commission as chaplain, and will be at the front soon.

MARRIAGES.

Lawrence Hemenway was married in December,to Miss Natalie Thayer.

Emmons Blaine was married in December,to Miss Eleanor Gooding.

Herman von Holt was married recently,in Honolulu,to Miss Betty Value.

Gardner Coolidge was married June 12th.,to Miss Molly Hill.

"Nathan" Hale was married the same day,to Miss Ruth Farrar.

Twining Lynes was married June 20th.,to Miss Meta Gut.

Gus Thorndike was married last September,to Miss Olivia Lowell.(This may have been in last year's notes,but I put it in here to be safe.)

George W Morse was on the first Red Cross Unit after the Halifax disaster.

Richard Warner has been doing newspaper work on the Springfield Republican,and is now on the Waterbury Courant.

Robert Amory has a son,born early last September.

Tudor Gardiner jr.was born this June.

Alice Maxcy returned in July from a year's work with Dr.Grenfell.Her letters,which some of us have seen through the winter,have been extremely interesting.

Hallowell Davis graduated from Harvard this year,Summa cum Laude.

Francis Parkman graduated from Harvard Magna cum Laude.

Francis Perkins graduated from Harvard Cum Laude.

The following Merryweathers entered Harvard last fall:Charlie Allen,Russell Chapin,Francis Cummings,John Fay,Arnold Lowell, Guido Pantaleone,Philip Parker,Sumner Roberts,Carl Stillman,Eli Stillman,James Thayer,Amory Thorndike,and Stephen Wheatland.

David Wheatland entered M.I.T. last fall.

Andrew Cary has recently entered West Point.

Foster Batchelder rowed on the Harvard crew this spring.

Appleton Lawrence is acting-secretery of his class,taking the place of the former acting-secretary,De Ford Beal,who is now in service.

H.H.Richards is working in a shipyard in Bath.

Rosamund Bennett is farming,in New Hampshire.

Francis Parkman rowed on the Harvard crew this spring.

OFFICIAL REGISTER OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

RANK LIST

FOR

1917–18

DAVIS, HALLOWELL
Botany 1^2 *A*
Chemistry 5 *A*
Chemistry 6 *A*
Chemistry 15^2 *A*
Chemistry 17^2 *A*
Philosophy 5^1 *A*
Zoölogy 1^1 *A*

PARKMAN, FRANCIS
Geography 1^1 *A*
History $2b^2$ *
History 14 *
History $30a^1$ *B*
History 55 *
Mathematics *A* *A*
Meteorology 1^2 *A*
Military Science 2 *A*

THAYER, J. B.
Fine Arts $1d^2$ *B*
German *A* *B*
Greek *B* *A*
History 1 *B*
Latin *B* *A*
Philosophy A^1 *B*
Philosophy B^2 *B*

PERKINS, F. D.
Greek 8 *A*
History $32a^1$ *B*
Italian 10 *B*
Latin 6 *B*
Spanish 1 *B*

CUMMINGS, F. H.
Navy Course 1 *A*
Navy Course 2 *B*
Navy Course $3a^1$ *B*
Navy Course $3b^2$ *B*
Navy Course 4 *B*

CORNING, C. H.
Chemistry 2^1 *B*
English $35b^2$ *B*
Military Science 2 *B*

COOLIDGE, J. G., 2d
English 41 *B*
French 2 *B*
Military Science 2 *B*

LAWRENCE, F. C.
English 41 *B*
Fine Arts $1d^2$ *B*
Geography 1^1 *B*

HOLCOMBE, T. G.
English 52^2 *B*
Government 1 *B*
Military Science 2 *B*

BILLINGS, EDMUND, Jr.
Chemistry 9^1 *B*
Chemistry 10^2 *B*

THORNDIKE, CHARLES
Navy Course 2 *B*

THORNDIKE, R. A.
English *A* *A*
Milit. Science 1 *hf.* *B*

BATCHELDER, C. F., Jr.
Milit. Science 1*hf.* *B*

LOWELL, J. A., Jr.
English D^1 *B*

CHAPIN, RUSSELL
English 28 *B*

1918.

SATURDAY, June 22, S.E. Rain. Arrived about noon, in Anderson's Ford, Henry Richards Alice M. Richards. Duke

The weather was not exactly ideal, but we got here, which is the main point. Camp in the rain is better than most places in the sun.

Owing to delays in freight we found things in rather a mess, with the entire contents of the pantry in the big room. but the pantry looks fine with its white paint.

The kitchen now has two stoves. Who would have thought there was room?

The floor at the front of the boat house has been rebuilt, with wide cracks instead of holes for the water to run off through. And there is a set of pigeon-holes for the boat cushions, in which they are sitting, like so many pigeons. It is a pleasure to look at them.

Also there is a new arrangement for music, right over the piano. No more broken backs, getting books out from the bottom shelf, and no more painful pouring of ink into the midst of one's pet symphonies.

It was too wet to do much exploring outside, but the garden is looking well. We are lucky, for many people lost all their beans in the frost earlier in the week. We have beans, corn, beets, spinach, cress, and parsley, if it comes up.

Most of the fir trees look very well, but the grey birch grove along the bank is in a dreadful state, bent by last winter's heavy snows. It looks as if all the fat boys we had ever had in camp had been bending them. We shall either have a straightening squad, or do some cutting.

We found Fred Lord and Plummer Meserve here, waiting for

SATURDAY (cont'd.) the lumber to finish with, and our two new cookees, Roger Bousefield and Chester Albee.

In the afternoon came our honorable secretary,

Russell Chapin

He braved the terrors of the deep, for the pond is cold this year, and then the greater terrors of the account of stock book; and yet he seemed to be pretty cheerful.

The pond is lower than it has ever been at this season, and there is a wide beach all the way to the point. As for Pickerel, it humps up amazingly. We must tell L.S.Z. that it is easy to find, even in the dark.

But there isn't much dark yet. Even on a cloudy evening, we came very near going to bed by daylight. We shan't use many lanterns through July.

Carlyle came this afternoon, too, all ready for business, with his trunk full of war recipes.

The bank has held splendidly, and the new dirt is all growing up with grass, sorrel, and a wonderful crop of mulleins. It looks as if it were really safe.

The thrushes are singing, and the mosquitoes are not. At least, we didn't hear one all night. May it be thus all the month!

The only quadruped seen so far is a semi-wild cat, which appeared out behind the north dormitory, and fled away in the gloaming.

SUNDAY June 23. Cool, Showers. It looked at first as if it were going to clear right off to the northwest, but the wind swung to the Westerly, southwest, and there were spatters of rain all the morning.

Much work of various kinds, in tents, dormitories, and store room. The contents of the pantry mostly went back to where it lived, and we felt better.

I forgot to mention yesterday that we have a fine new flag-pole, taller than the old one, and fastened farther down. Those who go up to untangle the Halyards will be safer now.

Perhaps you think I like to come out for twenty-four hours, and then go back to school. But I shall be back again Saturday, for keeps.

R.R. came out by the car that took A.M.R. in, and with her Miss Libby, for a little visit. Rosalind Richards

At 5-50 more arrivals, by automobile all tha way from Boston! As we go to press late, we have only two signatures, but there were really two other Cabots here.

Charles F. Batchelder, jr
Edward Cabot.

MONDAY, June 24. Cold, Unpleasant. Still clearing up, especially shop and boat-house. Cars put out, which always makes us feel more settled. Various trips to Anderson's, by boat and canoe.

More arrivals, by train and motor-cycle. We become a fair-sized family.

Hallowell Davis

TUESDAY, June 25. Fair Warm.

About time,too. We have had had all the frost we want,and some to spare.

Quananiche slip out.But if we don't have rain,we shall have to put on an addition,or the flag-ship will have to walk into the water.

More trips to Anderson's,and much clearing up of the premises, all the way out to the Point.

Two more arrivals;the more the merrier.

Margery Peabody F. G. Bemis

Wild strawberries for supper,and C.A.S. caught a good bass.

Total number of fish,1.

WEDNESDAY, June 26. Fair, warm.

More wild strawberries picked.The crop seems to be a good one.

The aquarium was cleaned out and cemented to-day. Here's hoping it is tight.What a time we had with it last year!Was it because the prohibitory law is better enforced than it used to be?

Dormitories fitted out and cleaned,lanterns filled,all ready for business.But we shan't need lanterns so much this year,with an hour more daylight. Clarence W. Corning

C.A.S. inspected Fourway Lodge,and then went fishing.Result, two good bass and one pickerel.

Total number of fish,3.

Miss Libby went in to Gardiner,and the returning motor brought L.E.R.,with many bundles.No matter how much we start with,there is always more. Lorna E. Richards

And by train,Oliver Leland,somewhat larger than when we saw him last. Oliver S. Leland

THURSDAY, June 27. Fair, cooler. Good news from our troops at the front this morning.

Sand put in aquarium, rubbish burned. Inspection of scouting field and woods generally, with a view to lumbering operations. Many bent birches have already been cut, but the grey birch is a persistent vegetable.

An early pebble squad filled up some of the bare places.

A call from Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, who are at Gleason's. Their boy is to be with us this summer.

Arrivals for the day,
Franklin T. Hammond jr.
Frank R. Smith.

FRIDAY, June 28, Chilly, heavy fog. C.F.B. set out this morning on a "camping trip." This is the list. Evidently a very select affair,

but we have an idea that the party will be somewhat augmented on the return trip.

Camping Trip
June 28th

C. J. A.
C. F. B. jr.

Firedrake 2d.

The field was mown to-day, and H.B. mended the fence. There was also a good deal of digging done round the boat-house.

Mythology in the evening.
The programme which follows belongs to Wednesday, but we got a bit mixed.

MR. RUSSELL CHAPIN
PRESENTS
C.F. "HOOBIN" BATCHELDER
in a three-act play,
"THE BUTLER"
or
THE HEIGHT OF AWKWARDNESS.

Act I, Breakfast at Camp.
Act 2, Dinner at Same.
Act 3, Supper at Same.

The editor did not see this brilliant event, but the poster speaks for itself.

SATURDAY, June 29, Heavy fog; light shower p.m. There is to be a new Mammoth Cave, even bigger than the old one: a Mastodon? or a Megatherium? But it had not come, and the old ~~frmae~~ frame had been enlarged, so that the old tent would no longer fit it. It sounded bad, but at 8-30 the tent squad went to work, as follows:

TENT SQUAD.

H.R.	F.R.S.
H.D.	O.S.L.
C.H.C.	F.T.H.jr.
F.G.B.	

We did not see much of the performance, as we were not there; but after much cutting of poles and pegs, the tent went over the ridge pole at ten-thirty, and when the squad came down to dinner, the furniture was in. Floor? What could be better than good Mother Earth, with a decent carpet of grass? And the looking-glasses hang on the poles down the middle. The tent squad thinks of applying to Robinson's Circus, which is in the neighbirhood, for a job, and showing them a thing or two.

A.M.R. turned up in the middle of the morning, with an assortment of things that had been left behind. She hopes that never again will school close and camp open on successive days. It really is not a pleasant arrangement.

We were ready in good time for the arrival of the crowd. Our only fear was that it might rain, but it waited till after supper, and then didn't rain much.

The first to appear was the real original Buggins, whose name our familiar Buggins inherited.

Then came Carl Lester and his father, by automobile from Belgrade. Just when Jim Hutchinson came we are not sure, but he was here with the crowd. He has been at Snug Harbor with his family for some time.

The train was late, but as the crowd came over in style, in seven Fords, they were not so very late here after all. We put all the names together for convenience.

E. Francis Leland Jr.

Henry B. Jackson
Hamilton E. Heard
Nicholas Biddle
Howard Cooper Jr.
Jack Leland
Jim Hutchinson Jr.

Jim Cooley:

William L. Payson
Bingham Morris
John Gorman Farnsworth
Bertram Slaytyle
N. Lester, Jr.
P. T. Haskell 3rd.
Thompson
Alexander C. Leggett
T. Woodbridge Jr.
A. Bigelow 2nd
B Davidge
Theodore Frothingham
Walter S. Hobart Jr. —
Frederick L. Grignon Jr.
Harry Eldridge.
Robert W. Tadd
Richard Carleton.

Wharton Lowell
Henry S. Woodbridge
Linus C. Whitman
Fred Reynolds
Noel Morss
John T. Hines Jr.
H. Shaw
C. Ripley.
James M. Galloway Jr.
John H. Sheburne Jr.
Alan C. Bemis
Harry Welsh
Nilson W. MacKie

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Well, some were pretty black, but except for that everyone looked in fine trim. The pond helped the blackness, and as soon as trunks and suit-cases arrived, boots and suits vanished and khaki and sneakers came out.

One funny result came from the coming by flivver. The suit-cases came by wagon, and did not turn up till after supper. And all the brushes and combs were in them! It was wild-looking set that sat down to supper, for some were woolly, and some were like the fretful porcupine. But you cannot brush your hair unless you have a brush to brush it with.

After the unpacking we had a furious round of going to Jerusalem, with such yells as one does not often hear. Froggy outdid himself, and Paul Haskell's lungs are in good shape. And some of the new boys are ready for a yelling match with anybody. J. Leland ~~tied~~ and Davidge were tied for the last chair; and then Leland won.

Folks went to bed early, as the journey had been long.

We had the following telegram from L.C.Z.:

Henry Richards, Camp Merryweather, North Belgrade, Maine.

Good luck all hands make it best ever.

L.C.Z.

The best ever is a good deal to say, but we are going to do our best; and it certainly looks like a good year.

The faculty and prefects, and the two half-past niners who sat up played Clumps. Here are two of the pretty things that we had to guess:

The second T in the word "musquitto", which occurs in the title of a chapter in "Tom Cringle's Log."

The deviation in the orbit of the planet Mars, probably caused by a possible planet, which if it is discovered will be named Vulcan.

SUNDAY June 30
T.58' B.29.26' N.N.W. Cloudy; Clearing later.

Our first weather-man is Lowell, and he certainly did a good job. The sun came out in good time, and we had a beautiful day.

We have made a little change in the matter of the flag. We are at war now, and we realize a little more what the flag means, to us and to our boys on the other side. So when it goes up, and when it comes down, as many of us are in sight stand at attention.

Many swimming tests this morning. Each swimmer was escorted by a boat, and most of them went over the course in very good time. Here are the successful fifteen:

Heard	Ladd	Jackson
Morss	Morris	Hallowell
Corning	Hobart	Bigelow
Coolidge	Eldridge	Frothingham
Bemis	Whitman	Hutchinson

There are several others who need nothing but a bit more practice and confidence. Remember that our ambition is, " No non-swimmers by July 30."

PICNIC TO HEMLOCK POINT.

MOAB.
A.F.V.

QUANANICHE.
H.R.
M.F. Ripley
Thompson Eggleston
Ladd Hutchinson
Hobart Bigelow
Morss Morris
L.E.R.
G.R. Welsh Mackie U.B.
Liggett Coolidge
G.Woodbridge

The N.B.
L.T.S.
G.P.

TOGUS.	EBEN.	ABOL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
C.F.B.jr.	H.B.	E.F.L.	C.H.C.	E.C.
Hines	Leland	Stackpole	Eldridge	Whitman
Corning	Lowell	Biddle	Gignoux(c)	Hallowell(C)
Sherburne	Davidge	A.M.R.	Lester	Cooley
W.W.ma.	W.W.mi.			

EREBUS.	TERROR.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.
R.F.C.	F.R.S.	F.T.H.	G.S.L.
F.G.E.	Payson	Frothingham	Jackson
Heard(C)	Bemis(C)	Farnsworth(C)	Haskell
H.Woodbridge	Reynolds		

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) We went down easily, as it was pretty warm, and found a much bigger beach than usual, owing to the low water, also a much drier path. The Point itself was very tidy; only three paper bags, where we sometimes find egg-shells and fish-tails.

We had a good game of Wolf up in the field, and there someone found a spotted necktie of Ranny Miner's. Last year it was Gordon Abbott's hat. It is pleasant to have these little mementoes left for future generations.

After supper we sang, and made a good start on rounds. Next time we will try four pies, so that we can "Go to Jane Glover".

We came home by daylight, before a good little breeze, in time for a good half hour of hymns.

Then, after two or three poems, we had "007."

At afternoon reading L.E.R. began "As You Like It."

Davidge caught two bass.

Total number of fish, 2.

MONDAY
July 1,
B.29.14'
T.58'.
S.E.
Cloudy;
Rain
at
intervals.

Apparently we complimented Reuben too soon.He couldn't make it clear off to-day,though we had hopes at one time.

Squad Notes.

A forestry squad put in a busy morning cutting birches,and there is work for many more days.We shall cut our cord all right this summer.

The pilers piled wood out behind,to the great improvement of things.

The fence squad began on hog-frames.They put the Mammoth and the Crow's Nest in shape,and finished Bachelors' Row, before attacking the regular fences.Here also there is much to be done.

The tutoring squad is so far very select.It consists of Lowell and Farnsworth.

C.F.B. has Class B addy-humps,up in the field,E.C. has Class A on the float.

Liggett,Reynolds,Welsh,and C.Woodbridge,are an eight o' clock squad,and turn in early.

Swim was a short one,owing to the weather,but Ripley passed the swimming test all the same.Who will come next?

Payson and Sherburne were working at canoe practice,with an eye to the test.Good luck to both.

At morning reading Skipper is telling us about boats and watermanship,and we are reading "A Sailor's Log." At afternoon reading we are back in Poland,with "The Deluge". It is good to meet all our old friends again.And such a villain as we are going to have! In fact we have two.

We might as well mention here that at Digestion Club we began "Mudder Grange",which we did not read last year,and had "Herrmann's Revenge."

MONDAY (Cont'd.) FISHING.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
E.C.	H.B.	E.F.L.	O.S.L.	Davidge
Ladd	Frothingham	Hines	Whitman	Eldridge
Corning	Farnsworth	Eggleston	Biddle	Hobart
1 pickerel	3 bass		1 bass	2 bass
	3 pickerel			

Total number of fish, 10.

Not bad, considering that no one stayed out to supper, and that the Identical, owing to damage to her captain, did not get off till very late. Two of the pickerel were very big, too.

In this connection we must mention that Mr. McDonald, the game warden, came over to see about fishing licenses. Also he found one killing stick that was nearly two inches short!

PROGRESSIVE PING-PONG.

TABLE A.

Jackson beat Payson
F.T.H. beat Cooley
Payson beat Lowell
Lowell beat F.T.H.
Payson beat Jackson

TABLE B.

Hutchinson beat Bemis
Hutchinson beat Bemis
Hallowell beat Thompson
Heard beat H.Woodbridge
Hutchinson beat Lester
Hallowell beat H.Woodbridge

SELECT BEAN-BAG TOURNAMENT.

Gignoux	2	2	2	Morss	1	1	1
Reynolds	1	2	1	Heard	4	2	4
Lester	7	4	3	H.Woodbridge	2	2	1
Shaw	1	1	0	G.Woodbridge	2	2	1
Cooley	6	3	5	F.G.B.	6	7	3
	17	12	11		15	14	10
	Total, 40				Total, 39		

There were other matches, more or less informal, but as the teams kept shifting, we have not kept the score.

Two runs had been posted, and at intervals there were many inquiries as to when they were to start, and why they did not start. A climb to the top of the Mammoth steps answered the second question, and showed why the first could not be answered. The new Mammoth was going up! Now a tent of that size is no joke to pitch; and when it is damp it shrinks, and becmes even less of a joke. It looked at first as if it would not go over the frame, for the less cannot contain the

MONDAY (Cont'd.) greater.But finally it went on,and was fastened into position, with no casualties except the damaging of E.F.L.'s finger. It encountered simultaneously a nail,a claw-bar,and a rope, and it got the worst of it.

Well,when the big job was done the runners were called.

SENIORS.	JUNIORS.
C.H.C.	C.F.B.Jr.
Jackson	Bigelow
Leland	Coolidge
Lowell	Hallowell
Morris	Heard
Payson	Hutchinson
Sherburne	Mackie
Stackpole	Morse
	Ripley
	Shaw
	Thompson
	G.Woodbridge
	H.Woodbridge

The Seniors ran to the corner of the main road,the Juniors to the sand-slide.We give the order of the first five to finish in each class:

SENIORS.	JUNIORS.
Payson	Bigelow
Sherburne	Thompson
Leland	Hutchinson
Stackpole	Coolidge
Lowell	H.Woodbridge
	Morss

Morris finished before Stackpole,but he did not go the whole way.Woodbridge was sure that Morss was fifth,and Morss was sure that the place belonged to Woodbridge,so we called it a tie.

The swim that followed was very hasty;in fact C.F.B., who rounded up the rear-guard,which is to say Mackie,had so little time that he went in as he was,in his running clothes.

After supper we piled into the Infirmary for Digestion Club,a s the shop was rather full of lumber.We found out

MONDAY (Cont'd.) afterwards that the shop had been cleared for our special benefit,but we were packed in so neatly,on bureaus and the stove, under tables and in the closet,that it seemed a pity to disturb the arrangement.

"Spin the Platter" was good fun,as it always is,and we had a good many forfeits to redeem.

F.R.S. and R.B.C. beat Lowell and Sherburne in a spirited wheelbarrow race.Time,3 seconds.

Farnsworth and Coolidge excelled in a Russian ballet.We hope these gentlemen mean to make this their profession.

Biddle mounted a chair,and described his personal charms with vividness and accuracy.

Ladd beat Farnsworth easily in the nose-match race.Why Bud preferred to race backwards we don't know.It doesn't seem to have been a good plan.

F.G.B. coached three others through a Virginia Reel,and then played a very modern solo on the piano,using his nose and then his chin.

After the juniors had gone to bed,we played "Up Jenkins";a game which we have not played for years.It was great fun,though the two sides were very uneven.The Mugwumps beat the Modocs,79-0.

1315 Mass.Ave
Wash. D.C.

Dear Mr.Richards,

I have learned through a mutual friend that you are going into the Boys Camp business this summer.Now I used to be connected with that trade myself;it's a fine one,and I'm glad you're taking it up.I think you'll like it.You may remember that I met you outside the Pierce Building last spring;I'm that fellow you talked with while you waited for your Pierce Arrow.I took sort of a fancy to you then,and thought that now I'd like to write you a few helpful pointers. Sometimes an old hand can help along a beginner in the business.

I wish you could meet and talk with the proprietor I used to work under.He taught me all I know about the trade; and he was a real masterpiece at it.He used to boil it all down to this,and whenever any doubtful question came up,I can tell you,it helped to refer to his big fundamental basic principle:-

"Remember what we're here for "he used to say to us directors,"We're here to make coin, no matter if it interferes with our having a good time,now and then.Our having a good time is only a secondary consideration."

Now there are several little tricks of the trade that are great coin-makers;we used to use them all the time.Some camps that you'll see if you stay in the business long enough,are very careful,for instance,about letting the boys go out in boats and canoes.I've even heard of one that has an outlandish canoe test of some sort;that seems so unreasonable to me,though,that I don't really credit the report.

But this was our method:we posted a sign on our boat-dock:"All boys using boats and canoes do so at their own risk."We'd also send this notice round to all parents or guardians.Well,the average boy,you'll soon find,has no discretion or judgment about boats.So they used to use them in any old kind of weather--and we kept a tippy lot,I can tell you.The result was that never a summer went by without our gaining six or seven vacancies by drowning.Good years it has run as high as ten.Of course,all pay is strictly cash in advance,so you can see how efficiently just that little trick worked out.Simple,sure,quick, no trouble,big profits.

Be careful not to tumble into the mistake made by so many beginners,of having the boys themselves on your minds and hands.Some camps, I'm told,try to plan out everything for every boy;for instance,just what he needs,how much he can stand,etc.,etc.,even going to the limit of making out detailed lists of what each boy is to do day by day. We found it much more convenient and profitable to let them go as they pleased.We found that a boy is by nature lazily inclined,and unable to decide when or what to do with himself.So,if left completely to themselves,they take much less exercise,and consequently consume less food;which,especially this year,is a desideratum.This method will also free your staff to dispose of their other arduous duties to better advantage;being continuously with the boys,I have found,distracts their minds from any idea of amusing themselves,and, of course,without due relaxation they become unfit to perform their duties.All in all,a good method is to leave one man in charge in the morning,and another in the afternoon,changing day by day;with a faculty of 8 or 10,this leaves your men free 7 1/2 or 9 1/2 days out of eight or ten to do their own particular work.

This method has,we found,a further advantage;it relieves your

staff of inventing strange methods of occupying your boys. At camps where the opposite practice is carried out, the staff is often reduced to really unbelievable ways of relieving the situation. For instance, I have authentic record of one institution where the entire camp, through lack of other "amusement", was, regularly, brought out into a nearby field, and, for an afternoon, the sole diversion was crawling, belly-down, from place to place.

Which reminds me of another maxim of my former employer: "Let the boys take care of themselves, and the dollars will."

You are destined before very many summers, if you contemplate staying in the business, to come in contact with the parent-question; and, in some cases, a sub-species, the aunt-question. Remember always the basic formula, and it will care for itself. You will soon learn how visits of parents react on the boys. If rightly staged, 3 boys out of every 10 will want to go back with their maternal parents after the first meeting. You can see how highly advantageous it is, therefore, to encourage the visits of parents, particularly of mothers of a certain sentimental, high-strung type that you will learn to recognize. We have sometimes gained as many as 7 vacancies during a summer, all paid in advance, by this simple scheme. If there is a large tent connected with your establishment, I recommend that you turn it over to visiting parents, charging suitable rates, and limiting the time per parent to, say, four days. This worked very well for us, netting us many vacancies.

Here are a few random suggestions, culled from my memory and notes of my former expriences:

1. Weigh each boy every week. If he shows gain, it is a sure symptom thathis food can be surtailed with safety, and

he should be placed near a member of your staff at table, who shall see that the boy is not eating more than necessary to maintain the weight at which he was charged to you at the beginning of the summer.

2. Encourage the boys going to any nearby candy or icecream parlours. In this way, they cut down their own appetites to an incredible extent, with no expense to you.

3. Do not make the mistake of trying to keep the premises tidy. In the first place, the work would have to be done by the boys, and in doing it they would be setting an example which you should not ask your staff to live up to. Secondly, if the premises are not kept neat, in a few days they become unattractive enough to influence the boys to spend their time elsewhere, thus taking them off the hands of the members in charge.

4. Do not fill your staff with Elis.

5. Parents are often anxious that their boys learn to swim. Swimming lessons at suitable fees can usually be arranged. The same is also true of canoeing and rowing lessons.

6. The use of fire-arms should be safeguarded just as the use of boats and canoes.

7. You should, of course, advertise widely in all the regular channels.

8. I recommend, as a uniform, to be worn by each boy, flannel shorts and worsted uppers, dark colored. These wear longest, and never have to be laundered.

These are just a few remarks on the outstanding parts of the camp business. I hope they will be of assistance to you in your work.

Very much yours for prosperity,

Kenneth E. Beak.

P.S. I have a little booklet on How to Run a Camp, which I will

be glad to send you for $1.25.Postage 6c.

I am also in a position to secure boys for you to fill any vacancies you may gain,being in touch with the trade,at 10%.Guaranteed on 2 days' notice.

I will also offer you a good proposition in handling your advertising.

Let me hear from you.

The above wonderful document purports to be from the first cook we had last year.He was unsatisfactory in every way,and Skipper bounced him one Sunday in the middle of dinner. It was a good riddance,to get rid of him,though a little exciting at the time.

TUESDAY July 2, B.29.02, T.58' S.S.E., Light. Cloudy, light rain.

If Reuben goes on this way our boots will begin to mildew. In that case we intend to make him clean them all.

It was so damp that after reading we had a little singing, which is always a pleasant thing.

Great work was done on the bonfire place this morning. The mass of ashes and dirt had been dug away, and will make wonderful fertilizer for the garden. Speaking of which, the beans are in blossom.

Medical inspection began to-day.

BASEBALL PRACTICE.

MAJOR LEAGUE.

BULL-DOGS vs.	MEW-CATS.
Sherburne (4)	F.R.S. (2)
Davidge (1)	Hines (9)
R.C. (3)	Jackson (8)
Eldridge (7)	E.C. (6)
O.S.L. (6)	F.T.H. (1)
H.D. (2)	Whitman (5)
Payson (8)	F.G.B. (3)
Hallowell (9)	Ladd (4)
E.F.L. (5)	Leland (7)

(Morris (8))
Hutchinson (9))

BUG LEAGUE.

Biddle	Hutchinson
Cooley	Lowell
Coolidge	Morris
Eggleston	Reynolds
Farnsworth	Ripley
Gignoux	Shaw
Lester	Thompson
Haskell	G.Woodbridge
Heard	H.Woodbridge

The afternoon began with practice, and the editor was assured that there would be no real game, so she went across the bay with Billy Hobart, to do some telephoning and other business. But there were two pretty real games after all.

The Bull-dogs beat the Mew-cats 14 -8, more or less. E.C.'s heavy hitting, especially his home, run, was a feature.

Morris, inserted as pinch hitter, cleared the bases with a clean single, and stole second and third in quick succession.

A lost ball called both teams down the bank, but resisted all efforts.

The Bug League teams changed too often to have any names, but they had a thrilling time, with a score of 10 to 9. Sorry we can't give more particulars.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) At supper we had a good letter from Dick Hallowell, who is in the naval reserve, and hopes to get his commission in a few months.

At the close of supper came the call that fills all hearts, except possibly those of the prefects, with joy; that brings the loudest yell of response--"Games on the Hill". So we played, and of course, as usual, "We won! "

Then came the Observation Game. We give the best lists, first for three seconds, then for thirty.

THREE SECONDS.

C.H.C.	10	7	10	--- 27
Payson	7	9	7	--- 23
Davidge	7	7	7	--- 21
F.G.B.	5	7	8	--- 20
Corning	6	6	8	--- 20
Bigelow	6	8	5	--- 19
Farnsworth	6	7	6	--- 19
Thompson	6	7	6	--- 19
Jackson	5	7	6	--- 18
Leland	5	8	5	--- 18
Morris	5	3	10	--- 18

THIRTY SECONDS.

C.H.C.	15	18	22	--- 55
Davidge	15	12	20	--- 47
R.R.	15	16	16	----47
Payson	15	17	14	--- 46
Hobart	16	14	15	--- 45
F.G.B.	12	15	17	----44
Bigelow	15	14	15	--- 44
Ladd	15	14	14	--- 43
Whitman	13	9	20	--- 42
Leland	13	16	12	--- 41
Sherburne	13	15	13	--- 41

The half-past niners began "Hard Cash". There are points in the boat-race that C.F.B. found rather amusing, but it is a good tale. Wait till we get to the pirates and the lunatic asylum.

Davidge and Leland are promoted to the ranks of the half-past niners. Congratulations.

WEDNESDAY July 3, B.29.08 T.56' N.W. Clear.

Reuben evidently dossn't want to clean our boots,for he cleared it off nicely to-day.Blankets went up on the hill,and the boiler began work.There is always a good deal of interest in wondering what one's bathing-suit will look like after its first boiling.

CLASS B CHINNING.

Heard	12
Frothingham	11
Gignoux	6
Hallowell	6
Hutchinson	6
Bigelow	5
Biddle	4
Eggleston	4
Farnsworth	4
Liggett	4

Six failed entirely,but next time we hope the number of blanks will be smaller.And this is doing very well for the first time.

This afternoon for the first time we had reading in the Pine Parlor.It is good to get away from floors,even if Joe Davidge did go to sleep.Andrei Kmita is behaving very badly,and Olenka has cast him off,apparently for ever.But a great deal can happen in two fat volumes.

C.F.B. carried out fifty-four plates at one trip to-day,while clearing the table.Other table clearers are advised not to try to break this record,as they will probably break the plates instead; and crockery of all kinds is very hard to get now.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

TRACY'S BLUFF.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	ABEL.	EBEN.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
C.H.C.	H.B.	E.F.L.	E.C.	O.S.L.
Eldridge	Leland	Hines	Payson	Whitman
Gignoux	Lowell	Stackpole	Coolidge	Frothingham
	A.M.R.	Davidge		

BLUEBERRY HILL.

OUANANICHE.

C.F.B.

Sherburne	Bigelow
Biddle	Hobart
Thompson	Bemis
Lester	Haskell
Shaw	Hallowell

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

	QUANANICHE (Cont'd.)	
	Ripley	Mackie
	Reynolds	Woodbridge,G.
	Woodbridge,H.	Cooley

PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	The N.B.
R.B.C.	F.R.S.	F.G.B.	F.T.H.
Ladd	Eggleston	Morss	Morris
M.P.(C)	Jackson	Corning	Hutchinson
Liggett	Welsh	Heard	

By the time we started the wind had changed,to very light southwest breeze.It was delightful,but we couldn't help fearing what might happen when we turned for home.We have known the southwest wind to do lively things when we wanted to come home from the head of the pond.

The Tracy's Bluffers got away first,and made the trip north in about the usual time.We left Ted Frothingham at Ram Island to see his family,and avoiding the rocks in the bay,which are rather fierce,owing to the low water,we started up,feeling some doubt as to whether we had time or not.It is a close fit for an afternoon,and we had not started very promptly.

But we made the top all right,and had time to get our breath,and to look at the view,which was glorious.The raspberries were not ripe in any quantity,but on the way up we found some good strawberries.The old birch tree which was blown over a couple of years ago is still alive,thanks to the big boulder which keeps it from pulling its roots out of the ground entirely.As for the old dead tree,which we have been trying to push over ever since we noticed it,we tried again,but couldn't shake it.A big slice came off the side, though,and startled Joe,who thought it was all coming down.

When we reached the beach,there was Ted,with his family, so we took the time for a brief call before we started home. We sighted the Quananiche just before we reached the foot of

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Chute Island, and came in only a few minutes behind her.

The Blueberry Hillers went up to the usual Sunday picnic place. It is a better landing than the old one, and then there is the spring, which is a strong argument in favor of any route. All hands went up except Miss Peabody, who stayed by the shore and kept the boats company.

There were no blueberries yet, of course, which disappointed some, but there was the wonderful view. The cattle were peaceful, and so were Mackie and Eggs this time. There was a trip up Blueberry when they did not know how to treat self-respecting cows, but they have learned a thing or two since then.

All hands were so hot when they got home that Skipper held up supper a few minutes for a swim.

And we didn't have our strong head wind home, as we feared. Do you know why? We had the weather-man on board; and a head wind would have been as bad for him as for anyone else. So he tipped the wink to Father Aeolus, and all went well.

That good ship the Nicholas Biddle, N.B. for short, did finely on her maiden trip in these waters. She is a real addition to the fleet. Long life to her and her namesake and owner!

After supper there was not very much time, so nothing was officially organized. A good many went out in boats, as the pond was like a looking-glass, and there were various hasty rehearsals.

Think of having sing-song without lamps! When we began it was still sunlight, and we didn't have any other light till the very last, when we lighted the lamp nearest the piano, so that the new boys could read the words of the Camp Song.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) FIRST SING-SONG

I. Overture, "Chopsticks".....R.B.C., F.T.H.

2. Stunt,.....F.T.H.

3. Piano Solo.... .....A.M.R.

4. Choruses.....My Heart's in the Highlands, Camp Chantey, Camptown Races.

5. Stunt, "My Man John".....Stackpole, Farnsworth, Hines.

6. Merryweather Quartette.....C.F.B., C.H.C., R.B.C., E.C. E.C., F.R.S.

7. Stunt, "Side-lights on History" H.B., C.H.C., O.S.L., E.C.

CAMP SONG.

We welcome our new chopsticks team. They are worthy successors to a long line of brilliant performers.

F.T.H. certainly learned a great many interesting things out in Arizona. He spun a rope in all sorts of extraordinary ways, jumping in and out of its circle, and running it up and down till it looked as if it were alive. It was very pretty, and must have been very hard in such a cramped space, even after R.B.C. climbed up on the rafters and held the lamp out of the way.

Piano solos are not easy when the piano has a cold in its head, the result of the dampweather, but it is limbering up, and if we have one or two more good days will be quite itself again.

"My Man John" is a new song, and makes a delightful stunt. The devoted intelligence of the man was well delineated by Stackpole. (Curiously enough, he was the only one in it who was not named John). Farnsworth made such a charming lady that we do not wonder Froggy was reduced almost to tears at her hardnes of heart, when she "would not go to walk with him anywhere." As for the gallant Frog, he was such a lover as any

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) lady might be proud of,and we are sure that she really meant to say yes all the time.Perhaps she didn't like dogs,and had as many ivory combs as she cared for.But the keys of his heart,offered with such an air! Of course she said yes then.

The quartette numbered six this time.They had had no time to practise,but they gave us "The British Grenadier",and "Polly-Wolly-Doodle" with great energy.More another time.

Our third stunt (think of having three) was two scenes from "A Sailor's Log",which we are reading in the morning.First we had H.D. as young Evans,anticipating his appointment to Annapolis by an extremely nautical get-up,out for a ride along the mountain side.He viewed the landscape with his spy-glass,and then took a shot at a bush .To his horror out jumped a huge Digger Indian (C.H.C.),who mounted and pursued him.The chase was a wild one.The Digger finally gave up,but they soon met again.This time the Digger thought it only fair to take a shot with a bow and arrow at the midshipman.Evans retorted with his gun,and for some minutes was occupied picking buckshot out of his prostrate foe,whom he then restored to happiness, if not to health,with a large meal of brown sugar.

The second scene was the merry episode of Admiral Lardner and his servant.E.C.,bald-headed and imposing,sat at dinner,while C.H.C., his faithful domestic,caught the flies that would have bothered him. To these enter H.D.,the visiting admiral,with O.S.L. as his faithful domestic.When the latter tried to do a little fly-catching,he hit his master,and for a while it looked as if murder would follow.The enraged admiral was forcibly restrained,hoever,and no harm done.

After sing-song,as it was very warm,we adjourned to the float for a ghost-story and a little singing.

THURSDAY July 4, B.29.12' T.58' N.W. Clear.

This morning the first thing that we saw was the flag at the mast-head, with the service flag below it. C.F.B. and Johnny Sherburne got up at ten minutes of five, so that the flags might go up at sunrise, and then went back to bed for another nap.

At morning reading we had the Declaration of Independence, and our usual singing. We also had two poems that belonged especially to the day, and several extracts from letters from Merryweathers now in France. We want to be as near as we can to them.

It is pleasant to think that the Fourth was observed in England this year, too.

The chief squad work was connected with the clearing of the birches. The trees that are hopelessly damaged, or that are endangering pine trees, are coming down, and there was much chopping. A large army carried the brush up to the bonfire, looking like some sort of queer green peacoks, with huge tails trailing behind. The bonfire was ~~plied~~ piled high, with old oil barrels here and there like eggs in a nest, to liven it up a bit. As the weather was hot, it made a strenuous morning.

A good swim livened us all up, and F.R.S. at last had time to swim to the Point. He has really been too busy to try it. Now all Faculty and prefects have done it, and all but nine of the boys. Can't we get that nine reduced next week?

At dinner Freddy Reynolds received his birthday greeting, and made a brief and descriptive speech in response.

Afternoon reading, of course, was "Zadoc Pine." No, it isn't Zodiac, as someone thought. There is no better story.

By all the laws of the Medes and Persians, we have baseball on the Fourth, if the weather permits, and soon all hands

THURSDAY (Cont'd.t more hereafter. were on the field, except a very select squad, of whom

FIRST MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
ROCKETS vs. ROMAN CANDLES.

These teams looked fairly even on paper, but on the field they were not well matched. The Rockets fairly knocked F.T.H. out of the box in two innings, and though the substitution of F.R.S. made matters better, the Rockets still out-batted their opponents. In the ninth the Candles struck a batting streak, and fought hard, but could not get more than two runs across.

In the second inning, H.D. made a neat double play, catching F.R.S. on his way home, and then assisting to put out F.T.H., who was between second and third.

H.D. also did the heaviest hitting, though his average doesn't show quite so high. We give the top of the batting list:

E.F.L.	1,000
H.D.	.834
E.C.	.666
R.C.	.666
Davidge	.666
F.GB.	.600
O.S.L.	.500

Rockets vs. Roman Candles of July 4 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	1		Hutchinson	7	K				K		K		K				4	2	0	
10	2		2 H.D.	2							2o			6 o-3			6	3	5-	
4	0		3 O.S.L.	6			1-3					K					6	4	3	
9	0		4 R.C.	3				6	1-3					3 o			6	3	4	
1	6		5 Davidge	1				E		1-3 o							6	4	4	
0	0		6 Eldridge	8				K		2-3 o		K					6	2	0	
0	1		7 Shelburne	4	1-6	K		K		K		4-3 o					3	0	0	
0	0		8 Morris	9	2-6 o	K			1-3 o		K		5-6 o	6			5-	0	0	
3	0		9 E.F.L.	5-									3 o				2	4	2	
			10																	
			11																	
27	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	5-	5-	9	14	0	14	3	17	0	17	1	18	2	20	0	20	2	22	74	22	18	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
				5-	3	1-b. on errors.
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	3	3	
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.

Ba[illegible] vs. Rockets of July 4 at 19

PU'T OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
14	2		1 Lodd	2	0 1-3		0 4-3		K		7-6	8 2					5	0	1		
3	3		2 F. R. S.	6	2-6 0		E		0 3		8 5						3	1	1		
3	3		3 J. J. H.	1			0 3-0		9 3		E		0 1-3				5	1	1		
0	1		4 E. C.	5							E						3	4	2		
0	1		5 Jackson	4	1-3					8-3	8 1						5	1	1		
7	0		6 F. G. B.	3								K					5	1	3		
0	0		7 Payson	8		K		8 6		0 1-3			8 6				4	0	0		
0	0		8 Leland	9		8 2		8 5					0 1-3				5	0	1		
0	0		9 Whitman	7		K		K		8 2		8 2					4	0	6		
			10																		
			11																		
27	16		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	0 2	0 2	2 4	0 4	2 6	0 6	0 6	2 8				39	8	10		
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				9	12	1-b. on errors.													5	1		

FIRST BUG LEAGUE GAME.
SYERENEYS vs. SLAPNICKERS.

This was a much closer game.In fact it was so exciting that the defeated players want to keep together,practise up, and turn the tables on their opponents.

There were a good many costly errors on both sides. Lowell struck out nineteen men,Stackpole thirteen.

vs. Syrenes of at

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	0	1	3				K				4				
	1	2	6				K								
	0	3	2												
1	0	4	1												
1	1	5	5	K					K						
	2	6	4					K							
	1	7				K		K							
	2	8				K				K					
		9													
		10													
		11													
		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.												

THURSDAY
(Cont'd.)

..... vs. ..... of ..... at .....

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	4	0	1													
3	4	2	2													
	3	2	3													
		0	4													
		1	5													
		1	6													
		1	7													
		1	8													
	1	1	9													
			10													
			11													
			Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.												

PERCMANIACS.

C.F.B.

Welsh	Reynolds
Mackie	Ripley
Hobart	Shaw
Coolidge	Liggett
Morss	Woodbridge, G.

Some of this gallant company were much puzzled as to what was to become of them; "maniacs" didn't sound pleasant. But they did not visit a lunatic asylum, and no one went crazy. They visited the bog, and followed various roads and tracks through it. There seem to be two or three new ones. They got damp, of course, and Freddy Reynolds tried to see how deep the bog really was. We don't know whether he solved that problem or not, but he got far enough to satisfy him. They found Labrador tea in blossom, but no orchids as yet.

After swim, which some people needed, we went up to the Pine Parlour for supper. The grub went by boat, under convoy of C.F.B., but the rest of us went on foot. And there we ate a great deal, and were very comfortable. We began with beef, and ended with bananas, and there were many good things in between.

Then came much singing, round and of other shapes.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) It was still broad daylight when we went home; in fact the sun was up. So all hands, or nearly all, took to the boats, C.F.B. taking out a Ouananiche crew.

At half-past eight we had a three-circle Taps, and then all the boys went to bed. Table-setting and faculty supper didn't take long, and it was still fairly light when the lamps were put out in the main room. To all intents and purposes, there was some daylight still when the last of the faculty went to bed. We certainly ought to become healthy, wealthy, and wise at this rate. And think how the lamp squad must bless us!

Several wanted to know why we didn't have the bon-fire, after all the splendid work that was done in the morning to get it ready. Well, the wind was easterly, which means that it would have carried the sparks toward Camp, and toward the Mammoth Cave. And we don't want to have to replace that tent just yet.

I forgot to say that the temporary Mammoth Cave sat gracefully down, while the ball-game was going on. The wind was a bit too much for it.

FRIDAY
July 5
B.29.12'
T.60'
Northerly,
Cloudy,
Light showers.

The Pie-plant was launched this morning.She is more needed this year than usual,owing to the low water. There was a great mowing of raspberry bushes out by the pine parlour.They were getting very thick .

Much stove wood was chopped and piled.In fact our wood-pile has been a lovely sight the last few days.

Class A tried chinning before swim.No list was kept,but Sherburne,with twenty-two,stands at the head.

Morris and Morss are promoted to Class A addy-humps,and Eggleston moved down to Class B.

Welsh,Coolidge,and Whitman each caught a bass this morning.

FISHING

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.
C.F.B.	H.D.	F.R.S.	E.F.L.	Eldridge
Ladd	Hobart	Whitman	Eggleston	Farnsworth
Biddle	Liggett	Bemis	Bigelow	Heard
Reynolds	2 bass		5 bass	3 bass
1 bass	1 turtle		2 pickerell	pickerel
				1 white perch

Total number of fish,18.(Turtle not counted.)

PROMETHEANS.

C.H.C.	E.C.
Davidge	Payson
Leland	Sherburne
Hutchinson	Corning
Hines	Stackpole
Lowell	Cooley

MCDONALDISTS.

F.G.B.	O.S.L.	F.T.H.
Coolidge	Shaw	H.Woodbridge
Gignoux	Hallowell	Haskell
Jackson	Lester	Mackie
Morris	Morss	Ripley
Thompson	Welsh	H.Woodbridge
Frothingham	M.P.	

The first three fishing boats came home to supper.The Erebus took supper out,and came home in good time to get her crew to bed. The Pantasote took supper,and went to Long Pond.Time passed,and bed-time passed,but no Pantasote.We took field-glasses and spy-glass,

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) and swept the shore line between Monkey Point and Hoyt's,till it grew dark,but no sign.Not till we were si nging Taps did the missing mariners pull in.They had crossed at the Mills by go-cart,and the go-cart man had sworn by the nine gods to be there for them on the return trip.But he perjured himself horribly,and never showed up at all;so after a long wait,they carried their boat across themselves;which is rather a lug for three,when two of them are half-past eighters.

The Prometheans went out in two squads,to camp for the night and come home after breakfast.

C.H.C. sought the secluded shades of Oak Island.They really were secluded this time.No angry Miss Munoia drove them to Hemlock Point.(If you want to know all about that, ask Nick Biddle how it feels to sleep in a duffle bag in the rain.)And no ghost disturbed their rest,either.In fact the Oak Island ghost has been pretty quiet lately.They came home in fine trim and time.

E.C. preferred Otter Island,a place where none of us have ever camped till now.There was not very much spare timber for tent-poles,but they managed all right with stays,and the firewood was all right.They explored the whole of their island,but found no otters.More important,they found no mosquitoes either.

The McDonaldists almost died of inquisitiveness before they found out what they were to do.Finally the connection was guessed,and they started off for the fish hatchery;partly to see it,and partly to see Mr.McDonald,and get our fishing licenses.The state is more particular than ever this year, and every fisherman has to be described,as if he were a

FRIDAY German spy.
(Cont'd.)

All went well till Archie Coolidge got excited,or absent-minded, and fell into the hatchery.Some say he killed two fish,but that may be an exaggeration.At any rate he got extremely wet,and was hustled home to change.

We had supper at one table,the survivors of the Tink being merged in the general assembly.

After supper came Digestion Club in the shop,and then half-past eight Boston.F.T.H. was called Ladd,and C.F.B. was hailed as O.S.L. Some people are very observant.

The number of half-past niners was not very large,but we felt extremely cozy as we lay on the floor with about five pillows apiece and listened to "Hard Cash.

SATURDAY July 6, B.29.00' T.68' Cloudy. A few fog showers.

The same weather, of which we are getting tired. But at least not wet enough to keep us in doors, whichis good.

This morning Skipper told us about axes, and how to use them.

A squad posted as "Kittens" puzzled us all, but they were to go through the camping kit, and put it to rights.

Ladd caught a bass after swim, and Hutchinson a big pickerel.

Total number of fish, 2.

Stackpole got the infield of his Bug League team together after swim for intensive training, and reports good progress. We understand that the next game will be a hot one.

TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The dopesters had thought of Skowhegan, but had decided that it was too early in the season. Imagine their surprise when Skipper broke up reading early. For that means one thing; not Skowhegan, but the real game. We think it is the earliest that we have ever had our trial afternoon.

All hands assembled in the big room, and C.F.B. outlined the field, and gave us the points and rules of the game; emphasizing especially the point that makes it the game of games—that it is played absolutely upon honour. None of the "Well, the umpire didn't see it", which spoils some other good games.

The Iroquois and Algonquins were entirely mixed, and the new players added; result, Penobscots and Passamaquoddies. The former took the south end, the latter the north.

The weather was good, except that at times it was a bit too quiet to suit any but the guards. For a guard, the quieter

Passamaquoddies

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X			X			X		
E.C.		••					X		
R.B.C.	X			X			X	••	
T.R.S.	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O	O
O.S.L.	✓			X			X	••••	
Bigelow	X	•		X	•		X		
Corning	X	•		X			X	••	
Davidge	✓			X	••		X	•	
Eldridge	X			✓			X		
Farnsworth	✓			✓				•	/
Frothingham	X			✓	••		X		
Gignoux	X	••		X			✓		
Haskell	X	•		X			X	•	
Heard	X	••		X			X		
Hines		•		✓	•		X	•	
Jackson	X			X	•		X		
Leland		•		X	•••			•	
Lesler		••		X	•		X		
Mackie	✓			X			X		
Morris	X			X			X		
Reynolds	X			X	•		X	•	
Shaw	X			✓	••		X		
Welsh	X			✓			X		
Whitman	✓			X			X		
Woodbridge, H.	X			X	••		X	•	
	15			17			21		1

Penobscots

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.H.C.	✓				•		X	•	/
H.D.	X			X	••		X		
E.F.L.		•		X	•		X	••	
F.G.B.	✓			X			X	••	/
F.T.H.		••••		X	•••		X	•••	/
A.M.R.				X				•••	
Bemis	✓			X	••		X		
Biddle	✓			X			X	•	/
Cooley	X	•		X			X		
Coolidge	X			X			X	••	
Eggleston	✓			X	•			•	
Hallowell	X	•		X			X	•	
Hobart	X	••		X				•	/
Hutchinson	X			X			✓		
Ladd	X	•		X			X	•	
Liggett	X			X			X		
Lowell	X	•		✓			X		
Morss	X			X			X		/
Payson	X	•		✓			X		
Ripley	X			X	•		X	•	
Sherburne	X			X	•			••	/
Stackpole		•			•		✓		
Thompson	X	••			•				/
Woodbridge, G.	X			X	•		X		
	15	15		19	17		17	21	8

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) the better.

The first game was a tie with no runs,15- 15.F.T.H. made the best score in shots,with a four.

In the second there were still no runs.The Passamaquoddies won by two shots.Leland made three shots for the winning side,F.T.H. three for the losers.

The third game went to the Penobscots,eight runs to one, and they also won on shots.P.S.L.,with four shots,heads the firing list.F.T.H. leads for the afternoon,with ten.

Of course there was a good deal of poor playing;that is to be expected the first afternoon,when small boys are still saying to each other,"Say,wht's your name,anyhow?".The new players don't know the ground and its many peculiarities. Some don't realize the importance of getting up at once when your name is called,and going up to the bone yard as straight as the nature of the ground will permit.There were three murders,which is an unusually large number.

But as a murderer myself,I may say that when you have always regarded a man as a gallant and dangerous foe,and suddenly see him looking at you,apparently going in the hostile direction,instinct sometimes gets in first.

The score does not quite balance in any game,as more Penobscots reported as dead than there were shots to kill them,every time.There were evidently several suicides.But of course if you report as dead,then you are dead.

The field is in a more normal condition than we have had for two years.The grass is just grass,and not a canebrake.We hope that the sweet fern,which has been almost choked out in some places,will recover the lost ground,becaus it is such good cover.And grass soon ceases to be good.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) While the game was going on, some of us heard an automobile, and wondered who was turning up; as the Almiralls, having been exposed to German measles, are not to arrive just yet. Our imaginations did not get to anything so delightful as having Mr. C. Wiggins appear, but there he was, looking all ready for business. We wish he could stay longer, but he must get back to Bath, where he is working in a shipyard. But we mean to make the most of every minute.

Charles Wiggins Jnr

At supper Skipper read us the Scouting Letter, which tells us so many of the things that we must not do in scouting. All the people mentioned in it are now in service. Cap. Henderson is now Major Henderson, at the front with the Railway Engineers. "The little man they call Mr. Wigginson" is a lieutenant in France, and "the curly-headed nut in the blue shirt", E.P. Graves, is in the Royal Flying Corps. The writer, J. Richards, is in France, in the 102nd. Infantry.

After supper, which was long and loud, we had just about time to get our charade sides together and plan our words.

FIRST CHARADE EVENING.

HUMBUG. The first two scenes were exactly alike. H.D. appeared with a band of campers. They had lost their tent, through the capsizing of their canoe, so, as it was the height of the mosquito season, they had a bad time. The "musquittoes" hummed, the boys slapped and squirmed, pulling off the blankets from each other, till it was time to get up. The whole word was fine. H.D., in silk hat and striped waistcoat, was selling "Mandrake Pills! Make mighty men!" They certainly were wonderful, for they would cure everything under the sun, and make your hair grow long or short, according to which end of the box you opened first.

ESCAPE. A long line of pillows generally means a river, but as that is not very definite, we had a sign up, " Scottish Landscape."

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Enter a gallant young knight, mounted upon a prancing steed. ("But you mustn't bronk, you know," were the directions given by the young hero beforehand.) At sight of the river, where there was no ford, the horse reared and plunged so that the rider lost his seat. But only for a moment. He remounted, and horse and man swam over in fine style. The second syllable was taken from "A Sailor's Log". Riddle, a very lively and chattering monkey, was about to be whipped by Payson, when he ran up the rigging. Then he jumped overboard, and swam to a junk, where a peaceful Chinese family sat. At the apparition they all plunged overboard, and the last seen of the ape, he was throwing everything overboard. For the whole word the lights went down, which always means trouble for someone. This time it looked as if it were for C.F.B., who was brought in by four guards, his wrists fettered. What would have happened we are not prepared to say; for after a brief struggle, he broke away, and was up the ladder and out the window before they could catch him. So it was the guards that had the trouble after all.

MONKEY. The first scene was truly awful. L.E.R. as the Abbot led an imposing procession of cowled figures, bearing torches, in the midst of whom appeared the almost fainting form of Sandy Ligget. He had broken the rules of the order, and was sentenced to be buried alive. We shuddered, and so did Sandy, as the dread words echoed through the dim-light vault--"E pluribus unum-Quousque tandem, O Catalina?--Enteuthen exelaumei parasanggas dodeka. (Sorry we have no Greek type, to do full justice to the last clause of the curse.) The "key" was the key of the cupboard where Bluebeard keeps "My tops and skipping-ropes," as he says in the opera. E.C. was Bluebeard,

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Bemis a charming Fatima, and Coolidge a sympathetice Sister Anne. The rescue was gallantly performed by Stackpole and Whitman. The whole word was the same as "ape", a little while before. This time F.T.H. was the animal, and as he is larger than Biddle, the Chinese family scattered even faster. So did the pillows.

DOGGEREL. I realize that I have mixed the order of events. This was the third word, and Monkey the fourth. But never mind. For the first syllable, C.H.C. galloped in, followed by a gallant pack of hounds. For "err", C.H.C. had what he described as the worst class he had ever seen. It was certainly pretty bad, in spite of its polite "Good morning, dear teacher." Reuben had no idea what a hypotenuse was, and it must really have been a relief to the teacher when they proved that it was a holiday. "Ell" was a puzzle. It was evident that this was a dry-goods store, and that people were buying goods, but we didn't catch on to the measure. For the whole word we had a prize speaking contest. Thomson gave us "Baa, baa black sheep", F.G.B. "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick", and Davidge" Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall."

And then, as it had been a lively afternoon, we had Taps, and went to bed. We mean to do this right along, when the day has been strenuous.

"I don't go to bed till nine o'clock at home," says someone. True; but what time do you get up at home, dear sir? Probably not at half-past six, if you live in a city.

SUNDAY July 7, B.28.86' T.58' E. Rain.

A very real rain all the morning.Hot very pleasant, but at least it helped to fill the pond.

H.Woodbridge passed the swimming test this morning.

"And then there were eight." It is hard to pick the next man.Perhaps Cooley is the most probable.

It stopped raining after dinner,but still looked threatening,and as everything was wet,there was question that our own fireside was the place to picnic,after sundry walks.

BELGRADE HILL.	BICKFORD HILL.	GOOSE BEACH.
C.K.C.	C.F.B.	F.G.B.
E.C.	G.S.L.	F.T.H.
H.D.	A.M.R.	Bemis
Corning	Biddle	Woodbridge,G.
Davidge	Bigelow	Liggett
Eldridge	Coolidge	Welsh
Hobart	Eggleston	Reynolds
Ladd	Frothingham	Lester
Leland	Hallowell	Farnsworth
Lowell	Heard	Haskell
Morris	Hines	Cooley
Payson	Hutchinson	Gignoux
Payson	Morss	Mackie
Sherburne	Ripley	
Stackpole	Shaw	
Whitman	Thompson	
	Woodbridge H.	
	Jackson	

The walking was wet in spots,but what of that?It was fine walking weather,and though the view was not clear,the clouds were rolling up alongthe ridges in a way that was as beautiful as it was hopeful.

The Beach-combers got home first.The Belgrade Hillers came next,with the Bickford Hillers overlapping on their rearguard.We were so wet that a little more didn't matter,so to get the mud off we played "Chicken-me,chicken-me" in the pond.(It is a well in the game,but the nearest well is not very near,and we were afraid of being late to supper.

We picnicked in the big room,except for the jam course.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) That has to be out of doors, and has to be pretty messy even there. But don't make it more messy than you need to, gentlemen. Leave the pigs where they belong, with the yellow spotted ones we saw on the way to Bickford Hill.

When the rage of hunger was appeased we settled down for a story, and then had our half hour of hymns.

And then, alas, Mr. Wiggins had to leave, to take his train for Bath. But he will we up again one of these days.

We had time for two stories: "The Recrudescence of Imray", and "Moti Guj." Our poem was one by J.R., sent over from France a few weeks ago.

IN REGARD TO JIM.

Jim Cooley's nearly ready
To pass the swimming test,
And soon he will be tumbling off
The Pie-Plant with the rest.

Jim Hutchinson looks solemn,
With his specs upon his nose;
But appearances are deceitful,
As everybody knows.

If you have any trouble
Lighting the Jumbo lamp,
Just put Jim Hallowell on the stump,
And his hair will light the Camp.

MONDAY July 8, B.28.72' T.59' N.W. Cloudy.

It looked like clearing, with the wind in the right quarter, and a pretty little rainbow just behind Hoyt's Island. By the way, you do not often get a rainbow in the morning. But appearances deceived us.

Heavy showers.

Franny Leland left us this morning, worse luck. It was fine to have three Lelands here at once.

The mail-boy, being clever, went by automobile with Franny and came back with Gleason and the express wagon.

The space between the hundred-yard dash and the fence is being cleared of sweet fern and scrub birch, partly to make the course wider, and partly to give the little fir-trees a chance.

All but the non-swimmers went down to the Point this morning, and several swam back, just to get more exercise.

Just before dinner up came a fine big williwaw. There was not much wind with it but plenty of rain. "Clearing up shower", we said, and felt cheerful.

But it was still pretty wet.

The afternoon list bothered some, but F.T.H. guessed right when he called it "Some kind of French for Prometheanism."

COENACULARISM.

I	II	III	IV	V
Ladd	Eldridge	Whitman	Cooley	Jackson
Biddle	Hallowell	Frothingham	Eggleston	Shaw
Thompson	Coolidge	Farnsworth	Corning	Hobart
Morris	Hines	Morss	Heard	Ripley
C.F.B.	C.H.C.	F.T.H.	E.C.	F.G.B.

VI

Bigelow
Hutchinson
Stackpole
Woodbridge, H.
O.S.L.

The rest became the "Societé Anonyme pour la Construction des Bateaux", under direction of H.D.; all except Reuben, who continued the pursuit of knowledge under F.R.S.

The list said plainly, "Rubber boots and rain-coats", and Skipper said the same thing with considerable force; but as

MONDAY (Cont'd.) usual some didn't use their ears, and some thought they knew better. All of these gentry had reason to repent later.

The masters and prefects in charge simply observed. The boy at the head of each list is the captain. No paper or cut stove wood was to be taken, all work was to be done north of the fence, and no live birch trees were to be stripped.

Squad One, under the leadership of Ladd, chose a place on the side of the hill, dug a small hole, and sheltered it with a hat. Their chief materials were punky wood from old rotten logs, and red pine, but they got a fire going on the ninth match, and kept it up by blowing in relays, till Thompson was fairly dizzy. Finally they put the kettle on, by holding a red pine stick over the fire. Morris suggested a crotch, but before they got one made there came a deluge. As two had no rain coats, they got soaked, and were finally called in. They had a fair fire, and their water was getting hot, but they had given up replenishing the blaze, and had nothing to replenish it with but red pine. Morris peeled a big strip off a live birch, but didn't use it when he was reminded of the rules. This squad did perhaps second best, but there was too much conversation.

Squad Two, headed by Eldridge, pitched their camp in the lee of a big red pine, and got fire about the sixth match. Hines led a birch bark squad, and kept a large supply stuffed up under his sweater. They had thought of sacrificing their shirts for dry kindling, and Frog did accidentally sacrifice his knife, by building the fire on top of it. They swung their kettle on a long dead branch, one end of which rested on its own twigs. The other end was supported by a smaller branch, and lashed to the big tree with a fishing-line. The water boiled in an hour and three minutes, and twenty minutes later the spuds were done to a turn. This was not very fast time, but they were the only ones to finish. They put their fire out just before the deluge began;

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Coolidge carefully starting to empty the pail before going down to the shore to fill it up.

Squad Three, Whitman commanding, picked a handy woodchuck hole, and scratched out a shelf on the side of it. They got a very small flame on the seventh match, but used their ten without accomplishing anything real. In fact a passer-by could hardly find a charred chip after they had gone.

Cooley took Squad Four down on the beach, where Corning did a good deal of wading; looking for fuel, perhaps? Cooley worked hard, but Eggleston was possessed to chop small sticks on a stone, though it was twice suggested to him that it was a poor game for the hatchet. They got about as far as Squad One, and were called in when the real rain began to soak through.

Jackson and Squad Five went up the path almost to the Pine Parlor, and got a flame on the second match, three of the party holding a rubber coat over it by way of roof. They had more smoke than flame, but they had a real fire, and their water was distinctly warm when they were called in out of the wet.

Bigelow sat down right in the path with Squad Six, and operations were begun by taking off rubber coats, for greater ease of motion. They scratched their matches on a damp and very rough stone, so it is not surprising that they got no result. After the tenth match was used, O.S.L. gave them a lesson, and got a fire going.

Of course the second heavy rain made it hard, but the one successful squad got through before that rain began, though their time was not very fast. An interesting point is the fact that at least three of the Prometheanists, including two of a group that failed flat, have passed the Boy Scout

MONDAY (Cont'd.) fire test. But as that test may be taken in any kind of weather, it does not sound as if it amounted to much. Anyone ought to be able to build a fire on a dry day without paper, and light it without using more than two matches, if he is in reach of birch or white pine. Dead white pine twigs, friends, would have done the trick for all of you.

After supper came Digestion Club, with the added excitement of navigating the Infirmary puddle, which was in great form.

Then came fifteen minutes of singing, and then Mr. McDonald, the game warden, came over and gave us a very interesting talk about fish propagation and fishing.

Incidentally he told us that the reason the water is so low is that the dam at the Mills was badly damaged in the spring, and then badly repaired. So no wonder we can walk to the Point from the corner of the float.

We ended the evening with half-past nine Boston; the first time we have had it this year.

The pleasantest event of the day shall go here, though it occurred in the middle of the afternoon and the rain, a most welcome arrival:

Nora Coolidge

She not only came herself, but brought us good news of many old campers, Coolidges, Richardses, and others.

TUESDAY July 9, B.28.76' T.58' S.S.E. Cloudy. Showers p.m.

This morning our missing Almiralls arrived,with their mother.Their sister did not have measles after all.We are glad to see them at last.

A big job is being done in the back yard.The old pebbles are being taken out,and new ones filled in. The old ones are going into a bad hole up the bank.In fact C.F.B. has a big piece of engineering planned,to save the bank and a couple of good pine trees that are in serious danger.

The Vincent Club,under R.R.,did not know what it was to be,but it went to work sewing on buttons.Haskell had a bad time threading his needle,but on the whole it looks as if we should have some very fair needle-men before long.

FISHING.

TERROR.	EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMER.	IDENTICAL.
H.D.	F.T.H.	F.G.B.	R.B.C.	F.R.S.
Thompson	Morris	Lester	Mackie	Woodbridge,H.
Shaw	Haskell	Welsh	Coolidge	Ripley
1 pickerel			1 bass	2 bass

PANTASOTE.	ARKLET.	HORNPOUT.
Eldridge	O.S.L.	E.Oski.
Hallowell	Hobart	Bemis
Frothingham	Liggett	Woodbridge,G.
1 bass		2 bass
		1 pickerel

Total number of fish,8.

OUANANICHE. C.H.C.		OUANANICHE. C.F.B.	
A.M.R.	Davidge	Sherburne	E.Oska.
Ladd	Payson	Whitman	Jackson
Heard	Cooley	Eggleston	Morss
Hutchinson	Lowell	Stackpole	Biddle
Leland	Farnsworth	Farnsworth	Bigelow
M.P.		Gignoux	
		Reynolds	
		Hines	

The fishing was not very good.Perhaps the fish like the weather better in deep water;and certainly there has not been much lately to encourage them to come up.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) We hear that Bemis hooked a large pickerel half-way over to Oak Island, and towed it all the way to Oak without knowing he had anything on his line! Either he was a very peaceful pickerel, or friend Bemis is not very wide-awake.

The Ouananiche lists produced great excitement. "Are there two Ouananiches?" said several. No, but there can be two crews. In fact when it comes to a speed test round Oak there can be three, as we hope to see later.

The trip was the Bickford Hill trip, which some of us took last year. C.F.B. took the boat up, and landed on the front of the big bog. He sighted by the white birch, and struck across to the shore without any difficulty, except at the moment of leaving the bog, when the path was inclined to be faint. Of course it isn't so plain as it was last year when people had been tramping back and forth after blueberries. (Someone wants to know if there is a law on blueberries early in the summer.) They broke branches at intervals for a guide to the other party, whom they met just as the ground began to rise. From there they had a clear course to run, and ran it cheerfully all the way home.

C.H.C. took the other crew. We had no trouble till after we met our complementary crew; but then somehow we missed the proper log boulevard, and went too far along. We were misled by a trail of broken fern, not seeing for a long time that the breaks were old ones. But we found an old corduroy road going out to the bog, and crossed on that. It was a little wetter than the log, but not bad. The only trouble was that it landed us too far in shore, so we had a longer walk than we had counted on.

We found Messrs. Farnsworth, Gignoux, and Reynolds all in good condition, and they told us the harrowing tale of how they had caught a mole, and it had bitten Nick Biddle. I never heard before that moles

TUESDAY liked peanuts.
(Cont'd.)

We shoved off,realizing that we had a late start and a good head wind home.The head wind was rather solid after we rounded Stony Point,but we were only a little late to supper.

A.M.R. feels like apologizing for missing the log,as she was the only one of the party that had ever seen it.We must have gone by it when we turned round a few rocks or trees to avoid a wet place.

We were to have changed places at table this evening,but again A.M.R. has to apologize.Not till she reached the top of Bickford Hill did she realize that she had left the new table list where no human creature would ever think of looking for it.And of course it was impossible to wait till we got home.

After supper came Games on the Hill,and then Quiet Games, so that legs and lungs were both well exercised.

With the evening paper came splendid news of an old Merryweather,Lieutenant Hamilton Coolidge,who has just been in a fight with several German planes,and brought down one of them.

The half-past niners played Compendium in C,and then took a hasty shot at S.R.R. won,with eighteen points.

WEDNESDAY July 10, B.28.82' T.58' S.W. Cloudy. Occasional spatters of rain.

It stopped early in the morning, and through the day we had sun enough to dry a good many sneakers and other garments. It was just as well, for some of us were in hard straits for foot-gear.

Mrs. Biddle came this morning, and after spending the day decided to take Nick home with her. He had been writing homesick letters, though he certainly did not seem bowed down by weight of woe.

Skipper is telling us about our timber trees in the morning.

CLASS B CHINNING.

Heard	14
Frothingham	9
Hutchinson	7
Bemis	5
Gignoux	5
Bigelow	4
Eggleston	4
Hallowell	4
Woodbridge, S.	4
Biddle	3

Heard and Hutchinson have improved since last time, but most of the others have done better than this score.

Both the Almiralls passed the swimming test this morning, and there were lively performances in Moab.

After swim E.C. tried paddling the Pie-plant out to Pickerel, but found he had not time before dinner. There was an awful moment when he dropped his paddle, for he was in all his clothes, but by strenuous hand-paddling he retrieved it.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan dropped in for a call, bringing with them Mrs. Frazier and her son.

NAVICULTURISTS.

IDENTICAL	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Ripley	Hobart	Coolidge
Woodbridge, S.	Shaw	Mackie
Reynolds (C)	Liggett (C)	Welsh (C)

The list as first posted was a bit puzzling to most of us, and those who guessed boat-building thought they did pretty well.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) But it was cultivation of seamen rather than of ships,and the three crews put in a good afternoon under the coaching of C.F.B.,in the Sandpeep as flag-ship of the fleet. They practised in line and in column,turned and landed,manoeuvred in limited space,for a solid hour and a half.Next boat evening we shall see the results.

SECOND MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
ORTHOPAEDICS vs. ORTHORHOMBICS.

This was something like a game,as a glance at the score card will show.There were errors,of course,but they did not often affect the final result.Two innings without a score means good playing,especially on our rather erratic diamond, and nine times there were only three men up.F.T.H. fanned thirteen men,and gave no passes.In the fifth he struck out three batters in a row.Davidge was not so effective,but pitched a good game.In the eighth his place on the mound was was taken by J.Almirall.

There was much less heavy hitting.F.R.S. heads the list with .750,H.D. follows with .500.

It looks now as if we should have a fine season.Last time,frankly,it looked pretty discouraging.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
CYRENEES vs. SLAPNICKERS.

We had hoped for a first-rate game,considering the close score last time,and the diligent practice the Slapnickers had been putting in.But something went wrong,and the Cyrenees won by a big margin.One of the winning team laid the victory partly to the playing of the first baseman on the Slapnickers, who apparently had difficulty in holding the ball.

Now that the teams are really started,we hope that with more practice they may show up more even again next time.

Orthopaedics vs. Orthonomics of July 10 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	0		1 Ladd	5	K		K		0 1-3								3	1	0
0	1		2 F. J. H.	1	9 f1		9 f0			6 0 1-2		0 1-3					4	0	1
16	1		3 E. C.	2	E		6 0 E					4 0-3					3	1	1
6	1		4 R. B. C.	3	0 f4												3	2	0
4	1		5 F. R. S.	6		3 0-6 E		1 0-6		7 0-6		4 0-6					4	0	3
0	0		6 Eldridge	8		6 0-3 E		2 0-5 E		1 0-3							4	0	0
0	0		7 Whitmore	7				0 3			K						3	0	1
0	2		8 Shelburne	4		K			0 2-3		0 1-3						3	0	0
0	0		9 Gutchinson	9					K								1	1	0
0	0		10 Morris	9							0 1-3						1	0	0
			11																
27	6		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	1	0	0	2 3	0 3	2 5					29	5	6

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				0	13	1-b. on errors.		2	

Orthonomics vs. Orthopaedics of July 16 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	1		1 Leland	7	0 3			K	K			K					4	0	0
9	1		2 F. G. B.	3	K			E		f2							4	1	1
5	3		3 O. S. L.	6	0 f6			E		0 f6							4	1	1
6	2		4 N. D.	2		3 0		1 0-3				0 3					4	0	2
1	5		5 Davidson	1		f5				K			0 6 E				4	0	1
2	1		6 Hunnicutt	6		4 0-3		E			2 0-6		6 0-3 E				4	0	1
0	0		7 Bayer	8			0 3	K			K		K				4	0	0
1	2		8 Jackson	4			K		K		K						3	0	0
0	0		9 Hunnicutt	9			K		K			0 4-3					3	0	0
			10																
			11																
24	15		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	32	2	6

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	6	1-b. on errors.		1	

..... vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2										
3										
4										
5										
6										
7										
8										
9										
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

..... vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2										
3										
4										
5										
6										
7										
8										
9										
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.									

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) After supper,as there was a good deal of rehearsing to do,and some elaborate scenic effects to prepare,we had nothing organized till sing-song.

SECOND SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

I. Overture,"Chopsticks".....R.B.C.,F.T.H.

2. Duet.....N.C.,C.H.C.

3. The Camp Law.....C.F.B.,C.H.C.,A.M.R., Farnsworth,Hines,Liggett.

4. Choruses.....Voice of the Bell,Ouananiche,Scouting Song.

5. Merryweather Quartette.

6. Stunt.....F.G.B.,Eldridge,Ladd,A.M.R.

7. Stunt.....F.G.B.,O.S.L.,F.T.H., Morss,Hines.

CAMP SONG.

Our overture has grown since last time,as is the way of Chopsticks.The more the merrier.

The duet was really two distinct numbers.The first was a weird and vivid ballad of a burglar,read by C.H.C.,and accompanied with suitable incidental music by N.C. We heard the rasp of the file,the crash of breaking glass,the stealthy steps of the rascal as he crossed the room.We could even hear the silence as he listened in guilty terror.Particularly fine was the heavy thud of the policemen's feet,as they came down the street.

The second part was really a duet;a delightful medley of patriotic airs,twisting round each other in all sorts of ingenious ways.

Our quartette,which numbered six,as it did last time, gave us "Drink,Puppy",and"Australia",the latter with a set of additional and personal verses,which we shall give below.

The first stunt was announced as "A Familiar Ballad",

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) and we were asked to guess what it was.It was not hard to guess,when we saw F.G.B. sitting on board the good ship Chub,trying to mend his clothes.And we felt sure that the song is right:"He surely warn't a tailor".It was Renzo,of course.

The death of the parrot was most pathetic,though we think the the skipper and crew were glad,from the way they stopped their ears when the luckless bird swore.

The feedle gave such ear-and-soul-piercing strains that we did not wonder that the fiddler soon had the boat to himself.We did not see the death of the old cow,but we heard her last protest from behind the scenes.

Last came the clamming,with the luckless clammer writhing in agony as his boots jammed harder and harder.And when he came home in his stocking feet,the woman came out with a broom,and gave him a dressing down.

The second scene was a scouting game.The field was well-wooded, and Frog's tree,at least,was plenty big for him to hide behind.The prefects did all the advance playing,armed with maps,flash-lights, field-glasses,and mirrors,and broke every rule that one can think of except climbing a tree and going in the pond.The trees would hardly have borne their weight,and Moab,when full,is an awkward piece of scenery to manage,because there is always the chance that someone will sit down in it by accident.

In spite of all their manoeuvring,Frog killed them all,from behind his clump of sweet-fern.

After all this energy,on top of the ball game,we were ready for pillows and "Hard Cash".We had to stop in the middle of the fight with the pirates.

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO "AUSTRALIA."

Oh,Henry's had a huge hair cut;
B.Chapin clipped it off his nut.
Hurrah for B.Chapin!

Oh Bemis dragged a fish to Oak,
"Twas half an hour before he woke.
Hurrah for A.Bemis!

Oh,Frothingham his rod has lossed,
For overboard 'twas gaily tossed.
Hurrah for T.Frothingham!

Oh Mackie takes an hour to dress,
The reason for it I can't guess.
Hurrah for Nelse Mackie!

Oh Ripley likes his eels well fried,
But when they squirmed he almost died.
Hurrah for Charles Ripley!

Oh Eggleston is chopping rocks;
The sparks from them he gaily knocks.
Hurrah for old Eggsy!

THE TALE OF A BURGLAR.

The night was black and stormy,
The room was dark and still.
There came a sound of filing
From round the window-sill.

A filing,and a filing;
Then the broken glass di crash.
The villain stepped within the room,
And round his light did flash.

Then step by step by step by step
He crept across the floor.
He reached the corner,then looked he
In all directions four.

A safe he spied,and joyfully
Across the room did start;

For thoughts of silver filled his head,
And money filled his heart.

But as he stepped across the floor
A board didloudly shriek.
Darkness and silence filled the room;
Then a mouse out loud did squeak.

In terror stood the wicked man,
Afraid lest he be found.
So then he went ahead again,
This time without a sound.

He filed and filed and filed and filed,
His thoughts intent on mon;
But unbeknownst to him, outside
The angry p'licemen run.

And still he filed, and still they ran,
To punish him, as was meet.
Then, just as he undid the lock,
He heard the sound of feet.

He stopped not for the silver forks
In that dark and silent room;
He simply ran with all his might
Out into the fearsome gloom.

He ran right fast, his speed was great,
But their speed it was much more.
A fight in the dark--a bang on the head--
And now this story's o'er.

C.H.C.

Thursday July 11, B.28.97' T.60' N.N.W. Cloudy. Heavy shower p.m.

This morning there was a gap in the ranks at the Tink. Where was ETH.? Bill Payson allowed that he had left him asleep, so a select faculty committee waked him. In fact they waked him twice before he really knew that it was time to get up.

All the boats had a good scrub with gold-dust this morning, and look very fine.

There was also a good boat-building squad.

At swim Stack, Froggy, and Bud went out in Moab, like the three wise men of Gotham, who went to sea in a bowl. Then the suggestion was made to try four, and by picking the four smallest swimmers in camp, it was done. She didn't go far, but she went. The four were Froggy, Hallowell, Heard, and H. Woodbridge.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

MEADOW BROOK AND NORTH POND.

PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	TERROR.
C.H.C.	R.E.C.	F.G.B.	S.S.L.	E.T.H.
Eldridge	Morris	Whitman	Ladd	Almirall, F.
Coolidge	Lowell	Hutchinson	Mackie	Shaw
Gignoux	Hallowell	Woodbridge, G.	Ripley	Thompson

EREBUS.

Payson
Almirall, J.
Bigelow
Woodbridge, H.

HAMILTON POND, AND LORD'S HILL.

TOGUS.	OUANANICHE.		ABOL.
C.F.B.	E.C.		H.D.
Stackpole	E.C.	M.P.	Leland
Heard	Eggleston	Frothingham	Jackson
A.M.R.	Cooley	Morss	Davidge
	Corning	Farnsworth	
	Sherburne	Hobart	
	Haskell		
	Liggett		
	Welsh		
	Reynolds		
	Bemis		
	Lester		

SANDPEEP.

F.R.S.
Hines.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) It was a heavenly day when we started, one crowd north, the other south. The northern trip decided to change its course, and go to Little Pond by way of the Tiber and the road. We don't know which road they meant to take, but when they came to it, they found it so blocked with bent birches that it was like a rhodendron swamp, and quite out of the question. Beside, it was raining. The shower caught them about four o'clock, and when that shower was over another one came. Accounts differ as to how many they had, but it was enough to get them very wet.

They spent some time in the shelter of a barn on the Tiber, from which they identified all sorts of Roman landmarks. Then, to warm up, they had a good run along the road. And supper is always good, even if one is not very dry.

They came home damp but cheerful, in time for a good game of Towel.

The southern group all went to the Hamilton Pond landing, but there they divided. E.E. and most of the Quananiche crew went to Lord's Hill, where they had a glorious view, with big showers piling up all around them. And on the way home the biggest shower of all sat right down on their devoted heads, and when they came in they were a sopping crowd.

The two canoe crews went to Hamilton Pond, carrying the boats. They embarked on the pond, and the Togus coasted it, while the Abol landed on the island. There were just enough trees for each to climb one, but Davidge broke his tree, leaning across to be affectionate to Leland.

After that there was a further division. C.F.B. and A.M.R. went across to Bert Stuart's Pond, with canoe and paddles, leaving their middle men in charge of H.W. for a swim.

Ham Heard was disturbed at the absence of towels; but after a wonderful swim, they lined up on the roof of a little shack, and did

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) addy-humps till they were dry.

The trip to Bert Stuart's Pond was very pretty, though the pond itself is not such a wonder as Hamilton.

The canoes met in the road, and came along to the landing, wondering how soon and how hard the shower would strike.

We found out. It caught us fair and square, and the hailstones beat down on our devoted heads. (I have said that before, but never mind. It was just astrue this time.) Some remarked that C.F.B. and H.B. were dry, but personally I would rather get wet than try to carry a nineteen foot canoe on my head. I doubt if I could carry the canoe, and I can get wet, just as easy as anything.

We found F.R.S. with his crew and a few recruits from the Ouananiche; to wit Farnsworth, Welsh, Reynolds, and Liggett. They had walked over to Hamilton Pond, but had got back before the shower, in time to reach the shelter of the shack, and put sweaters and grub under cover. I would not describe them as dry, but they were not so wet as we were. So we put on dry sweaters, after taking off wet shirts, and watched the rain pelt and waited for the Lord's Hillers. When they appeared, they took the prize for wetness, beyond any question.

As soon as it held up a bit C.F.B. and H.B., assisted by Davidge, and with A.M.R. as birch-bark collector, gave a practical demonstration of Promethe anism, and soon we were steaming round a roaring fire. Then we began on supper, singing " "Keep the Home Fires Burning." We were still wet, but Harry Jackson remarked, "Gee, I'm glad it rained." And it certainly was very jolly.

We had a wonderful double rainbow, and came home gaily, only six minutes late.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) meeting Pine Island on the way.

I don't wish to be critical,but I dnn't think it is good manners to cut across the bows of a group of boats that are evidently going somewhere,even if you don't actually get in their way.But people who number their boats instead of naming them can't really have much idea of what a boat is.You might almost as well number the members of your family.

If Bingo is worried about his weight ,we advise him to go down and call at Pine Island.There is a boy there that would make him look like a fairy.We saw him out in a boat.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed we went on with Captain Dodd,and beat the pirates triumphantly.

And when the tables were set,the ladies withdrew,and left the Faculty to the great job of all,the choosing of the scouting sides. It took them just about two hours;rather tough,on top of a good expedition.So

"The cup is to win,
And the game's to begin,
And we'll all go a-scouting---as soon as the
weather is right.

FRIDAY July 12, B.29.01' T.60' Cloudy. Cleared, fine. Heavy shower p.m.

This sounds as if I had copied yesterday's weather report to save time,but it is not so.It is a whole new outfit.

This morning Skipper brought in a perfectly recognizable bean pod from our own patch.It was a little small for the table,but anyone would have known it for a bean.

Good letters yesterday and to-day from J.R.,now a lieutenant,and Chet Ladd,who has been slightly wounded.

BOAT AND FIELD PRACTICE.

TOGUS.	EBEN.	ABOL.	CORKER.	RIPOGENUS.
Leland	Eldridge	Sherburne	Davidge	Payson
Ladd	Almirall.FHobart		Almiral,J.	Whitman

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
Almiral,F.	Almiral,J.	Ladd	Whitman	Leland	Sherburne

TRACK AND CANOE PRACTICE.

CLASS B,I.	CLASS B,II.	CLASS C.
Bigelow	Corning	Bemis
Cooley	Farnsworth	Coolidge
Eggleston	Frothingham	Gignoux
Hallowell	Lester	Haskell
Heard	Lowell	Liggett
Hines	Morris	Mackie
Hutchinson	Morss	Woodbridge,G.
Jackson	Stackpole	Woodbridge,H.
Ripley	Thompson	
Shaw		

A list like this always makes excitement.Visions of canoe races down the hundred yard dash come into one's mind, and four-forties out to Pickerel and back.

The boat and canoe people had some good practice,under C.F.B. and E.C.They took the rangeleys first,and then the canoes.The practice in the latter was particularly strenuous for a big shower came up,with a wind that looked for a while as if it might rise to canoe test pitch.There could be no racing,as the shower,after considering matters for a while,

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) decided that here was a good place to unload, and gave us a full dose.

The land events were unfinished, for the same reason, but we give them as far as they went. The two divisions of Class B were not made on any particular basis, but were simply for convenience in getting the events off.

CLASS B I SHOT PUT.

Eggleston	20'1"
Bigelow	19'7"
Hallowell	17'9 1/2"

CLASS B II SHOT PUT.

Morris	22'5"
Lowell	22'4"
Corning	21'10"

There is apparently better material for this event in II than in I, for the three best men in II outputted the best in I, though they did not have their three final puts, owing to weather.

CLASS B I BROAD JUMP.

Jackson	11'5"
Bigelow	11'3 3/4"
Shaw	11'2"

CLASS B II BROAD JUMP.

Lowell	12'3 1/8"
Corning	12'2 1/2"
Frothingham	12' 1 7/8"

The first division did not get to final jumps, but it did not look as if they could come up to the second.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.
FIRST TRIAL HEAT.

Bigelow	15 s.
Heard	
Shaw	

A pretty race between the first two, Heard not two yards behind at the finish. Shaw was about three yards behind Heard, and the other men in more open order.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) SECOND TRIAL HEAT.

Jackson
Hines
Hutchinson — 14 4/5 s.

Faster time than the first heat, but an easier finish, as far as first place was concerned. The race for second was a hot one, with Hutchinson so close to Hines that it came near being called a dead heat.

THIRD TRIAL HEAT.

CORNING.
Thompson
Morris — 14 4/5 s.

The time of this might easily have been faster, for it was plain that Corning was only running to make his place.

FOURTH TRIAL HEAT.

Stackpole
Lowell
Frothingham — 13'

This was the best heat of the four, Stackpole beating Lowell by a mere matter of inches, and few of them at that.

FIRST SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Jackson
Bigelow
Heard — 14 3/5 s.

Jackson bettered his former time by a fifth of a second, and led Bigelow by three yards.

SECOND SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Stackpole
Lowell
Corning — 13 s.

Stackpole made the same time as before, and again Lowell was a good second, though not so close as before. Corning was a very close third.

FINAL HEAT.

Stackpole
Lowell
Jackson — 13 4/5 s.

Not quite up to previous times, but a very good race, with Lowell less than a yard behind Stackpole at the tape. It looks as if these two would give us a lively summer on the track.

FRIDAY
(Cont'd.)

CLASS B 440.

Frothingham 1 m.19 1/5 s.
Corning
Lowell
Hutchinson
Stackpole

This was run in the rain, after we had been sitting for some time in the shop, playing games and otherwise "turning the dark cloud inside out". Frothingham led from third base, and though Corning and Lowell came up well on the home stretch, they could not catch him.

CLASS C HIGH JUMP.

Bemis 3'4"
Coolidge 3'3"
Liggett 3'2"

There ought to be some hot work among these three, all so close.

CLASS C HUNDREDAYARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

H.Woodbridge 16 s.
Bemis
Liggett

Woodbridge had a good lead. The rest were in open formation.

SECOND HEAT.

Coolidge 15 2/5 s.
Haskell
Gignoux

A faster and closer heat. Haskell was close behind Coolidge, working hard. Mackie was rather outclassed.

FINAL HEAT.

Coolidge 15 3/5 s.
Haskell
H.Woodbridge

Coolidge was not quite up to his best time, but it was again a good heat. Haskell was a yard behind the winner, and led Woodbridge by about three yards.

CLASS C 440.

Coolidge 1 m.29 4/5 s.
H.Woodbridge
Haskell
Gignoux
Bemis

This run came just before the other, in heavy rain.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Coolidge led by four yards. The gap between Woodbridge and Haskell was wider, that between Haskell and Signoux closing up again.

We wish we had more accurate figures on these races, but a heavy rain does not help one to measure closely.

As everyone had had a good shower bath, swim was omitted, and all hands went down to put on dry clothes; their own or such as they could borrow. By this time the rain had pretty much stopped, but the path down the bank was like a greased pig, and the Infirmary puddle was over the bottom step.

After supper it was Digestion Club, naturally.

Then came Predicament and Cure, followed by Indoor Wolf, for the half-past eighters, and Clothes-pins for the half-past niners. The latter game was rather one-sided, as H.D.'s side won every time; first three out of five standing, and then one in L.C.Z.'s pet formation; sitting on the floor, with the line of march behind one's back.

As four rounds leaves the brain fairly well sprained, we finished the evening with "Earth, Air, and Water."

SATURDAY
July 13,
B.29.04
T.62°
N.W.
Cloudy,
Clearing.

Our weather-men sometimes fall short
Of giving us sun when they ought;
But we will not complain,
In spite of the rain,
For they never forget their report.

Another general swim to the Point this morning. We are improving in form and pace, though some still take a good while to get there.

SOLONAMBULISTS.

TOGUS.
C.F.B.
Bigelow
Gignoux
A.M.R.

M.P.
Bemis
Hobart
Lester
Liggett

OUANANICHE.
C.H.C.
Ripley
Shaw
Thompson
Woodbridge, G.
Woodbridge, H.,
N.C.
Mackie
Welsh

ABOL.
H.B.
Frothingham
Haskell
Eggleston

YAMMER.
E.C.
Morss
Coolidge

SANDPEEP.
F.R.S.
Farnsworth

Our heading puzzled us a bit. Were we expected to be as wise as Solon? But it was to be more or less solos, as the party broke into sections. Still, I doubt if a party of three boats can properly be considered a solo. How would Trionambulists do?

But to get to the point. The Ouananiche, escorted by the Sandpeep and the Yammerschooner, headed for the Caves. When they reached the regular landing, where we have always found the people perfectly willing to have us do anything but remove sand, which we have never wanted to do, they found a "No Trespass " sign, and the people said they really meant it, and would rather they did not land. It is not easy to find another good landing on that shore, so they came back to Oak Island, and had a hot afternoon of Skowhegan.

The two canoes bore away to the southeast, and landed in Damren's mill-stream. The low water makes it complicated, but the two captains poled up to a handy rock, after dropping the crews near the mouth. From here we carried over to Ellis Pond. There is a chicken

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) wire across the thoroughfare, with a rather dim sign on a half-barrel head, so we went round the end, and launched in the mud.

We coasted the south end of the pond, and came up the east shore, looking for a road which Frothingham knew, which sounded like an improvement over the regular station carry, for circumnavigators. It is a good road, and has a delightful spring on it, which is always a good point. We went to the top of the hill, like Tam Pearce, and had a fine view of three ponds, Great, Ellis, and Messalonskee. If we had moved a little to the north, we could have seen McGraw too.

We got home in time for a swim, but not a very long one.

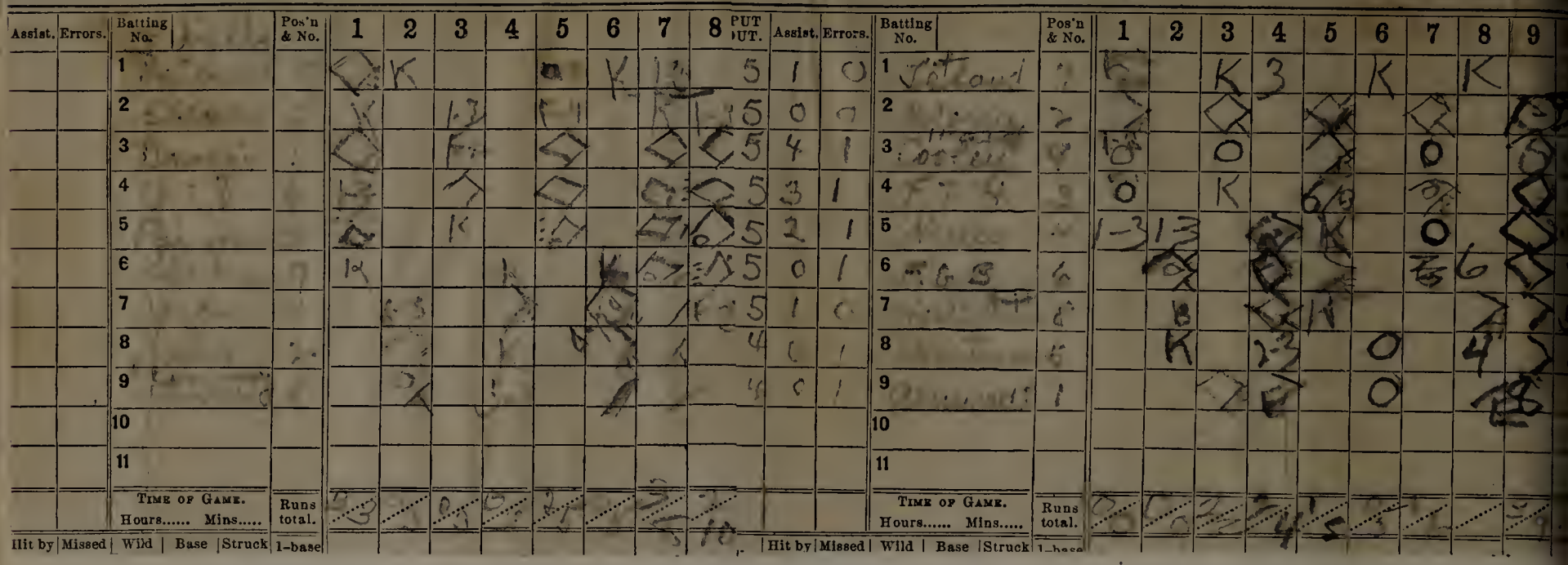
JUNIOR BASEBALL GAME.
ABENA vs. RUNOIA.

Owing to the difficulty of being in two places at once, I did not see this game, but by all accounts it was a fast, tight game. Abena got a lead in the first inning, which Runoia made up and passed in the fourth. In the fifth and sixth it was a tie, 5-5. Runoia pulled up to six, and later to nine, but Abena made it one better, and won in the ninth.

Bingham batted for .600, making two singles and a double.

Corning caught a hot liner off J. Almirall's bat, when he had run in from centre, and had not had time to get back to position.

Both pitchers did well, though we cannot quite figure the hits and strike-outs from the score card. The score was kept by the different players, as they had a chance, and shows signs of haste in spots.


vs. of vs. of
Assist. Errors. Batting No. Pos'n & No. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 PUT OUT.
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....
Runs total.
Hit by Missed Wild Base Struck 1-base

A delightful event of the afternoon was the arrival of C.W. for another Sunday, also of H.H.R., otherwise Mr. Dick, for the same time. They are both down at Bath, which is not really very far away.

Henry Howe Richards

After supper came preparations for charades, as usual.

SECOND CHARADE EVENING.

HOROSCOPE. A bed was made in a very dark room, and C.W. entered, as timid old lady. He could not exactly look under the bed, as it was a mattress on the floor, but he inspected the premises thoroughly. Then the wind began to rise, the lightning to flash, and the thunder to crack. And through the uproar, wild voices wailed, "It floats! It floats! " No wonder the poor lady had the horrors, and could not be reassured, even by the cheering words, "Ivory soap." For the second scene, "cope", we had a wonderful prize fight, Snaky Sam vs. Pounding Percy; in other words, Froggy vs. Bingo. Sherburne acted as referee, and H.B. and R.B.C. were sporting spectators. It looked at first as if the odds in weight were overwhelming, but the dash of the feather-weight bruiser was too much for his massive rival, and Percy took the full count. The whole word revealed C.W. as an astrologer, in scarlet robe and black cap, with globe, megaphone, and other appurtenances. He had several clients. Eggs wanted to know how to make a liv-

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) ing,and got the discouraging answer,"There is no hope.You can't."J.Almirall,who wanted to know when one of his three rich uncles would die,fared better,for he learned that he first one would expire at four o'clock.Cooley,in quest of the cat's pants,was sent to Mrs.Grundy to find them.

CRYSTAL. This was a little misleading,for the y in the first syllable was made long,but such crying was never heard before. Heard,the baby,yelled till he ought to have been black in the face;Reuben,just out of the pond,dripped tears as well as pond water;Henry Woodbridge wailed because he had been licked up;Thompson mourned over his sore foot.No wonder that Miss Coolidge,as the mother of this distressful family,finally burst into tears herself,and fled.For the second syllable we had a stable,and the doctoring of the favorite just before a race.The whole word was very elaborate,with its scarlet shrine.Within the curtains,sat Miss Coolidge as the priestess, the Daughter of Light,gazing at her crystal,which glowed softly under her hands.One by one those who were in trouble or anxiety came to her for guidance,and she gave them the key to the future.It was really a lovely scene.

BELFRY. This word was thought up at the last minute,owing to an accident.The Inchcape Rock,grey and lonely in the sea, was visited by Ladd as the kindly Abbot,who hung the bell in place.Then O.S.L.,as Sir Ralph,cut the bell from its float, and a few moments later met the reward of his crime by striking full on the rock himself.The second syllable looked more like "jail" than "free" at firstfor C.F.B. was apparently pretty limp and helpless when his jailers,after carrying him in,left him with hands and feet both tied.But the limpness was only apparent.The moment he was alone,he went at

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) his bonds in desperate earnest,and with a heave and a twist got his hands free.After that feet were easily attended to, and he was off out of the window.For the whole word,Farnsworth,as Bessie,(I think her name was Bessie) begged the life of her lover from Cromwell.Bill,I mean Cromwell was inexorable;"He must die at the ringing of the curfew." There was one thing to do.The lady climbed the belfry tower,and clung to the tongue of the bell,so that the curfew did not ring.So Cromwell relented,and we suppose that all ended happily.

ZAGLOBA. The first scene was in two strongly contrasted parts,with the curtain raised between them.First,E.C. as the Czar in the height of his power;then a moment later,as the Czar after the outbreak of the revolution."Globe" took us to school,and for a wonder the scholars did not misbehave.It was,as L.E.R. said,a most high-toned school.We didn't wonder that F.T.H.,a parent in quest of the right education for his progeny—or rather prodigy—was impressed, especially by the globe.(We never saw a greenplaid globe,but then Bingo had to be rapped up in something.)The whole word was not finished,but as far as it went it was splendid.We had the cart,with outriders and escort,in which our Polish friends were being taken to Birji.E.C. was Kovalski,and F.T.H.,as Zagloba,was working things up to the point where he could effect his escape,when Kovalski got a dose of ammonia from the bottle he was pretending to drink from. The cork was leaky.He didn't swallow any,but he had to withdraw. Still,we had guessed the word.

After this all hands,like Sir Josph,sought the seclusion which their cabins granted.

Freddy Reynolds has cut himself three times in twenty-four hours.How does he expect to play his xylophone if he takes all his fingers off?

SUNDAY July 14, B.28.99' T.64' Cloudy N.W.

Joe Almirall is in the infirmary,with a bad throat and a temperature.The first infirmary case this year;may it also be the last.

Heavy rain p.m.

The morning was threatening,but at noon it looked distinctly hopeful.By the time dinner was over it looked worse again,so we planned for a beach picnic,as that is near enough to hurry home from if the rain comes down.The wonderful poster on the next page was put up,and though it was raining a little,the company started.

SKOWHEGAN.

SQUADABSCOOKS vs. SEOEUNKEDUNKS.

Each tribe won a game,by nine runs to five,as far as can be determined.Time of each game,fifteen minutes.Principal feature,poor playing,and indifference about reporting. There was much arguing about who was killed,notably between Jackson and Ripley.Also many murders,Heard being the worst sinner in this respect.

There might have been a third game,but the rain got too heavy,and it was a very wet army that came back to camp.In fact they were so wet that they were allowed to go in for one dive with all their clothes on.

The fire was going,and the cocoa on,and soon we were busy at supper.Things went beautifully,except that we seemed to spill a good deal,so that the mop was almost a permanent member of the company.Also Duke was very restless,finally sitting down on Jim Hallowell's head.

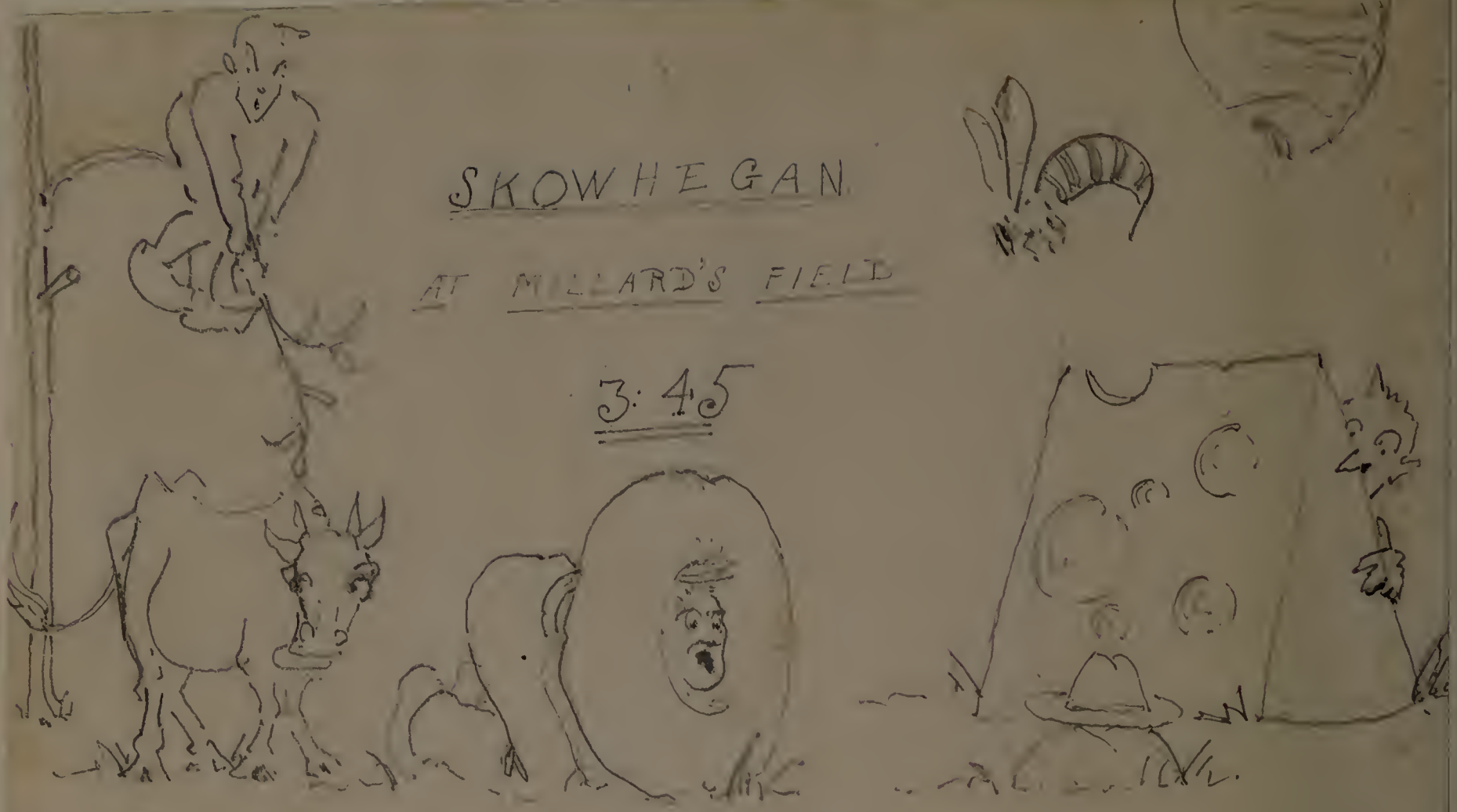
We had songs,and particularly the Marseillaise,as it was the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille,and a new ghost story.Then came hymns,and "His Private Honour."

H.H.R. and Miss Coolidge left this evening,and Dr.Craigin came to see Joe Almirall.

SKOWHEGAN

AT MILLARD'S FIELD

3:45

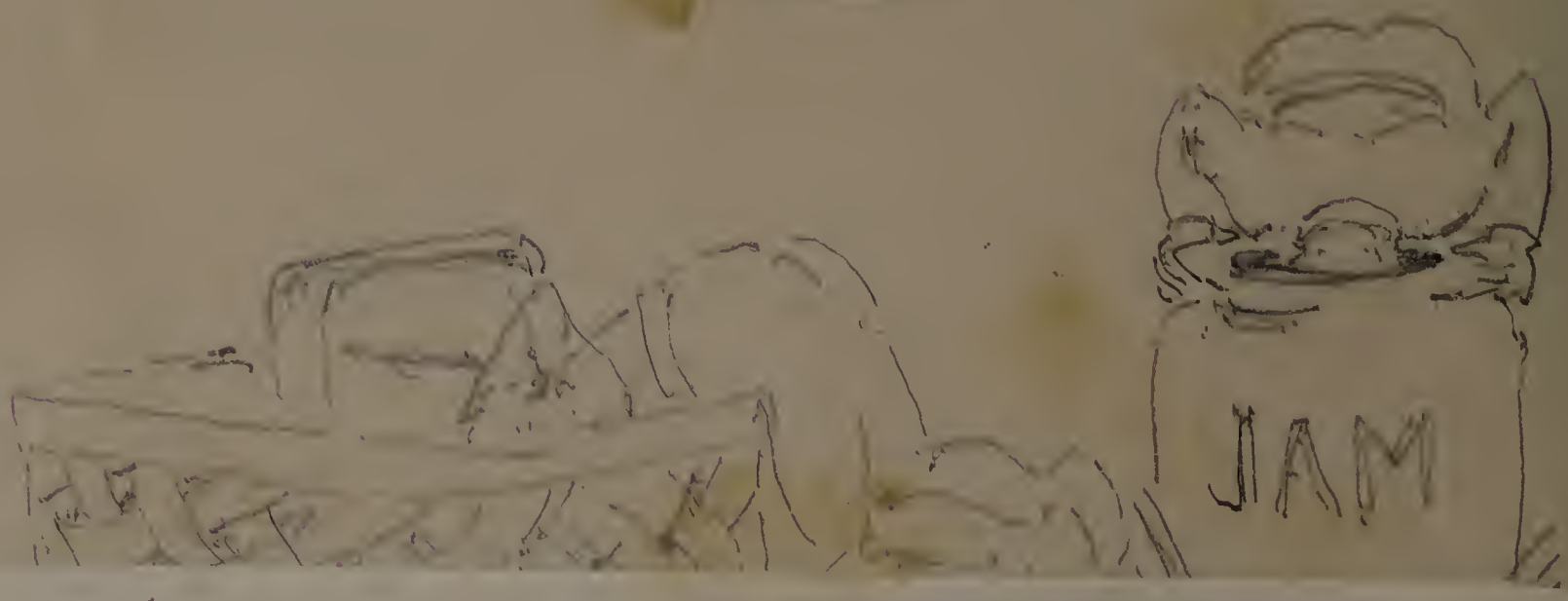


PICNIC

AT MERRYWEATHER BEACH

17-41-59

7-14-18



MONDAY, July 15, B.28.91' T.62' Clearing, West.

Joe Almirall has diphtheria.It is not a nice thing to have,but the doctor gave him anti-toxin last night,and to-day his temperature is down,his throat is better,and evrything is going well.Of course it will mean quarantine,and looking out sharply,but we hope that there will not be any more trouble.

Also Frog has mumps.As Joe has the infirmary,Frog is living in state in the end tent.He is beginning to look very funny and fat.

This morning C.F.B. began a series of talks on boats,and told us about the different types of racing boats and their construction.

The bush-whackers are doing a big job on the scouting field,and we hope to see good results when we come to our first game.The cover on that hillside north of the middle fence has been altogether too heavy in recent years.

To-day is Paul Haskell's birthday.He had to make a speech at dinner,but like the ancient Spartans he believes that few words are best.

Bud Farnsworth's uncle has been fishing,and at dinner we had an enormous salmon that he caught.Think of one salmon that would go all the way round,give second helps,and even a few select thirds!

And at supper we had the Rascal's birthday cake.He did not want candles,so it came in all cut,as we thought Carlyle could do the cutting better than most of us.

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)

SUNDRY LATE TO SUPPER STUNTS.

CAVES.

GUANANICHE.
C.H.C.

M.P.
Cooley
Hobart
Ripley
Stackpole
Welsh
Reynolds
Liggett

Almirall,F.
Hallowell
Hutchinson
Thompson
Woodbridge,H.

CORKER.
C.W.

Leland
Haskell
Eggleston

MEADOW BROOK——————TIBER.

ABOL.	EREBUS	FANTASOTE.	WILLIWAW.
C.F.F.	F.T.H.	F.G.B.	R.B.C.
Gignoux	Ladd	Whitman	Lowell
Jackson	Remis	Coolidge	Corning
Morss	Woodbridge,G.		Shaw

TOGUS.	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
H.B.	O.S.L.	Payson	E.C.
Bigelow	Morris	Eldridge	Sherburne
Farnsworth	Frothingham	Lester	Heard
A.M.R.	Davidge		Mackie

Our heading is not the official one,but it is so appropriate that we put it in.We were all late to supper,in varying degrees.

The Cave.men made another try at that delightful spot,by landing farther up,where the trail was once blazed for the Devil's Den. They had a delightful time,but there was not enough of it to go round,so they had to come back without reaching their objective. Never mind;we will get there some day.

The Abol and her attendant rangeleys went up Meadow Brook as far as the first bridge.The current is strong this year,owing to the low water,and the rangeley is not the type of boat best fitted for that serpentine style of navigation,so the Abol had to wait for the others more or less.From the bridge they took the road west, leaving their boats on shore.They pursued the road as far as the Tiber,where they took the boats that the other party had left,and so paddled and rowed home.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The Togus and rangeleys went up the Tiber.The only excitement was that caused by the steering of Lester.We may have had coxes as bad in Camp before,but we can't have had any worse.

Oh Lester,in your hours of ease
You may be anything you please,
But let me tell you one thing plain;
Your coxing gives us all a pain.

We had no trouble finding the road,and footed it along gaily,stopping only to pick a raspberry or two.

When we reached the bridge we embarked,and once more Lester distinguished himself.In fact if he had not held us all up we might have got home in time for supper,though hardly in time for a swim.Finally his irate captain made him ship his paddle,and after that things went better.We reached home first,having had the advantage of the current in Meadow Brook,instead of paddling against it.(Will some mathematician please figure out the difference? Reuben might do it,when he can tear himself away from the hypotenuse.)

On the slip we were held up.The state board of health had arrived,and we all had to put our tongues out and say"Ah" while they poked things down our throats.This is called taking a culture.It was rather a job,getting each crew as it came in, but finally we were all done.

The visiting doctors had supper on the piazza,as there was not room for them all inside,and supper was rather late.

Games on the Hill lasted so long,and got everyone so hot,that it was followed by fifteen minutes of go-as-you-please;and then we had "Hard Cash,"and much peace.

TUESDAY July 16, B.29.02' T.64' S.W. Fair.

This morning Mr.amd Mrs.Almirall arrived,to see how Joe is coming on.He is doing well,and his throat is clearing up fast.Mrs.Almirall is going to stay and take care of him.

Skipper has sent word to all parents just how things stand, and we hope to be able to send another notice soon,that we have a clean bill of health.

Two buoys were put out this morning on dangerous rocks;one up by what used to be Haynes's camp,the other off the point.

THIRD MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
DIPHTHERIA vs. MUMPS.

This game,while not so close in playing as the second,furnished plenty of excitement,especially towards the end.For five innings the Mumps led by an increasing margin.In the sixth the Diphtherias began to hit,and in the seventh they got the lead by one run. In the eighth the Mumps passed them,making it 10-9.In the ninth the first two batters for the Diphtherias hit,and the resultant two runs won the game,11-10.

Mention must be made of Eldridge's two put-outs in center field.We sometimes get into the way of expecting everything that goes out of the diamond to be a safe hit.

E.C.	.800
O.S.L.	.800
F.T.H.	.600
R.B.C.	.400
F.R.S.	.400

THIRD BUG LEAGUE GAME.
SLAPNICKERS vs. CYRENES.

We did not see this game,as the laws of physics,or matter,or something of that sort,forbid one person to be in two places at one and the same time.But we heard the wild excitement which accom-

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) panied the victory of Stackpole's team over its old-time rival. The score card shows a great deal of heavy hitting, and our ears told of a great deal of heavy yelling. In the third and fourth the Slapnickers led, but then the Cyrenes got busy, and pulled out triumphantly, 19--13.

Diphtheria vs. Mumps of July 16th at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	2		1 Conley	4	3				1-3			K					3	0	0
2	2		2 Davidge	5	K		K		K			1-3					5	1	0
0	3		3 F. J. M.	1			3										5	2	3
11	1		4 R. B. C.	3	3			K				1					5	2	2
10	4		5 E. C.	2		2-3											5	3	4
2	2		6 O. S. L.	6				3									5	2	4
0	0		7 Hamill S.	7		K		K		K			K				5	0	0
2	0		8 Eldridge	8		1-3			4-3		1		3				5	1	1
0	0		9 Shelburne	9			K			K			(K) 2-3				3	0	1
			10																
			11																
27	14		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	6	9	0	9	2	11											41	11	15

Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				6	10	1-b. on errors.		2	

Mumps vs. Diphtheria of July 16th at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
11	0		1 F. G. B.	3		3					K						5	2	1
12	2		2 H. D.	2									3				5	3	0
2	2		3 F. R. S.	6			3		3								5	2	2
2	5		4 E. W.	1						1		4-3					5	1	0
0	0		5 Whitmore	5	K		K										4	0	0
0	1		6 Payson	8	4-3		K										4	0	1
0	0		7 Morris	9		2-3		K				K					5	0	0
0	1		8 Jackson	4		K					3		(K) 2-3				3	1	0
0	0		9 Leland	7							3		K				5	1	1
			10																
			11																
27	11		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	2	3	4	7	1	8	0	8	0	8	2	10	0	10								41	10	5

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			2	12	1-b. on errors.		1	

vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1		3.		K			K			K	
2											
3			K	K							
4					K						
5										K	
6									K		
7			K		K			K			
8			K					K			
9											
10											
11											
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.									

Lowell

vs. ..... of Lady 16 ..... at .....

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1		6.	K	K				K	K		K	
2		1.										
3		9.									K	
4		8								K		K
5		3.										
6		4.			K		K			K		
7		2.										
8		7.							K			
9		5.				K	K					
10												
11												
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.										

Games on the Hill were followed by Dumb-Crambo, for the first time this year. The words were purl, slat, and twill. The last one was still unguessed when Skipper called half-past eight.

The half-past niners went on with "Hard Cash."

Early in the evening the new cables were put on the float, and bowsed home tight. Now we shall feel safer if we ever get a canoe test wind.

Dish-washing squads are very active these days. As we are short-handed, and Mrs. Cook is afraid to come down, we must wash or go dirty. So we scrub and scrape, and are getting expert.

But oh friends, please finish what is on your plates. You don't know what a job it is to clean off plates that have odds and ends of food on them. They all have to be scraped, and swabbed off with paper towels before they go into the water, and it is really fierce sometimes.

WEDNESDAY July 17.
B.28.89'
T.66'
Calm, Clear.

Skipper's birthday, which we celebrated first by having our anti-toxin. The doctor didn't bring enough to go round, but over half the camp was done.

The rest will be shot tomorrow.

Heavy shower p.m.

Besides this cheerful celebration, we gave him our good wishes at dinner.

Chester, who went home to convalesce, came back this noon, to our great relief. We have got, on all right with dish squads but it hasn't made things easier.

Just after dinner it began to rain a little. The sun was almost out, but in the west there was something black piling up. As there were a good many very sore arms and shoulders, and the weather looked so doubtful, the fishing schedule was cancelled, and boat-building, ping-pong, and kindred sports became the order of the day.

With the big shower came a real wind, and E.C. passed the canoe test, to everyone's great delight. And then the wind went down. But we hope for another one soon, perhaps without a shower, before long.

Digestion Club met in the shop, and just as Pomona and her Jonas had got out of the lunatic asylum, Dr. Hardy appeared to take cultures again. So we all filed through the South, and tried not to swallow the cotton he poked down our throats. Carlyle was in bed and asleep, and there were two gentlemen up in the Mammoth who felt rather mean, but the performance was dome completely. We hope to hear tomorrow, with no more positive cultures.

By the way, we hear from the state board of health that only the letters from the positive cultures need to be baked and we can send our washing out as usual. So we shall not

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) in France. have to scrub along the shore on the stones,as they do

THIRD SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Drum and fife Duet.....Stackpole,Coolidge.
2. Xylophone Solo.....Reynolds.
3. "Heinrich und Lise".....C.W.,A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Merryweather Boys,John Peel,the Cameron Men.
5. Stunt,"Taffy was a Welshman"...Morss,Whitman.
6. Piano Solo,"Fra Diavolo".A.M.R.
7. Stunt,"The Briery Bush"..Leland,Eldridge,Bigelow, Corning,Almirall,F.

Water Rats,Camp Song.

We omitted our usual overture,not because we did not want it, but because the culture-taking shortened our time a little.

We do not often have a drum in camp,and we have never had such a neat outfit as Archie's.He and Stack gave us several selections, all very spirited,and we want some more another time.

Freddie's xylophone is also a new instrument,and he gave us all sorts of bugle calls very prettily.We wish we knew just how a plain oblong piece of wood can be tuned to make a certain note.

"Heinrich und Lise" are old friends,and C.W. is a terrible man when annoyed.At the same time there is no doubt that Lise had no brains,and must have been a trying companion.Besides the regular words they had a new set,which will be found later.

"Taffy" is also an old friend,and Whitman did full justice to his greed and rascality.As for Noel Morss,he looked so peaceful with his spectacles down on his nose,that the sudden violence of his attack on the thief was as surprising as it was dramatic.

"The Briery Bush" is also extremely dramatic.Almirall was a sinister figure as the hangman,with his black mask.Leland as the heroecombined gallantry and pathos in a way that roused all our sympathy.Just why his family were so glad to get rid of him we do

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) not know,but Corning and Eldridge were as calm and even callous as the words require.Bigelow was a lovely damsel,and we do not doubt that the pair lived happily ever after.

After sing-song came Telegrams.The word was Resolution, the subject ,the landing of the Pilgrims.Here are some samples:

A Pilgrim to Elder Brewster.

Rise,Elder,save our luggage.Uncouth tribe is offensively near.

Hampden to James I.

Resign,egregious sovereign,or let us throw institutions over now.

John Alden to John Hampden.

Right excellent sir,our landed unit thrives in orchard nicely.

Governor to King of England.

Reddish elderly Samoset,on land,used talkative iterations over news.

Captain to Miles Standish.

Rocks evident so obscure landing urged,tow if obviously necessary.

Miles Standish to Mr.Standish Sr.

Reached end.Sea offered large undulations to indigo old navigators.Rock encountered soon on land.Upon this intoned our number. (Observe that this is a double one.)

A Pilgrim to a friend in Emgland.

Royal eats.Sneaked upon large unicolored trio.Indians. Oh! Nutriciousness!

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

Forbes Jr. to Forbes Sr.

Remarkably elastic ship overdoes load.Unspeakable traffic in objedtionable neighbors.

J.Alden to friend in poultry business.

Rocks excellent.Send over Leghorns unless taxes inhibit our notions.

Miles (Hoover) Standish to Posterity.

Remember:Eels sustained our lives.Used them in our necessity.

Indian Chief to Elder Brewster.

Red Eagle slap old liar untiltears irrigate nose.

John Stevens,America,to Mr.Van Dyke,Holland.

Rangeleys especially seaworthy.Safe on land.United teamwork is only needed.

EXTRA VERSES.

My shoes are all wet,lieber Heinrich,lieber Heinrich.
Get 'em dry liebe liebe Lise,liebed Lise,get 'em dry.
What shall I get 'em dry with,lieber Heimrich,lieber Heinrich?
With a fire,liebe liebe Lise,liebe Lise,with a fire.
What shall I make a fire with,etc?
Out of wood etc.
But the wood is all gone,etc.
Get some more,etc.
How shall I go and get it? etc.
On your feet,etc.
What shall I put my feet in? etc.
In your shoes,etc.
But my shoes are all wet,etc.
Then go und get Georgy Eggleston to cut you some wood on a nice wet rock

THURSDAY July 18, B.27.82' T.65' Clearing, N.W.

The morning dawned dark and damp,but soon cleared off for a fine day.

The announcement of a laundry squad caused some excitement in the breasts of those whose wardrobes are getting low,but it was only the boats that were to be washed.

To-day C.W. finished patching the Rob Roy.She was in a bad way,poor old dear.

CIRCUMNAVIGATORY PROMETHEANISM.

C.W.	R.B.C.
Eldridge	Almirall,F.
Farnsworth	Gignoux
Frothingham	Jackson
Haskell	Morris
Lester	Shaw

SUNDRY STUNTS.

ABOL.	TOGUS.	CORKER.
C.F.B.	H.B.	E.C.
Bigelow	Corning	Stackpole
Leland	Sherburne	Heard
A.M.R.	Eggleston	Payson

BOAT-BUILDERS.

F.T.H.	
Ladd	Liggett
Mackie	Woodbridge,H
Welsh,Reynolds	

OUANANICHE.

C.H.C.	
M.P.	Thompson
Lowell	Cooley
Hobart	Morss
Hutchinson	Whitman
F.G.B.	O.S.L.
	Coolidge
	Ripley
	Woodbridge,G.

The Prometheans went out for the night.We shall know more about them when they come back.

The boat-builders built boats;and perhaps at this moment the winner of this year's race is nearing completion.

The Ouananiche went up the Northwest Brook,farther than she has ever been before.It is a lovely little brook,and the more one can see of it the better.

The three canoes went to Brillig Brook,and found the water low.Still,they paddled up a good way,occasionally sliding over obstacles,and getting out on the bank.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) At last they reached a point which seemed to be the end of practical navigation, with several logs over, under, around, and over the channel. Two that stuck out over the water were so tempting that almost every-one got out, and see-sawed and balanced on them. So of course very soon Bertie Bigelow fell in. After that there was a good deal of falling in, as the logs could be made to buck--or bronc-- in all sorts of ways. Soon Sherburne, Leland, Corning, and Eggleston were also in the depths, swimming and squattering about, and getting very dirty in the brown water.

C.F.B. was the champion broncho-buster, for he balanced on the smaller of the two bucking logs, and kept his place while H.B. did all sorts of things to it; high and low bouncing, and sideways jerks. Finally he had to jump off, but it was a fine performance.

Then the mud-turtles were called in, and changed wet shirts for dry sweaters, and we headed for home. The Togus had so much bog water in her that she was hauled out on the point and dumped.

We got home almost at the same time as the Ouananiche, and there was wonderful swimming. The mud-turtles went in with all their clothes on. The clothes certainly needed it.

We had no little table at supper, as so many were out. After supper it was Boats, and then, as it was so lovely, half-past nine boats.

The later crews did not start till nearly nine, and as they mostly went round Oak Island, Taps was a <u>little</u> later than usual.

1918
July 18
Dishwashing
CW

100% EFFICIENT - PLATE - WASHING - SQUAD

FRIDAY July 19, Fair, S.W. Warm.

Did Stack forget the weather report?I could find no sign of it.If he did,it is the first slip that has been made this year.

Our Prometheans returned just before reading,in fine trim.To be sure,they had almost got up before they got to bed,but one expects that when camping.One party camped at the top of the Sand-slide,but did their cooking at the foot of it,as it is rather hard to haul water up all that way unless you have an elevator.The others pitched their tent at Fourway Lodge.

Harry Shaw passed the swimming test this morning.That leaves seven,all of whom can swim somewhat.Who will be the next one?

Dr.Hardy came out and finished the inoculation party to-day. Some felt very queer others thought they did,and still others calmly went about their business as if nothing had happened.

Frog has been up and dressed to-day,on condition that he would keep quiet.He doesn't come beyond the Sunshine Alley ham-mock,but that is a great deal better than staying in bed.

Jimmy Hallowell,who feels pretty mean,has moved down to Sun-shine Alley too,as the Mammoth is very hot on warm days.

RUBBER WATER SPORTS.

HAND-PADDLE RACE.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.
Leland	Stackpole	Jackson
Bigelow	Eggleston	Corning
Frothingham	Ripley	Hobart
Farnsworth	Heard	Gignoux
Hutchinson	Shaw	Morris
Haskell	Woodbridge H.	Mackie

The Williwaw was slow and erratic.Identical and Yammerschooner fouled and proceeded for some time arm-in-arm,but finally the Identical broke away,and led for a few yards.Then the Yammerschooner sprinted,and won,steering a better course.Identical a close second, Williwaw a pretty moderate third.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.)

GUNWALE RACE.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.
Sherburne	Eldridge	Payson
Morss	Whitman	Almirall,F.

The Grayling went over in trying to start,and in spite of heroic attempts never really got going.The Squannacook led all the way,and finished in fine form,with the Hecuba a very close second.It was a pretty race.

In both these contests,by the way,the course was from the Point to the north edged of the float.

BLINDFOLD RACE.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Thompson	Haskell	Cooley	Lester

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Shaw	Frothingham

This was the usual course,out to Pickerel;the oarsman to take off his bandage when he thought he was there,unless previously halted to save the boat.

Frothingham was the winner.He steered a very good course,and hit the buoy at the rock.Curiously,he thought he had gone too far south,and struck the Point;and Charlie Thorndike,the winner of a similar contest years ago,thought the same thing.

Shaw steered a course as good as Frothingham's,but was poor in his judgment of distance,stopping about half way out.

Cooley deserves third place,perhaps,for his energy.He changed his course a good deal,and came so near the rock that he almost hit it,but was finally stopped when well under way for Pine Island.

Thompson headed too far north,and though he finally went est,would have hit Hoyt's Island in time if he had not been stopped.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Haskell had the same fault as Thompson, but did not go so far.

Lester was poorest, for he curved round so rapidly that he had to be prevented from hitting the shore below the embankment.

MOAB RACE, SINGLE PADDLE.

Hobart	1 m.53 1/5 s.
Woodbridge, H.	2 m.6 3/5 s.
Ripley	2 m.16 3/5 s.
Hutchinson	2 m.45 4/5 s.
Mackie	3 m.19 4/5 s.

The course was from the Ouananiche to the southern cable of the float, and the single paddle was used. Hobart changed his grip on his paddle at every stroke, but was faster than anyone else.

Woodbridge made a good start, and steered a fairly good course.

Ripley lost time at the start, and Hutchinson was erratic in steering. In fact he proceeded almost entirely broadside on.

Mackie was the slowest, but did not tip over, as some urged him to.

Sherburne did an exhibition spin, but could not equal Hobart's time.

DIAMOND SCULLS.

IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Thompson	Lester	Cooley

This race, which was for non-swimmers, was from Pickerel in to the float. Cooley was good at first, but could not hold the pace. Lester was very wild in steering, but managed to come in second. Thompson won by about two lengths.

ENEMY IN CAMP.

CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	EBENEZER.	WORROMONTOGUS.	AROLJOCKAMEGUS,
Whitman	Leland	Payson.	Sherburne
Eldridge	Eggleston	Farnsworth	Morse
Gignoux	Bigelow	Almirall, F.	Stackpole
Heard (e)	Jackson (e)	Morris (e)	Corning (e)

This race was close, but the enemies were all beaten. They all

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) were wild in dipping, and pointed their dippers the wrong way. The Eben crossed the line first, Abol second, Togus third, Corker fourth.

LIFE-SAVING EXHIBITION.

WORROMONTOGUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.
Sherburne	Payson
Eldridge	Whitman
Morss	Leland

The two boats came in from Pickerel together, and at a given signal Payson and his crew tipped over and filled their boat. Sherburne and the Togus came up alongside instantly, and went to work. They got the men to hold the gunwale of their boat, and then picked up paddles, Eldridge diving after one. They got the boat out and emptied, and then helped the crew in. Payson was instructed to be exhausted, so Sherburne had to hoist him in over the gunwale. Altogether it was a very neat performance.

After supper, as it was pretty warm, and all but a select boat-building squad had been having a good deal of exercise, we had Digestion Club on the Point, with a fire to look at. It was too warm to sit near it, but it was very companionable.

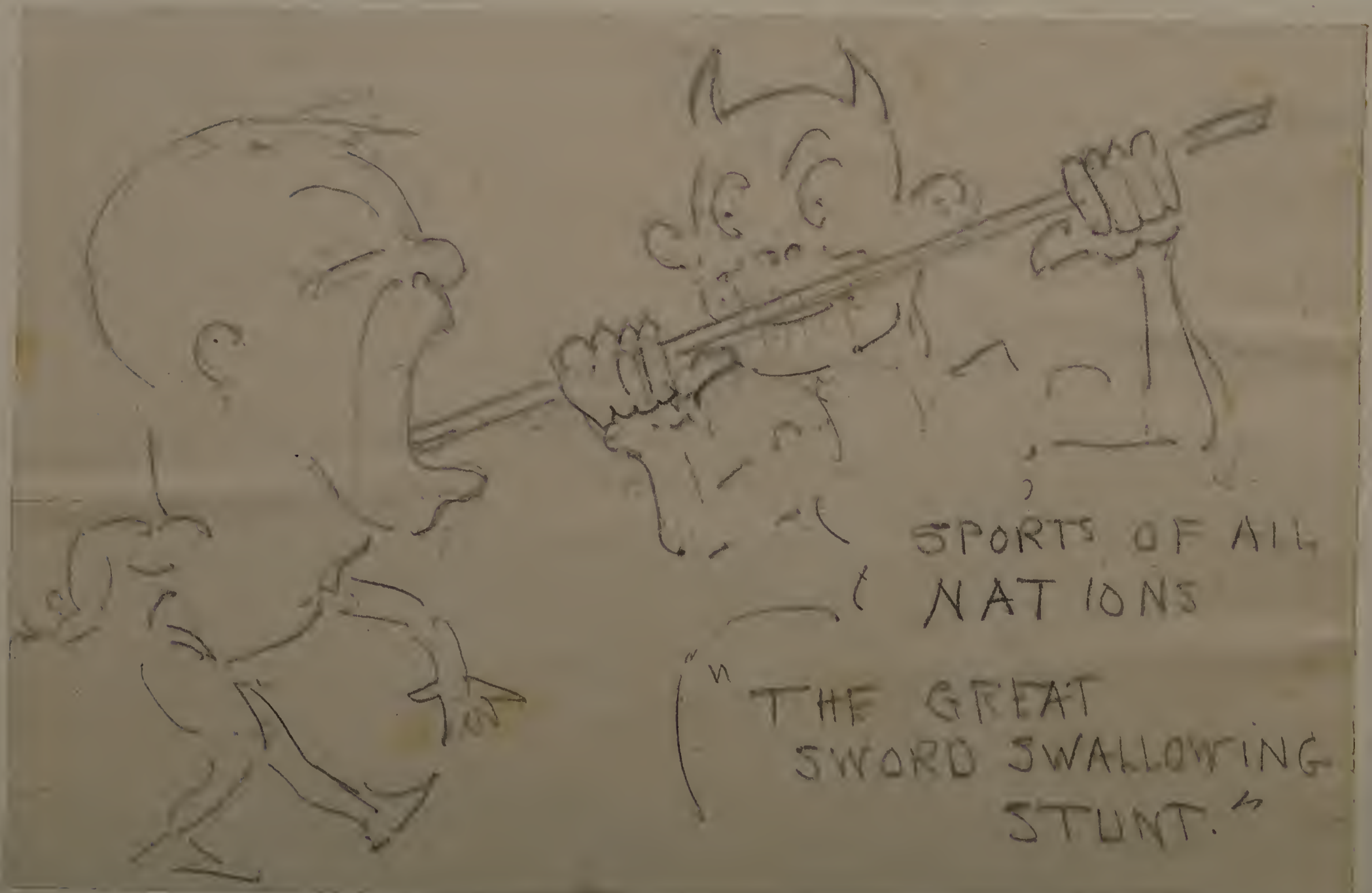
When we came in, Skipper talked to us about boats, taking for his text the importance of being able to put your boat where you want her when you want her.

C.W. then gave us a talk n camping, beginning with "Hop when the horn blows!" He told us how to pack, pitch a tent, and unpack, and spoke of the importance of putting the morning's supply of wood under cover over night. He ended by saying, "If you can live with a fellow in camp, you can live with him anywhere."

C.F.B. spoke about the handling of boats round the

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) float;launching,landing,and dumping.He pointed out the advantage of pulling a boat up on her gunwales,instead of breaking her back by pulling her up full of water on her keel,and having her stick hafl way."When you get in,sit down,and face as you are going to face when you start."He ended with emphasizing the rule about rangeleys keeping out when canoes are landing.

The half-past niners had "Hard Cash",and are now proceeding from pirates and shipwrecks to embezzling.


SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS
"THE GREAT SWORD SWALLOWING STUNT."

SATURDAY
July 20
B.28.93'
T.66'
Calm
Clear.

There is one trouble about having our weather done the first thing in the morning, and that is that it sounds so nice and cool. By the time squads were called it was a different story, and the bushwhackers came in with their manly brows extremely damp.

News this morning that both the Cornings and Harry Eldridge have positive cultures. It is not easy to do much more isolating in a camp, and Harry Eldridge suggested that they all carry bells, like the lepers in the Middle Ages. They retired to the Point till dinner, and then came over to the Box, where they are now established. They wash their own dishes, and we hope they will be let loose soon.

We should like to know, incidentally, why cultures taken Wednesday were not reported on till Saturday; also why the fact that R.R. and Joe Almirall have now negative cultures, and are therefore not infectious any more was not mentioned till this evening. But that is ahead of time.

Late in the morning the wind came up fairly steady from the northwest, and we pricked up our ears and snuffed the breeze. The old and canny went light on dinner, and did not revel in pink lemonade as is their wont. Skipper was seen doing a score card in his office. Altogether no one was surprised when reading stopped early. Of course it was too warm, but morally it was the right time, so we went to it.

FIRST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The many absences evened the sides, so that no one could crab because "we had a smaller side than you;" a remark that new and small scouts (small in every sense of the word) sometimes make.

The first game went to the Iroquois, five runs to one. Three of the Iroquois runs were made by new players, which looks promising.

Algoquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X	••	-	X		/	X	•••	
R.B.C.	X		—	X	••		X		/
F.G.B.		•	-	X	••••		X		
F.T.H.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
O.S.L.	X	•	/	X	••••	/	X	•	
Almirall, F.	X		-			//	X		
Almirall, J.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Coolidge	✓		—	X			X		
Davidge	✓		-	X			✓		
Eldridge	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Farnsworth	✓		-			//			/
Hallowell	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Haskell	X		-	X	••			••	
Hines	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Hobart	X		-		•••	/	X		
Hutchinson	✓		-		•	//	X	••••	
Ladd	X	••	-	✓			X		
Leland	✓		-	✓			X		
Lester	✓		-	X			○	○	○
Liggett	X		-			//	X		
Lowell	✓		-	X			X		
Mackie	X		-			//	✓		
Ripley	✓		-	X			X	•	
Whitman	X	••		X	•		X	•	
Woodbridge, H	✓		—	X			X		
A.M.R.		•	-	X	☀		X		
	10	9	1	13	18	13	16	12	2

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.		••		X	•	/	X	•	
C.H.C.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
E.C.	X	•			••	//		•••••	
F.R.S.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
C.W.	X			X			X		/
Bemis	✓			X	•	/	X		
Bigelow	X	•			•	/	X		
Cooley		••		X				•	/
Corning	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Eggleston	X	•		X			X		
Frothingham			/	X	••••	/		•	/
Gignoux		•		X			X		
Heard	X			X	•	/		••	
Jackson			/	X	•		X		
Morris	X	•		X	•		X		
Morss			/	X			X		
Payson			/	✓			X		
Reynolds	✓			X				•••	/
Shaw	✓			X				•	/
Sherburne	X	•		X				••	
Slackpole			/	X					/
Thompson	✓			X	•				/
Welsh	X			X			X		
Woodbridge, G.	X			X			X		
	9	10	5	18	13	7	12	16	7

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The Iroquois also led by one shot.

The second game was an Algonquin victory, thirteen runs to seven. Iroquois guards were killed, and Almirall, Farnsworth, Hutchinson, Liggett, and Mackie all made two runs apiece. E.C. did the same for the Iroquois.

The third game was won by the Iroquois, seven runs to two. This makes it a lead of one game on the season for them.

E.C. leads on shots, his score for the afternoon being eight, five of them in one game.

Of course there was some poor playing; that was to be expected in the first game. But all things considered it was a fine start, and we ought to have a first-rate season.

A very remarkable feature was that the score balanced in every game, so R.E.C. did not have to spend supper time going round and round the table saying "Who did you shoot in the first game?" This is one of the secretary's regular duties.

After supper came the scouting dope-talks, and then charade planning. We began charades a little late, but we got through just on time.

HANDKERCHIEF. For the first syllable a meeting was thrown into confusion by the discovery that the cash-box had been stolen. O.S.L., the great detective, was sent for, and by comparing the hand-prints of everyone present with the print that the thief had kindly left on the black-board, identified Bob Ladd as the miscreant. Next came a picnic party, thrown into wild rout by Mackie as a yapping cur. In the last syllable C.F.B. was the chief, very fierce in his own scarlet blanket. He summoned his braves, and they went out, bent on mischief if ever we saw mischief written on expressive countenances. For the whole word, A.M.R. was discovered, keeping a disreputable

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) tavern.Enter C.F.B with word of a rich dude coming down the road.Just after he slipped out of the room, enter Bill Payson,very gay and independent,asking for hard cider.His cup was filled,and refilled.It was at his lips for the third time,when the ruffian,who like Bernhoff had come "hereingeschneaked",whipped a bandanna round his neck,jerked him out of his chair,and strangled him before he knew what had got him.

BEHRING. For the first syllable Morss apparently had his dancing bear under perfect control;but when he unchained it Bruin,otherwise Whit,fell upon him,and it looked as if he probably would eat him behind the scenes.Then came a circus, with C.W. as manager and ringmaster.He introduced successively Liggett as Swoboda,lifting a thousand pounds with ease; Bemis and Coolidge as Siberian ponies,jumping through hoops, and Morss as Mme. Fifi,riding two bucking bronchos.Altogether it was a fine show.The whole word was a great sealing scene,as described in Kipling's "Rhyme of the Three Sealers."

TYRANT. We have heard that getting ready for a wedding is an ordeal,but we hope that not many bridegrooms suffer as Mr.Chapin did.The more H.B. tried to help him the more nervous and fidgety he got,in his fear of Sadie and her possible dissatisfaction.For the second syllable,the bridegroom appeared as a lecturer,discoursing on the Monad of Mr.Leibnitz. His description of the Monad was most stirring;and when he compared it to "the waves that lap,lap,lap",with a sweeping gesture,we were carried away.So was H.B.,who at this point fell asleep and tipped out of his chair.As for the whole word

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) it was truly awful. Those of us who have seen C.W. in the part of Caesar Borgia know what he really is, but it must have been a shock to the new boys, especially those who are to be under his charge in the North while C.H.C. is exiled. He pranced upon his throne, he roared with rage; and the more people brought him gifts, the more he ordered them off to execution. Morris, Sherburne, G. Woodbridge, and R.B.C. all met the same fate; and when the gentle queen (M.P.) ventured to protest, she was dragged off to add to the list of victims.

HOHENZOLLERN. The first scene was a group of farmers hoein'. (We leave the g off to make it sound right.) Then came F.G.B. as a doctor. He took cultures, advising H. Woodbridge to "Keep your mouth on your foot", tested Davidge's lungs and made him count to see why he had a stomach-ache, and dealt with the sole of Heard's foot in such a way that Ham almost yelled aloud. The last syllable was the worship of the great god Rube, who sat calm and impressive on his throne, while the worshippers offered, among other things, an urn. (It looked like a basin, but it can't have been, of course.) The word and the evening ended with the bombardment and capture of a German dug-out, from which emerged, impressive and terrible, the Kaiser. We had wondered for some time why Freddy was going round in a Teutonic moustache.

So it was a big Taps, and all but faculty and prefects went to bed. And then out came Dr. Hardy, to see our invalids, and tell us about the two negative cultures. And Skipper told him a thing or two.

If any of our brethren intend to become doctors, the handling of this culture matter will give them a good idea of how <u>not</u> to behave.

SUNDAY, July 21,
B.28.99'
T.69'
Clear
Calm.

Hotter than yesterday; and hotter than we want to have it.

This morning Jim Cooley passed the swimming test. "And then there were six."

We had our own beans to-day, picked the nineteenth. And they are good beans, too.

The Ouananiche went into dry dock this morning. There was so much to do to her bottom that C.F.B. and C.W. never came in to dinner at all, but had it out by the boat, with ambroid and tacks for side dishes.

At afternoon reading we began "Hamlet".

PICNIC TO GOOSE BEACH.

OUANANICHE.		TOGUS.	ABOL.	EBEN.
C.W.		C.F.B.	E.C.	H.D.
Lowell	Stackpole	Haskell	Gignoux	Bigelow
Ladd	Leland	Farnsworth	Frothingham	Heard
Jackson	Hobart	Eggleston	M.P.	Morss
Cooley	Shaw			
Thompson	Ripley			
L.E.R.				
Reynolds	Lester			
Liggett	Woodbridge, H.			

IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
F.G.B.	Payson
Morris	Sherburne
Davidge (c)	Coolidge (c)
	Welsh

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
R.B.C.	O.S.L.
Almirall, F.	Whitman
Remis (c)	Hutchinson (c)
Woodbridge, G.	Mackie

PEANUT.
C.H.C. (c)
Eldridge
Corning

The Peanut, be it said, did not go with the rest, and C.H.C did not cox. He stayed ashore, while his two gallant followers went a-fishing. They got a bass.

Total number of fish, one.

The others did go to Goose Beach, and in spite of the heat there were great doings by the Abbot tree. The climax was H.D.'s breaking of the record, established so long ago by the

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) gentleman for whom the tree is named, John Radford Abbot, otherwise the Radish, otherwise the Great Grey Ape. It was some record, too.

And of course there were the two regular stories; "The Devil and the Old Man", and "The Western Islands." They belong to Goose Beach.

The wind had come up from the south when the start was made, and bow paddlers got a bit damp, like, so that some were late for hymns.

As for the stay-at-homes, they staid in bed, took temperatures, boiled dishes, wrote letters, cooked, slept, and otherwise disported themselves. I don't know that anyone did all these things, but everybody did at least one of them.

The heat has made it hard for the invalids, but by evening evening everyone was feeling more cheerful, except Jimmy Hallowell, who threatents murder if he isn't given more to eat pretty soom.

Our evening story was "The Man Who Was."

MONDAY
July 22,
B.29.20'
T.67'
Cloudy,
S.E.,
light.
Spatters
a.m.

We hoped that the rain might last enough to cool us off, but no such luck. It was only a spatter, and we were as hot as ever.

This morning C.W. began to tell us about surveying. Too bad F.T.H. is laid up, because he is very keen about it.

We finished " A Sailor's Log", and began "GrizzlyAdams". How would you like to break a bear to harness?

(Sorry that place sticks. It is the muggy weather, which gets into the typewriters bones.)

About the middle of the morning Dr. Hardy arrived, for a new set of cultures. It isn't his fault, poor man. The law requires it, and he will no doubt be as glad to get through with the disagreeable job as we shall.

Somewhat later came another doctor; but we shan't make comic cartoons of him for the Log. We have been waiting for him, for we know he will tell us things that are so, and not call us names for doing once what he does five times himself. We are always glad to get him, whether there is anything the matter with us or not.

Loring T. Swain.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

OUANANICHE.		TOGUS.	ABOL.	EBEN.
R.B.C.		C.W.	C.F.B.	E.C.
M.P.	Davidge	Gignoux	Leland	Heard
Cooley	Haskell	Frothingham	Stackpole	Jackson
Morss	Lester	Whitman	Sherburne	Payson
Lowell	Woodbridge, H.			
Coolidge	Bemis			
	Welsh			
	Mackie			
	Reynolds			
	Woodbridge, G.			
	Hutchinson			
	Shaw			
	Liggett			

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
H.B.	O.S.L.	F.G.B.
Hobart	Morris	Eggleston
Ripley	Bigelow	Thompson
3 bass	4 bass	1 bass

PANTASOTE.
Ladd
Almirall, F.
Farnsworth
1 bass, 1 pickerel

Total number if fish, 10.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The rangeleys, as can be seen by the list, all went fishing. H.B. stayed out to supper, but the others all were on hand when the horn blew.

The Ouananiche went down the east shore to the Pine Island landing, and came up to the usual field for two good games of Wolf. They had had a head wind down, so by the time they got home they were ready for a swim.

The canoes went to Bog Brook, armed with axe, saw, and tackle. But before they got very much done, the piling up of two big showers in the north looked so bad that they came north again, and had their supper on the Point. And then the showers, after rumbling and growling furiously, did nothing at all!

After supper we adjourned to the Point for Digestion Club, and finished "Rudder Grange". We didn't come in till eight o'clock, and then as it was very hot we went as we pleased till half, past eight.

The half past niners had a story and some singing on the float, as the heat indoors was too much. It was the first really bad night we have had this summer.

TUESDAY
July 23,
B.29.10'
T.72'
Hazy
S.E.
Light.
Brief
shower
p.m.

When it is 72' at half past seven,by the new time, look out for a hot day.We have had it hot for several days,but this was the worst yet.

Birches and bush-whacking were absent from the morning programme.Instead there was a squad that washed the Ouananiche,and each other,in great joy.

A squad of excavators put on their bathing-suits and cleared rocks from the bottom of the pond.

C.W. took out four canoes with two navigators in each, and put them through all sorts of evolutions.He reports that they were the best crews of the kind that he has ever had at camp.

Jimmy Hallowell and F.T.H. came out of their holes for dinner,and Mrs.Almirall and Joe have moved out to the Rest House,so that the Infirmary may be fumigated.Joe actually walked up to the field this afternoon.

And the three "positive cultures" are back among us,and came in for supper.So we are very gay.Our Frog still lives in solitary state,but we hope that his quarantine will be up soon.

SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

CLASS A.	CLASS B.	CLASS C.
Almirall,F.	Bigelow	Bemis
Davidge (out)	Eggleston	Cooley
Ladd	Farnsworth	Coolidge
Leland	Frothingham	Gignoux
Payson	Hobart	Heard
Sherburne	Jackson	Hutchinson
Whitman	Morris	Lester
	Morss	Liggett
	Ripley	Mackie
	Stackpole	Shaw
	Thompson	Welsh
		Woodbridge,H.
		Woodbridge,G.

Class A to have red rappers.
Class B " " blue "
Class C " " green "

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) The notice about wrappers troubled some of the younger brethren,but they soon found that this rule was not like the law of the Medes and Persians.

Class A Hundred.

Payson	13 s.
Whitman	
Sherburne	

A good race,especially in the contest for second place,for Sherburne was only a matter of inches behind Whitman.

Class A Four-Forty.

Payson	1 m.9 3/5 s.
Sherburne	
Leland	

Payson had about eight feet over Sherburne at the tape.The gap between second and third was a good deal wider.

Class A High Jump.

Leland	4'3"
Almirall,F.	4'[illegible]"
Sherburne	4'[illegible]"

No one was near the record in this event.

Class A Broad Jump.

Payson	13'6"
Leland	12'8"
Ladd	12'3"

Payson made his best figure on his last jump.Ladd fouled twice,but finally made a good third.

Class A Shot Put.

Payson	25'10"
Whitman	22'
Leland	18'4"

Payson leads his class,with four firsts,out of a possible.The only event in which he did not get a place was the high jump.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

Class B Hundred.

First Heat.

Frothingham
Jackson
Bigelow — 14 2/5 s.

Frothingham led at the finish by ten feet. Bigelow was not so far behind Jackson.

Second Heat.

Stackpole
Morris
Morss — 15 4/5 s.

A slow heat, Stackpole not trying to do more than make his place. The order was very open. Three men qualified in each heat.

Final Heat.

Bigelow
Stackpole
Frothingham — 13 4/5 s.

The time on this might have been faster if it had not come right after a long high jump contest. Stackpole was close behind Bigelow, and Frothingham was a good third.

Class B Four-Forty.

Frothingham
Thompson
Stackpole — 1 m. 17 s.

Frothingham led all the way, and won by about four feet. Stackpole was a good way behind, and Bigelow, who came in fourth, was still farther behind Stackpole.

Class B High Jump.

Thompson	4'1"
Stackpole	4'
Frothingham	3'10"

These are heights as read on the standard, not as measured.

Class B Broad Jump.

Jackson	11'6 1/2"
Frothingham	11'4"
Morse	11'2"

Lowell and Corning, who made first and second last time, were not competing. Frothingham has done over twelve feet.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.)

Class B Shot Put.

Stackpole	23'9"
Morris	23'
Eggleston	20'

Stackpole and Morris both beat anything that was done last time, when the best put, made by Morris, was 22'5"

Class C Hundred.

First Heat.

Gignoux	Time lost.
Coolidge	
Bemis	

Coolidge was about six feet behind Gignoux, in spite of having hurt his leg in the high jump. He did not run in the finals. Bemis was about five feet behind Coolidge.

Second Heat.

Heard	15 3/5
Hutchinson	
Lester	

Heard led by six feet at the tape, with Lester nine feet behind Hutchinson.

Third Heat.

Woodbridge, H.	16 1/5 s.
Shaw	
Woodbridge, G.	

Not a very fast heat. Woodbridge had six feet to his credit when he reached the line, and his junior was a foot and a half behind Shaw.

Final Heat.

Heard	15 2/5 s.
Gignoux	
Hutchinson	

The best heat for Class C. Heard cut a fifth off his original time, and beat Gignoux by a yard. Hutchinson was a good third.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) Class C Four-Forty.

Heard 1 m.21 s.
Gignoux
Hutchinson

This looked at first almost like the finals of the hundred,the same three men leading,though in a little more open order.Heard led all the way.

Class C High Jump.

Heard	3'10" (measured,3'6")
Bemis	3'6"
Cooley	3'6"
Hutchinson	3'6"
Lester	3'6"

Heard was four inches above all competitors,but the fight for second place was a hot one.

Class C Broad Jump.

Heard	11'3"
Gignoux	10'5"
Hutchinson	19'11 1/2"

Heard had a long lead here.

Class C Shot Put.

Heard	19'5"
Gignoux	18'8"
Hutchinson	17'8 1/2"

Here the results of the runs were repeated,as far as the first three places went.Heard won first place in every event in his class.Good work,Ham.

If there had been a dirt contest,the Woodbridges would have won,as they dove over the high jump several times;and owing to the temperature,the dirt stuck.George had the more complete coat,but Henry's was very picturesque.

At Digestion Club we began "Helen's Babies".We meant to read on the Point,but a brief shower made it too wet.

The half-past niners went on with "Hard Cash".

Harry Eldridge caught a big pickerel this afternoon.

Total number of fish,1.

THURSDAY July 24, B.29.18' T.71' Cloudy N.W. Light showers p.m.

Good wrestling this morning.We are back in the old place,which is better than the Pine Parlor.A sloping place is not satisfactory to wrestle on.

Eggleston downed Bigelow in 1 m.45 s.

Farnsworth settled Cooley in 1 m.

The bout between Hutchinson and H.Woodbridge was a draw.

The last bout,between Payson and Whitman,though not characterized by much style,was the most exciting of the four.There was no decision,and there are rumors that it is to be finished at a later date.

Our corn has begun to tassel out,and the beets are growing fat.

Stoning up the shore has begun.E.C. worked just south of the slip this morning,and C.F.B. has begun a stone wall up by faculty coffee,where there is a bad hole.A tall red pine has already tipped over on top of an oak tree.If this oak should give way,the pine would go,and take with it a bigger pine,and a large section of the path.The plan is to have a solid stone wall,and then fill in with cobbles and dirt,till the hole is no longer a hole.

SECOND JUNIOR BALL GAME.
BOBS VS. BINGOS.

This game was rather loosely played,and the score was too uneven for the highest degree of excitement.

Each pitcher allowed six hits,but F.G.B. was more liberal in the matter of passes.

Errors were frequent on both sides.

Corning caught a fly in centre field,and Heard made an assist from right.We mention these because hits to the outfield are almost always safe.

F.G.B.	1,000
O.S.L.	.666

Bobs vs. Bunyan of July 24 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	0		1 Eldridge	7	6 1-3		4 3-3		4 3-3				1 1-3				5	1	1	
6	3		2 Jackson	4	3 1-3		0 1		0 1	1 1-3			2 2-3				5	1	1	
2	0		3 Hunnicutt	5	2-3						1 1-3						4	3	1	
3	6		4 Davidge	1		3 4							3 3				4	4	1	
1	1		5 O. S. L.	6			2-3										3	3	2	
7	3		6 Ladd	2		K											3	1	0	
14	1		7 Payson	3			1-3		1 1-3			5 1-3					4	0	0	
0	0		8 Farnsworth	9		K				K	3 4	K					4	0	0	
0	0		9 Antelman	8			4 1-3	K		0 1-3	1 1-3	3 4 1					5	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	14		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	1	1	2	2	0	3	5	0				37	13	6	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on h'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
		2		7	7	1-b. on errors.
Mnffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffsd thrn.h.	Mnffed fly h.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1	1	
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.

Bunyan vs. Bobs of July 24 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
0	1		1 Heard	9	1 1-3		4 3-3		1 1-3	K		4 3-3					5	0	0	
1	3		2 Cooley	4	(K) 2-3		K				1						2	1	0	
3	5		3 F. G. B.	1													3	3	3	
14	0		4 F. J. H.	3	2 0		0 1		4 3-3			4 3					5	1	0	
5	3		5 Morris	2				1 1-3			K	6 1-3					5	0	0	
1	0		6 Corning	8									3 3				2	0	1	
2	0		7 Whitman	5		0 3		0 3					0 3				5	0	1	
0	0		8 Sharburne	7				1 1-3			0 1		4 3-3				5	0	0	
1	1		9 Leland	6		K			3 1								4	1	1	
			10																	
			11																	
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	2	3	6	0	6	36	6	6	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
	2	1		10	6	1-h. on errors.
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly h.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.
						Batt'y errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1		
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.

SOCCER.

ABAGADASSETS.		ABOLJOCKAMAGASSETS.
Frothingham	H.R.	Hobart
Lowell	C.W.	Stackpole
Bigelow	L.T.S.	Eggleston
Morss	C.F.B.	Ripley
Gignoux	C.H.C.	Coolidge
Thompson	R.B.C.	Haskell
Woodbridge,G.	H.D.	Woodbridge,H.
Shaw	F.R.S.	Lester
Liggett	A.F.V.	Bemis
Welsh	N.J.C.	Mackie
	R.B.	
1	C.A.	2
	M.K.S.	
	W.P.S.	
	W.H.G.	
	C.J.A.	
	M.G.	
	H.A.	
	A.S.H.	
	L.D.B.	
	X.Y.R.	

This list made things buzz,as it was meant to.Who?What?Why? Some of us were inclined to think that the extra initials were all fakes,but soon we got on the right track.N.J.C. is Carlyle.The ~~tohers~~ others are as follows,in order:Roger,Chester,Millard Stevens,who takes the garbage;Mr.Sawtelle,the butcher;Mr.Anderson,who saves our lives in many ways;Walter Gleason,who gets the freight;Millard Gleason,a valued neightbor;Harry Alexander,who brings the milk; Dr.Hardy,who takes our cultures;Dr.Bristol,who examines the aforesaid cultures when he gets round to it;Mr.Richardson,the local health officer.We don't know his initials,so we put down two unknown quantities.

These gentlemen did not all supervise the game.H.D. was in charge,and gave the players points from time to time.

L.T.S. and C.W. went out in the shell,and were thereby late to supper.

H.R.C. stayed in his tent and we hope slept.He needs a good

WEDNESDAY one to catch up.
(Cont'd.).

C.F.B. put in an hour and a half on Wall St.;that is to say,he took a crowbar,and set a couple of big stones in his new bank.(If you don't see the connection with Wall St.,go and ask him.He will probably say,"No brains.")

As for the non-residents,we suppose they minded their business,of various kinds.

The game was a close and exciting one.The Abols had their rivals 2-0,but the latter shot a goal in the last thirty seconds of play.

FOURTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks"....F.T.H.,Jackson,Reynolds.
2. Mandolin Solo.....H.D.
3. Stunt,"Mr.John Blount"...Haskell,G.Woodbridge,Hallowell, Thompson,Heard,A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Hiram Q,Renzo,Camp Chantey,Pack up your Troubles.
5. Merryweather Quartette...C.F.B.,C.H.C.,H.D.,E.C.,C.W., L.T.S.
6. Song.....L.T.S.
7. Stunt,"Jack.and the Beanstalk"...C.W.,C.F.B.,Stackpole, Haskell,Liggett,Hallowell.

Camp Song.

Chopsticks generally confines itself to the piano,but Freddy's xylophone fitted in very well,and made it a notable trio.

It is several years since H.D. has given us a mandolin solo.It is good to have him playing for us again,and "Pinafore" is always good to hear.More by and by.

The first stunt wasa dramatic presentation of the familiar ballad,A.M.R. singing it.Haskell was extremely spirited as the unlucky Mr.Blount.If we have a criticism to offer of

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) C.Woodbridge's charming reading of the part of Mrs. Blount,it is that he made the lady too good-tempered.Hallowell, Thompson,and Heard were as roistering a band of travelers as we have seen,and we don't wonder that Mr.Blount's feelings were too much for him when he saw how they behaved.

The quartette was in fime form.They gave us "Moses",and then new words to "Merry Green Fields",which we shall put in shortly.

L.T.S. sang us the Circus Song;the song ~~the~~ has no chance to breathe,and ends with its hero in jail.It is a wonder.

C.W. explained,before the curtain went up,that as a former call-boy for the famous Nussbaum brothers,he was following in their footsteps,and gave us an illuminating outline of the tragedy--or comedy--of Jack and the Beanstalk.

It was startling in its realism.The humble cottage was a model od coziness,and Stackpole,as Jack's mother,presided over it with matronly dignity.Hallowell,as the hero,was all that a hero should be,while Liggett gave a very sympathetic treatmen to the important part of the cow.

Haskell as the giant's daughter was truly a maiden worth risking a dangerous climb and a pursuit for.And when C.F.B.,as the giant, came down the beanstalk,prancing for revenge,our hearts almost stood still.But virtue triumphed,and all ended well.

Then we settled down to "Hard Cash",while L.T.S. darned socks, "as he oft has done before,oh!"

APPROPRIATE VERSES.

The Skipper he had some very fine pests,
Merry green fields of Belgrade.
With a culture here and a culture there,
Here a culture, there a culture,
Here and there a kilture-culture!
Hi for the next one, come along with me,
Merry green fields of Belgrade.

The Skipper he had some very fine colds,
Merry green fields of Belgrade.
With a ki-tchoo here and a ki-tchoo there, etc.

The Skipper he had some very fine boils,
Merry green fields of Belgrade,
With an "ow, ow" here and an "ow, ow", there, etc.

The Skipper he had some very fine mumps,
Merry green fields of Belgrade,
With a----well, we can't represent it in words, for there were none. They puffed out their cheeks in the most ridiculous way, and then went on with the last lines of the refrain, as usual.

THURSDAY JULY 25, B.29.29' T.65' Cloudy, E.

This morning Charlie Thompson passed the swimming test with flying colours. Only five kindergarteners left.

This morning the Frog was restored to us, with a parade and a band. He has been a most cheerful invalid, and we are all glad that his time of seclusion is over.

The first raspberry squad went out this morning, and had first-rate luck. They haven't been so thick for several years.

SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Conditions were rather better than last time. For one thing it was cooler, and for another most of the invalids were back in the ranks. The absence of R.B.C., Hines, and J.Almirall just evened the sides, and the addition of C.W. and L.T.S. gave each tribe a distinguished auxiliary.

The first game went to the Iroquois. Contrary to expectations the runs were tied, but they had the lead onshots.

The second game was even closer, the Algonquins winning by one run.

The third was also an Algonquin victory, nine runs to five. This ties the score for the season, and leaves us to figure probabilities as we please.

After supper came the usual dope-talks, and then Digestion Club. As we began to digest very late, there was not much time before half past eight.

The excitements of "Hard Cash", and the trials of Alfred Hardie, continue to occupy the half-past niners.

Algonquins

	I Killed	II Shots	III Runs	I Killed	II Shots	III Runs	I Killed	II Shots	III Runs
H.D.	X	•		X	•		X		/
R.B.C.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
F.G.B.		•	/	X			X	••	/
F.T.H			/	X	••		X	••	
O.S.L.		⊗			•			••	/
L.T.S.	X			X					/
A.M.R.	X				•		X		/
Almirall, F.	X			X			✓		
Almirall, T.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Coolidge	X			✓			✓		
Davidge	X			/					/
Eldridge	X			X			X	•••	
Farnsworth	X	•••			••		X		
Hallowell		•	/	X			X		/
Haskell	X	•		X			X		
Hines	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Hobart	X			X		/		•	/
Hutchinson	X		/	X	•	/			/
Ladd	X			X	••		X	••	
Leland	✓				••	/	X		
Lester	X			X			X		
Liggett	X			X			X		
Lowell	X			✓			✓		
Mackie	X			X			X		
Ripley			/	✓			X		
Whitman	X	••			•••		✓		
Woodbridge, H.	X		/	X			X		
	18	11	6	15	15	3	15	12	9

Iroquois

	I Killed	II Shots	III Runs	I Killed	II Shots	III Runs	I Killed	II Shots	III Runs
C.F.B.	X	•••		X			X	•	
C.H.C.	X	•		X			✓		
L.C.		•••			•	/	X	•••	
F.R.S.	X			✓			✓		
Bemis	✓			X	•		✓		
Bigelow	X	•••	/	X	•				/
Cooley		••		X					/
Corning	/			X					/
Eggleston	X			X			✓		
Frothingham		•		X				••	/
Gignoux		•	/		••		X		
Heard	X				•	/		•••	
Jackson	✓			X			X		
Morris	✓			X			✓		
Morss	✓			X			X		
Payson	X		/		••••		X		
Reynolds	X			X					/
Shaw	✓			X			X		
Sherburne	X	•		X	••••		X	•	
Stackpole			/	✓			X		
Thompson		•	/	✓			X	••••	
Welsh	✓			X			✓		
Woodbridge, G.	X			✓			X		
C.W.	X		/		•		X		
	11	16	6	15	15	2	12	15	5

FRIDAY July 26, B.29.18' T.64' Cloudy, S.

This morning, when the horn sounded for breakfast, L.T.S. and C.W. were missing. They have been sleeping up on the ridge, and have been a bit proud of their ability to wake up. At half-past seven C.F.B went up and found them sound asleep. In fact the first thing they heard was his announcement that "the earth was flat."(Why? Wait till we read the story, and you will know.)

Lively doings at swim. The latest game is to play to send each other in, ten to one. That is, one is to go in ten times if he loses, the other once. Fairly long odds. C.F.B. made sixty send-ins, before he had to go in once himself, and E.C. sixty-six.

L.T.S. left by the noon train. We hope that he got enough change, at least, to do him some good, for he certainly got little rest. But the good he did us is to much to be measured in any way.

LORD'S HILL.

ANGEL.	RIP.	GUANANICHE.		IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
C.F.B.	K.D.	C.H.C.		F.T.H.	Payson
Cooley	Leland	Almirall, F.	Morris	Sherburne	Eldridge
Thompson	Hallowell	Farnsworth	Corning	Haskell	Bemis
M.P.	A.M.R.	Eggleston	Hobart	Lester	Ripley
		Hutchinson	Lowell		
		Jackson	Heard		
			Welsh		
			Liggett		
			Mackie		

THE CAVES.

TOGUS.	CORKER.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
C.W.	E.C.	G.S.L.	F.G.B.
Bigelow	Frothingham	Ladd	Whitman
Gignoux	Stackpole	Coolidge	Woodbridge, H.
Davidge	Morss	Woodbridge, G.	Shaw

Both these were supper-out trips. The Lord's Hill crew went to the southwest corner of the pond, and landed close to the very dressy boathouse, on a good beach. They then crossed the creek on a causeway, and came up to the usual road. The walk is an easy one, as the hill is not steep, and we soon reached the big heap of rocks on the crest. We couldn't get a very wide view, as the horizon was hazy, but it

FRIDAY, was a very pretty one.
(Cont'd.)

When we came back to the beach we built a fire, and our bacon was successfully cooked by Payson, Leland, and Farnsworth. We had plenty of grub, and ate almost all of it. And we hoo-verized by bringing home all the bacon fat, and even frying out the rind.

After supper we had time for some singing, and came gaily home before a good southerly breeze.

And when we reached the float, there was Judge Hammond. Wasn't that a pleasant surprise for the captain of the Identical?

The Cave-men really reached the Caves this time; they say the third time is always lucky. They went up the bed of a dry brook, and had time for Skowhegan round the Caves. They followed a different trail down, but reached boats and grub without any trouble. They were worried at having so much bacon for fear they might have got the lot that belonged to the bigger crowd, but they ate it all without any trouble. They were a few minutes later than the hill-climbers, but not much.

Everyone wanted "Hard Cash", so we had it.

Good news from our last cultures; all negative. Carlyle had one more taken, and if that is negative too, we are out of quarantine.

There is no doubt that the Board of Health has been speeded up; first by L.T.S., who gave it a going over, and then by Mr. Bassett. He was out here Thursday, picnicking on the Point, and Skipper told him our tale of woe, and asked him to stir things up. As he is an important man in Augusta, and a lawyer, he was able to do things.

SATURDAY, July 27, B.29.8◊ T.69' Clear S.W.

The quarantine went off this morning; and it was really off yesterday, only Dr. Hardy didn't get round to telling us. Consequently Mrs. Almirall couldn't get away, as her train doesn't run on Saturdays.

Only two wrestling bouts this morning, but one was an unusual one. Payson had been put into the water at morning swim by a select trio, and he challenged any two of them. Sherburne and Leland took it up, and finally downed him, but it took them two minutes and a quarter to do it.

In the second bout there was no fall, but Ladd had the better of Sherburne.

The quarantine being off, C.W. left us. After all, he has a family, and he likes them. Strange to say, they also like him. We have been very lucky to have him so long. His suit-case was properly ballasted before starting by C.F.B. Ballast is very important.

WOOF $? ? ! ! ? ? $ WOOF.

GUANANICHE

C.F.B. Jr.	ABOL.
Corning, ma.	Jackson	E.C.
Corning, mi.	Cooley	Leland
Howell	Heard	Stackpole
Sherburne	Seignoux	Payson
Frothingham	Davidge	
	Hutchinson	
	Lester	
	Mackie	
	Woodbridge, H.	

FISHING.

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	FANTASOTE.	ARKLET.	HORNPOUT.
H.D.	F.R.S.	O.S.L.	F.T.H.	Whitman	Ladd
Bigelow	Thompson	Morris	Hammond, mi	Hallowell	Morss
Bemis	Coolidge	Shaw	Liggett	Wood., G.	Farnsworth
1 bass	1 bass	1 bass		1 bass	1 bass

EREBUS.	TERROR.
Eldridge	F.G.B.
Eggleston	Ripley
Haskell	Welsh
2 w.perch	

Total number of fish, 7

BOAT BUILDING.

Reynolds, Hobart, Hines.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The fishing was not very good,but the bass that were brought in were all good ones.

The mystic Ouananiche trip was to the Mills;first and foremost to get a barber,lest F.G.B. get tripped up by his flowing locks,second to see if the supply of icecream etc. is up to standard.The barber was engaged,and the food supply was thoroughly tested.

Everyone had a swim before supper,as it was very hot.

CHARADES.

NEGRO. The first syllable,"knee", was represented by the worship of the Great god Eggs,seated in calm majesty on his scarlet throne,with jewels dangling about him.The worshippers came and went on their knees,and prayed for all sorts of things,while the attendant acolytes swung their censers.The second scene took us to the Eat-and-Grow-Fat sanatorium,H.B. proprietor,where Frog,in the last stages of emaciation,was restored to health and weight,all for fifty dollars.At least, Bingo said he was the same person,so it must have been so. The whole word,in the Filene-Marsh baby-checking counter,was very good.We did not see the mothers,but H.B. handed over one kicking infant after another,as the checks were presented."No check,no baby."One mother had lost her check,and had to wait till the end,to take what was left.The last baby,Welsh,was black,but that was all right,for the lady was black too.

DIPHTHERIA. The first scene was brief but spirited;C.H.C. as float man,driving the tribe in and out.Finally F.R.S.,as Payson,was put in by his friends.The second scene was by moonlight.Thompson,a lovely damsel,was passionately addressed by Heard,with "I adore thee;wilt thouh be mine?".As the lady

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) offered no resistance to her lover's kiss,we suppose that she would be his.The condensation of the last two syllables into "rear" was rather hard on the word,but it was a lovely scene. F.R.S. seized each boy as he came in,asked him what he had been doing,and turned him round with his rear to the audience,all ready for spanking.The spanks were so loud when they came that we might have feared for the lives of the victims;but F.G.B. was really making the noise,out on the piazza.The whole word represented our late troubles.R.B.C. was brought in right in his bed,very limp.There was mumps,and all the comforts that we had.F.R.S. was Dr.Hardy.He re,arked,"You ought to go to Camp Runoia;they have fine cigarettes there." Apparatus was used over again when the supply fell short,and the yells of the victims when they were inoculated with the bicycle pump were frightful to hear.The doctor finally went from inoculation and cultures,to mumps."Do you want to wash your hands?" "No." Altogether we think that F.R.S. enjoyed this scene.

CAMPAIGN. The first scene was from "Grizzly Adams".F.T.H. jr. was the old hunter,Eldridge was Sykesy,and Whitman,who is used to being bears,took the part of Lady Washington.The party was more or less dispersed by E.C.,as a wild bear,who came in with horrid roars. For "pain",our hunter reappeared as a druggist.His patients were many and their ailments varied.Whitman,who was suffering from housemaid's knee,was given camphor pills to rub on his throat.Stackpole,who wanted soda,was given glue.Other soda clients were given mosquito disperser,which was certainly stimulating,if not pleasant. Finally F.T.H.,(not jr.) came in doubled up with rheumatism,and showed how badly off he was by showing how straight he used to be able to stand.The whole word was a military scene.F.T.H. made a very impressive general,with F.T.H. jr. and E.C. as his aides.We could not doubt that the campaing was wisely planned and well carried out.

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

ANTITOXIN. The syllables of this word went in pairs.A.N.T. was Auntie,taking care of a large and troublesome family.They all behaved badly except Rascal,who posed as the little angel. But as a matter of fact he was probably the worst of the lot when Auntie's back was turned.The family were finally quieted by the suggestion of sodas all round.For tocsin the lights went down.We were in camp.C.F.B.,the general,pored over his map by the light of a flickering lantern,(Apologies to the lamp squad;it didn't really flicker,but that is the way lanterns behave on the stage at critical moments.) O.S.L., pacing up and down his beat,was suddenly confronted by a trembling peasant woman,with news of the enemy.She could not give the password,and at first hs was suspicious,but at last he was convinced,and took her to the general.Her story made such an impression that the tocsin was sounded,the army and the citizens rushed to arms,and we suppose that Rome,or whatever town it was,was saved.The whole word,of course,had to be like diphtheria;great minds think alike.C.F.B. was Dr. Hardy this time,with spectacles and a white gown,and he cultured his patients with such force that he nearly strangled them.Then the blackboard proclaimed a five day interval.Dr. Hardy reappeared,sent two patients into quarantine under umbrellas,with orders to boil the "tents" every other day,and to boil the patients before letting them out.Then everyone was inoculated with a boat-pump.

All hands went to bed at eight-forty-five,so as to clear the decks for table-setting and faculty meeting.

A shower threatened,so Judge Hammond walked back to Gleason's with C.F.B. as guide,but after all it didn.t rain a drop.

SUNDAY July 28, B.29.12' T.75' Hazy. N. To-day everyone in camp was measured, except R.B.C., who was still in bed. Davidge shows the greatest gain in height since last year. As soon as we get the August boys, we shall post the list, arranged in order.

We do not often have a yard squad on Sunday, but as we have been getting pretty slack and messy lately, a huge squad went to work right after service, and worked till swim time. We look cleaner; and this time let us keep clean. Keeping clean is so much easier than getting clean!

Leland, Jackson, Whitman, and Corning swam to Oak this morning. They were not trying for fast time, but did it in a little over thirty-six minutes, which is good going.

CELEBRATION OF NOAH'S BIRTHDAY.

APOL.	QUANANICHE.		TOGUS.
H.D.	C.F.B.Jr.		E.C.
Hallowell	A.M.R.	M.P.	Bemis
Hutchinson	Bigelow	Haskell	Jackson
Ladd	Heard	Morss	Whitman
	Davidge	Thompson	
	Lester	Woodbridge, H.	

ROB ROY.	Passengers.		SANDPEEP.
F.R.S.	Mackie	Reynolds	F.W.B.
Morris	Welsh		Frothingham

YAMMER.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
C.H.C.	G.S.L.	F.T.H.jr.	Eldridge
Stackpole	Lowell	Leland	Eggleston
Coolidge (c)	Heard (c)	Hines (c)	Gignoux (c)
Woodbridge, G.	Liggett	Shaw	

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
Payson	Sherburne
Corning	Ripley
Farnsworth (c)	Cooley (c)

Afterwards
A picnic
at
the
MERRYWEATHER BEACH.

The reason for setting this particular date as the birthday of Noah was that the weather looked very doubtful, and it was hot for Skowhegan. So we paraded and went through many evolutions, which is very good practice, and fun besides.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) Then came a brief but most welcome swim, after which the picnic party started. Most people went by land, but a Ouananiche crew conveyed ladies, grub, R.B.C., and Freddy Reynolds.

Pretty good to have R.B.C. up and doing again. He doesn't look quite ready for scouting, but he is coming on fast.

This is also R.R.'s first picnic for the season. She finds that she can perch on the bow of the Ouananiche nicely.

We had much bending of birches, and then much food; also a good deal of singing.

Then the Ouananiche took up her load, and the pedestrians marched home singing.

Our story tonight was "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat." It is pretty long, but Skipper let us finish it.

I forgot to say that the Almiralls left this afternoon. We wish them a pleasant journey, for they certainly have had a hard time.

QUARANTINE SONG.

(,"O TANNENBAUM.")

O Quarantine, O Quarantine,
A long farewell we bid you! (bis)
We hate you worse than pison cold,
We hate you worse than Satan old;
And now that we are free and bold,
Our Camp we do forbid you.

O Anti-Tox, O Anti-Tox,
When first you came among us,(bis)
We took you for a friend so kind,
But oh, we were both deaf and blind;
You sprang upon us from behind
And basely stabbed and stung us.

O Culture Sticks, O Culture Sticks,
Of you alone we want more!(bis)
If we but had of you a wealth,
We'd creep in silence and in stealth,
And with them choke the Board of Health,
Until they ne'er should vaunt more!

L.E.R.

O Board of Health, O Board of Health,
You surely need a paddling.(bis)
If we should tell the things you do,
Things brainless, horrible, and true,
The episode you'ld quickly rue,
And straightway go skedaddling.

A.M.R.

MONDAY July 29, B.29.80' T.71' Dull, S.W.

We tried to think it was a good day for an all-day expedition, but those whose squad work took them into the sun soon saw the error of their ways. It was too hot!

This morning E.C. began telling us about construction of sail-boats.

FISHING BOATS.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
H.D.	O.S.L.	F.T.H.	Whitman
Farnsworth	Hobart	Eggleston	Mackie
Gignoux	Reynolds	Bemis	Woodbridge, C.
3 bass	1 w.perch	3 w.perch	1 bass
1 w.perch		1 bass	1 w.perch
1 y.perch			
1 pickerel			

Total number of fish, 13.

ARGUEKNOTS.
H.R.
E.C.
Bigelow
Hallowell
Payson

QUANANICHE.
C.H.C.
A.M.R.
Corning
Cooley
Morris
Heard
Hines
M.P.
Leland
Jackson
Lowell
Ripley
Stackpole
Liggett
Woodbridge, H.
Welsh

ORNITHOPHILISTS,
F.G.E.
Haskell
Eldridge
Davidge
Hutchinson
Frothingham
Lester
Morss
Shaw
Sherburne
Thompson

MEDDYBUMPS.
C.F.B.jr.

LIE-IN-BEDS.
Coolidge
Ladd

STORE ROOM.
R.E.C.

INFIRMARY.
F.R.S.

The fishermen all came in to supper, except the crew of the Yammerschooner. They were rewarded for their industry by getting more fish than any other boat, and of four different kinds.

The Argueknots went sailing. Their only apparatus was a ball of twine, which looked rather mystic. But you see, they went up to Fourway, took the Petrel out, and sailed her. And the string was to keep her from getting away. She goes, that boat.

The Ornithophilists went out to see birds, and saw a

MONDAY (Cont'd.) good many. They also had a very pleasant time throwing each other down a bank.

The Lie-in-beds did not quite live up to their name, but Bob got a bit too much sun this morning, and poor old Archipelago has scratched a mosquito bite on his knee till it is infected.

The Ouananiche went cruising down along the coast to a bit of beach below the Pine Island landing. Here we landed, and after tucking our boat up nicely, plunged into the primeval forest, C.H.C. blazing our trail with a hatchet. Soon we came to a mowing-field, and from there we had a good road, varied by a bit of worn-out corduroy. This brought us to the south of Belgrade Hill, and from there a lane led down to the rail-road. We crossed just before a freight train came by, and then went down to Messalonskee, landing in a lonely cove with a high bank. It looked very cool, and the walk had been hot; so the ladies went for a stroll, and the rest went in for a hasty swim.

We hadn't much time, but we went faster going back, and followed our blazed trail at a good pace. The wind was strong behind us up the pond, and we made the trip from the Belgrade Hill road to the Ouananiche slip in exactly one hour. We think this is a new trip, and it certainly was a good one.

And what did C.F.B. do in Meddybumps? Why, he worked on the Eben, whose gunwale has more or less gone to glory.

After supper, as it was still pretty hot, we had Digestion Club in the middle of the hundred yard dash.

For a little while the wind got up to canoe test, but a south wind is untrustworthy, and it soon flattened. Still, there was some good practisisng.

Half-past eight Boston was lively, as usual, and then came

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Blackboard Relay. Here are some of the sentences:

ONE ROUND.

The bat ate much.

A boy shouted, "Swim."

Why is he crazy?

A cow mooed loud.

TWO ROUNDS.

I will not shriek to the old hag.

I am not very large on my feet.

Red cats have horrid blue long twisted tongues.

A cat is at my bedstead now.

I am never sick in my nose now.

Oh my stars, I am lost in camp.

A boy will kick me in the eye.

O how am you to see me through?

Cows are in my room at the farm.

Frogs have two long hind legs too them.

I am too old too be hanged now.

The spelling of "to" in the last sentences shows the strain under which we were laboring. If the game had not been shortened by the heroic labors of a fish-cleaning squad, which performed till nine o'clock, we should probably all have become gibbering idiots.

THURSDAY July 30, B.29.88' T.71' Overcast, S.

At an early hour this morning H.Woodbridge conalted C.F.B in regard to mumps.He was a plain case,and was moved out to the end tent.

Heavy shower p.m.

Sandy Liggett was sure he had mumps too,till he heard that Henry had had a dose of salts.His recovery was speedy.

Our financiers are progressing.The biggest stone yet was put into place this morning;a perfect brute of a boulder.

SOCCER.

JUNIOR.

MONHEGANS.		TOMHEGANS.
Frothingham	c.f.	Stackpole
Haskell	r.c.	Hutchinson
Thompson	l.c.	Hines
Heard	R.W.	Cooley
Woodbridge,G.	l.w.	Lester
Welsh	r.h.b.	Farnsworth
Hallowell	c.h.c.	Mackie
Ripley	l.h.b.	Bemis
Morss	r.f.b.	Gignoux
Shaw	l.f.b.	Liggett
Lowell	g.	Eggleston

SENIOR.

MATTAWAMKEAGS.		PASSADUNKEAGS.
F.G.B.	c.f.	E.C.
F.T.H.	r.c.	O.S.L.
F.R.S.	l.c.	H.D.
C.F.B.	r.w.	Payson
Davidge	l.w.	Whitman
Leland	r.h.b.	Sherburne
Hobart	l.h.b.	Morris
Jackson	r.f.b.	Bigelow
Corning	l.f.b.	Ladd
R.B.C.	g.	Eldridge

Teams not playing will build boats in shop.

To make goo-goo eyes.
Coolidge,Reynolds.

Each team was to play a half at a time,the juniors leading off.The junior half ended without a score.The senior half was still going hard without a score,when the shower that had been threatening sat down on us hard.We bolted for the shop,but a good many got

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) pretty wet.The shower was as short as it was heavy,but as the field was very wet,and most of the players matched it,the game was not finished.

We were not the only people who were bothered by the rain.When we came down we found three storm-bound fishermen in the main room.They came from Jamaica Point,and had got to cover just in time.

When they tried to start,after the rain had stopped,the fun began.Their motor boat would not start.One of them cranked it,and cranked it,and cranked it again.At last he complained that his hands slipped,so C.F.B. suggested sand. He thought sand would be fine;but was a little surprised when C.F.B. dove in,clothes and all,and brought up a handful from the bottom.After all,it was the nearest source of supply.

Then H.D. took a turn at the crank,and worked long and energetically.Finally she started nicely,but backwards.So the cranking began again.Finally she got up her courage,and went off at a slow pace on one cylinder.H.D. dove overboard,and came ashore for a session with the soap.-- And some people ask us why we don't have a motor-boat!

just before supper arrived our new doctor,whose signature follows.We can't give him so many excitements as we could have given a week ago,but there is always something doing. Wm T Dorrell

I forgot to mention that this morning,when the wind was up,we tried to run expert swimming tests.Of course the wind died down as soon as it could,but Corning,Hobart,and Morris passed.Just now the only really heavy winds we have come in the middle of the night.

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

(Air;"Pack up your troubles,etc.")

Take out your razor from your old kit bag,

And shave!shave!shave!

While you've a looking-glass to help you brag,

All your beauty save!

In the trench they're doing it,.

So cheer up and be brave,

And,

Take out your razor from your old kit bag,

And shave!shave!shave!

As a result of this appeal,F.C. took razor etc.out in the canoe, and shaved going round Oak Island.

It was a lovely evening for boats,and almost everyone was out. The sunset was the finest we have had this summer.

Davidge caught a good bass.

Total number of fish,one.

When the juniors had gone to bed,we celebrated the cool weather with half-past nine Boston.

WEDNESDAY
July 31,
B.28.98'
T.58'
W.N.W.
Overcast.

Cool at last,and the horizon so clear that one could almost count the trees on Muskrat.

We might have done various things;but the barber had b en engaged,so the day had to be broken by calls to the shop.The results were in some cases startling.F.C.B. had so much taken off that it must have made an appreciable difference in his weight.In fact several who have looked the past week as if they were qualifying for the part of wild man of Borneo are now as peaceful and civilized in appearance as one could desire.If the barber is a proper disciple of Hoover, he must have enough for a Merryweather mattress by this time.

And think of the color effects he could get!Jimmy Hallowell's hair,side by side with C.F.B.'s,would be pretty gay.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

TOGUS.
C.F.B.
Farnsworth
Thompson
Davidge

QUANAHICHE.
C.H.C.

E.C.
F.R.S.
A.M.R.
Sherburne
Hallowell
Reynolds
Welsh
Woodbridge,C.

C.S.L.
Whitman
M.P.
Eldridge
Gignoux

ADOL.
H.B.
Frothingham
Leland
Eggleston

Sick-a-beds.
F.C.B.
Bigelow
Coolidge
Woodbridge,H.

SCRUB PUDDING-BALL.

R.P.C.
F.T.H.

Haskell
Heard
Hines
Stackpole
Hutchinson
Ladd
Payson
Lester
Ripley
Cooley

Liggett
Lowell
Mackie
Hobart
Morss
Bemis
Corning
Morris
Shaw
Jackson

The sick-a-bed squad looks alarming,but two were very temporary.F.C.B. had a sick headache,and Bertie Bigelow a

WEDNESDAY "sash."(If you don't know what a sash,consider the
(Cont'd.)
following,published years ago in "The Lark:

The window has four little panes,

But one have I.

. . . . The window's panes are in its sash.

I wonder why.)

Henry Woodbridge,of course,is confined to barracks till he is less mumpsome.At present he is rather a sight.

And Archipelago is in bed because it is the only way to keep him from walking too much.When you take a man's clothes away,you can keep him more or less out of mischief.

The scrub ball-game was,we hear, very lively.Everyone had a chance,so it is difficult to give the teams.The final score was 14-11,in someone's favor,so it was a good close game.

The Togus coasted the northeast bay,cruising for a new place for Sunday picnics.They came back with a good account of a beach and trees behind it,with no cats in the woods.Why cats?It was the reason the pink embroidered chiffon lady at the other end of the pond gave for not wanting us to land on her beach:"We have a cat in the woods."

They found a brook and a lagoon,both of which would be navigable with higher water,so there are two chances for future explorers.They also had a swim,and came home perfectly sure that they had the best time of all.

The Abol went up Meadow Brook,and into the biggest of the side channels.In the present state of the water they could not go very far,but it is a pretty and interesting place.

The Quananiche went up Meadow Brook farther than she has ever been before;at least,I think so.We went through the first bridge,

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) and on to the good solid meadow on the right, where a big log rather interfered with farther progress.We hadn't much more time,anyway,so we landed for a few minutes, and some of us picked blueberries.Tufning round was a bit complicated,but we managed it finally.It is ignominious to come down backwards,unless absolutely necessary.

On the way down we passed the Abol,lying in the reeds, apparently abandoned.We could make out the seemingly lifeless form of her captain,but the rest were not visible.Had they murdered him,and gone off on a career of crime?"The Meadow Brook Murder" would be a good title for a detective story. But they were only camouflaging under their sweaters,and as soon as we got by they came right along.

I forgot to say that on our way up the brook was more or less full of Camp Abena;five canoes full of it.Frankly,we do not admire their style of navigation.

We got back with very little time to spare,and the last ones were just hurrying for fear they'd be late,like the animals,when they saw a small automobile heave in sight.There was a brief excitement,and then R.R. went in and told Skipper that an unexpected father had turned up,and would sit by him;he was just washing his hands.Skipper supposed her to be truthful (she often is).But who should it really but the head of all yhe great North Andover clan?--Lelands,Abbots, Stevenses-A.Stevens himself? He had been in Oakland,inspecting woolen mills for the government,and he thought he had better come over and see what mischief we were up to.Was there ever a pleasanter surprise?

Abbot Stevens.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

FIFTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks"....A.E.C., F.T.H.
2. Violin Solo,.....M.P.
3. Merryweather Quartette...C.F.B., C.H.C., E.C., A.B.C., H.D.
4. Choruses.....Merry Merryweathers, October, Camptown Races.
5. Solo... .....C.F.B.
6. Stunt.....L.E.R., Shaw, Welsh, Reynolds, Hines, Liggett, Morris, Ripley, Davidge, Cooley.
7. Stunt.....H.D., C.F.B., C.H.C.

Camp Song.

Our overture had another instrument this time, as it did last time; at a critical moment the player of the upper part left the piano, and rendered a few measures with great effect on the table top.

Miss Peabody gave us two delightful old English hornpipes; the kind of thing that makes everyone want to dance.

The quartette had had not had time to practise, but they gave us "The Day I Played Baseball", and "Mary had a Little Lamb."

C.F.B. appeared as Joshua Ebenezer Fry, and gave us the song that belongs to that astute gentleman, all of us who knew it joining in the chorus. Then, by request, he went through the Circus Song, as L.T.S. had forgotten part of it. The hard thing about it is that it goes so fast that there is no time to breathe.

The first stunt was "When I was a Bachelor." Harry Shaw was the hero, suffering from the attacks of the mice and rats. These marauding quadrupeds were ably represented by Welsh, Reynolds, Hines, and Liggett.

At last he could bear it no longer, when Frog ate his hat, and started ~~satrted~~ for London.

WEDNESDAY. (Cont'd.) Here he found L.E.R. in charge of an establishment where wives might be bought.She was all sympathy, and offered him various choice types of female loveliness. But our friend was hard to suit.Flora Bell was too fat.(Need I say that this part was taken by Bingo?)Gracie Gazelle,on the other hand,was too thin.We have often felt that way about Charlie Ripley ourselves.Henrietta Houp-la—,well, with the highest respect for Joe Davidge,we think Henrietta would have made an alarming wife for a gentleman a good deal smaller than herself."You wouldn't get me,anyhow",said she with more force than politeness.But Susie Sweetone filled the bill, and indeed Jimm Cooley was a sweet one,in his blue blouse. Here's hoping that the untimely tumble from the wheelbarrow, amid the jeers of the other ladies,did not mar their happiness much.

The heroine of "Michael Roy",the next stunt,was on a larger scale even than the formidable Henrietta.C.H.C. does not often take the part of a lady,but he was truly a lovely sight,in his pink frock,with a poke bonnet shading his blushes.No wonder C.F.R.,as McCluskey the charcoal-man,loved such a winsome creature.The charcoal-man,by the way,had evidently tidied up for St.Patrick.s Day,for neither he nor his cart showed any signs of his somewhat grimy trade.H.B. played the trying part of the donkey with force and understanding,and the song reached its tragic culmination all too soon.As for Michael Roy,he doesn't appear.We wish we might have had a glimpse of McCluskey in Salt Lake City with his forty-nine wives,but it would have left us very little audience.

"Hard Cash" continued.

THURSDAY Aug.1, B.29.02' T.62' N.W. Clear.

Rather a day of departures and arrivals. First went A.S., to inspect the mills at Madison and Skowhegan.

Then the July boys left, alas! Buggins and Bingo went by the usual train, and Charlie Ripley "s family came for him later.

Alan Bemis is to stay over till Saturday, also Charlie Thompson. As for Harry Shaw, all he had to do was to trot up to Fourway to meet his family, who arrived in the afternoon.

The arrivals mostly occurred in the afternoon, but we picked Smeddy up at the Mills, and took him with us. That will come later. The signatures can all come here..

Richard C. Collins
William R. Smedberg 3rd.
C. Pomeroy Collins
John B. Corning
George L. Clarke
Langdon Sullivan
Richard W. Dwight

All are half past niners but Georgie Clarke, so Camp is a good deal bigger than it was in July.

ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

TOGUS.	ABOL.	YANMER.	OUANANICHE. C.H.C.	
C.F.B.	E.C.	O.S.L.		
Cooley	Frothingham	Eldridge	A.M.R.	M.P.
Thompson	Gignoux	Bemis	Stackpole	Eggleston
Davidge	Whitman		Heard	Hines
			Haskell	Lester
			Jackson	Ladd
				Mackie
			Smedberg,	Woodbridge, G.

At the Mills there will be Smedberg, who will paddle the Ouananiche.

This great and glorious crew got away at nine o'clock, bound for Vienny Mountain. We made slow time to the Mills, and carried by the Central House. The old carry is really impossible.

We also picked up Smeddy, who had just come across from Monataka. C.F.B. took his trunk down to the Great Pond landing, and he took Lester's place as a paddler.

We reached Monataka early, in time for a good little swim.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Then came dinner, ending with a pleasant but untidy feast of watermelon. C.F.B. cut the melon into exactly the right number of pieces, so there was no question of second helps.

Then we started out, at 11-50, and climbed the well-known steps.

When we reached the top, Smeddy's family were rather surprised to see him back so soon!

On the way out to the road A.M.R. was hailed by an elderly hay-maker, with "We've met before." And sure enough, he was the man in whose house some of us took refuge years ago from a shower, after playing games on Kiddo Hill. How long ago? Well, Beef Parker had a pretty little soprano voice, and was too small to go up Royal.

We followed the road, stopping now and then to rest, climb trees, and look at what someone truly called "a whale of a view." At last we came down a long hill into Vienna; a pretty little town, but not exactly the place to go to if you want bridge parties, and tennis tournaments.

Just out of the village we stopped at a farm-house, and had a good rest and much water, from a good spring, piped to the house. Here we left Joe Davidge and Rascal, as their backs were not up to standard. The rest of us struck into the field, and began to climb.

It isn't so hard as Royal, but it is certainly up hill. And the higher we got, the more perfectly beautiful Flying Pond became. We all wanted to explore it, but we had no boats. It would be a long carry from Monataka to Vienna.

After a good rest on top, we came down, picked up our lame backs, and started for home by way of the back of Royal.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) The first incident was a babbling brook to be jumped. The larger ones jumped it nicely, but Rascal, Georgie Woodenbridge, and some other small ones made a good deal of a hole in the water. Then we went up hill; up, and up, and up. First it was field, then road. The road was the worst, as there were bushes enough along it to cut off the breeze, and not enough to cut off the sun.

At last we reached the farmhouse with the well, and there we sat and drank, and cooled off.

From there it is only a step to the old ledge, where we had "a whale of a view" again. Someone has built an ugly little shack close by, but it is behind the ledge, so you can turn your back on it.

We came down a little to the east of the usual field, and made the road without any trouble. And we reached our landing at exactly 5-56, six hours from the time we left it.

Supper was very popular, and we cleared it up pretty well. Just before we started, Eggs caught a hornpout, hitting it with a board, and then settling it with a jack-knife.

Total number of fish, 1.

The paddle home was an easy one till we got pretty near Oak. Then a south wind came up, and blew pretty viciously, so we had a strenuous finish to our trip. It had been a fairly strenuous trip, anyhow.

The half of the camp that did not go to Vienna pursued their usual occupations in the morning. In the afternoon they had a good game of scrub pudding-ball, and supper over at the beach.

But Johnny Sherburne has the mumps! So he is in the Infirmary too.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallowell came for the day, and took Jim over to Gleason's with them for the night.

"Hard Cash" continues to thrill. We got Alfred to his third insane asylum to-night.

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES, FOR JULY.

NAME.	A.B.	R.	H.	Ave.
E.T.	11	3	7	.636
A.B.L.	15	7	8	.533
F.R.B.	12	3	6	.500
H.B.	15	6	7	.466
R.B.C.	14	7	6	.429
F.S.B.	14	4	5	.356
F.T.H.	14	3	5	.356
Davidge	15	5	5	.333
Almirall,J.	4	0	1	.250
Leland	14	1	2	.143
Ladd	8	1	1	.125
Sherburne	9	0	1	.111
Whitman	11	0	1	.090
Payson	12	0	1	.083
Eldridge	15	3	1	.066
Almirall,F.	8	0	0	.000
Cooley	3	0	0	.000
Hitchinson	5	3	0	.000
Morss	11	0	0	.000
H.F.L.	2	4	2	1,000
C.W.	5	1	0	.000

MINOR LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES, FOR JULY.

F.S.F.	10	5	5	.500
S.S.L.	8	6	3	.375
Almirall,F.	8	3	2	.250
Davidge	9	8	2	.222
Corning,H.	9	0	2	.222
Morris	10	3	2	.200
Ladd	7	1	1	.143
Leland	9	1	1	.111
Payson	9	2	1	.111
Eldridge	10	1	1	.100
Hutchinson	10	1	1	.100
Jackson	10	2	1	.100
Sherburne	10	0	1	.100
Whitman	10	0	1	.100
F.T.H.	10	2	0	.000
Almirall,J.	5	0	0	.000
Cooley	10	0	0	.000
Farnsworth	4	0	0	.000
Hallowell	5	1	0	.000
Beard	5	0	0	.000
Hines	5	2	0	.000

FRIDAY Aug.2, B.28.94' T.60' S. Clear.

This morning Dwight and Sullivan passed the swimming test, and Welsh swam half way to the Cuananiche.

FOURTH MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
DOCS vs. MEDICS.

Spatters of rain p.m.

Not a close game, after the first three innings but a very exciting one. For the first three innings it was a fanning match between the two pitchers. After that F.R.S. got a little less speedy, but there were in all twenty-six strike-outs, out of the fifty-four put-outs, and we felt decidedly professional.

A.F.V. came very near a no-hit, no-run game. It was not till the ninth inning that anyone really connected with him. Then O.S.L. singled, scoring F.R.S., and was in turn brought in by Ladd's single.

Leland surprised everyone by catching a long fly out in left field. We expect hits out as far as that to be safe.

R.P.C. heads the batting list with .800, including a three-bagger and two twos. Davidge comes next, with .750, and then E.C. with .500.

Docs vs. Medics of August 2 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	0		1	Corning	9	K		K				K						3	1	0
1	1		2	Davidge	6	K												5	3	3
14	0		3	R.P.C.	3	K												5	3	4
10	6		4	E.C.	2													4	2	2
1	1		5	A.F.V.	1													5	1	2
0	0		6	P. Collins	7													4	0	1
0	0		7	Whitman	5													3	0	0
0	0		8	Eldridge	8													4	0	0
1	2		9	Jackson	4													4	0	0
0	0		10	Dwight	9															
			11																	
27	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	2	2	3	0	2	3				37	10	12

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				5	14				4	1

Medics vs. Dons of August 2 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
10	0		1	F. G. B.	3	K		0 3			K			8 3				4	0	0
0	5		2	F. R. S.	1	(K) 2-3			4 0 3		8 3							4	1	0
1	2		3	O. S. L.	6				(K) 2-3			7-6						2	1	1
14	0		4	H. D.	2	K			6 0 3			8 1		2 3				4	0	0
0	0		5	Ladd	5		(K) 2-3			K								3	0	1
1	0		6	Lelande	7		K			8 2 1-0 3		K		9 8 4				4	0	0
1	4		7	Sundberg	4		K						1-3					3	0	0
0	0		8	Collins, R	8			K			K		1-3					3	0	0
0	1		9	Conley	9			(K) 2-3					(K) 2-3					2	0	0
			10																	
			11																	
27	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2 2				28	2	2

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				3	12	1-b. on errors.			

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
SLAPNICKERS VS. CYKENES.

There was much excitement over this game, though the score was not close. There was a great deal of heavy hitting, and at intervals the game was held up because the ball was down the bank.

vs. of at vs. of

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1												
2												
3												
4												
5												
6												
7												
8												
9												
10												
11												
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.										

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1			K								
2											
3			K								
4				K						K	
5											K
6											
7											
8											
9											
10											
11											
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.									

Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) A few spatters of rain tried to break up the game but did not amount to enough to make any real trouble.

After supper it was ~~agnes~~ Games on the hill, followed by Quiet Games.

Then the half-past niners, now augmented to a fine large number, sprained their brains and their noses over the smelling game. Here are some of the mistakes:

Whiskey	Cinnamon, clove, hard cider.
Alcohol	peppermint.
Ether	Chloroform.
Menthol	Camphor.
Iodoform	Sulphur.
Carbolic	Checkerberry, whiskey.
Citronella	Croton Oil.
Chloroform	ether, gasolene, banana oil.
Turpentine	camphor.
Clove	Formaldehyde.
Kerosene	turpentine.
Vanilla	West's Disinfectant.

Here are the best scores:

R.R.	20.
C.H.C.	18.
Eldridge	18.
H.D.	16.
A.F.V.	16.

Just after supper M. and Mrs. Bemis and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson came over from Gleason's, where they are spending the night. They are to take their two off by automobile tomorrow morning.

SATURDAY Aug.3, B.28.97' T.58' Clear N.W.

It seems hardly possible that a few days ago we were suffering from the heat.If the August boys had been here a week instead of a day and a half,the dopesters would have had an easy time.Even as it was some said "Scouting", but it really would not have been possible.

Eggs has joined the band of mumpers in the infirmary.Certainly the Frog laid a devastating trail among us.

Great work on the banking this morning.The squad was made up entirely of half-past niners,and the cobbles that went in were many and large.

In the middle of the morning Bertie Edgelow's aunt,Miss Williams,came over,and borrowed him for the rest of the day.

THIS AFTERNOON THERE WILL BE

MONHEGAN

AT

OAK ISLE.

TOGUS.	CORKER.	AROL.	GUANAHICHE.	
C.F.B.	E.C.	H.D.	C.H.C.	
Clarke	Cooley	Haskell	A.M.R.	G.S.L.
Cignoux	Farnsworth	Heard	Dwight	Jackson
M.P.	Corning	Smedberg	Hobart	Leland
			Davidge	Stackpole
	YANMERSCHOONER.		Whitman	Sullivan
	R.R.C.		Mackie	
	Collins,P.		Welsh	
	Hutchinson		Reynolds	
	Woodbridge,C.			

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	BIRDIE-LOVERS.	SOMNAMBULISTS.	BOILERS.
A.F.V.	F.R.S.	F.G.B.	Eggleston	F.T.H.
Ladd	Collins,R.	Eldridge	Liggett	Payson
Hallowell	Lowell	Frothingham	Sherburne	Coolidge
	Lester	Morss	Woodbridge,H.	
			Hines	

This announcement puzzled the younger dopesters,as it was no doubt intended to;but most of us guessed that Monhegan and Skowhegan must be pretty near the same thing.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) The two sides were chosen up by R.P.C. and F.R.S., C.F.B.,C.H.C.,E.C.,and H.D. acting as officials and critics. A.M.R. was scorer.

From the start the Sourdnehunks were the winners,out-shooting and outrunning their opponents.The most remarkable game was the second,in which everyone of the defeated team was killed.

Clarke made the greatest number of runs,seven in all. He did no shooting,however.Davidge made six runs and killed five men,though he was killed himself in every game.

The Birdie-Lovers report the following seen:

Chipping-sparrow.
Cedar Waxwing.
White-throated Sparrow.
Redstart.
Magnolia Warbler.
Robin.
Kingbird.
Flicker.
Chestnut-sided Warbler.
Catbird.
Song Sparrow.
Barn Swallow.
Crow.
Veery.
Wood Pewee.

The less active squads amused themselves,or were amused,as far as circumstances permitted,poor dears.We hope to have them out of their troubles before long.

While we were at supper a mysterious stranger appared in the doorway;a large man in a grey sweater.He conferred with Skipper,and then H.D. went off with him.Great excitement!Who was he? What did he want? Where did Mr.Davis go?Well,what he wanted was a telephone.Failing that,he wanted assistance with the engine of his launch,which would not go.H.D. seems to be in the engine business these days.

Carpet Baggers							Scalawags							
B. B. C	X		X		X	•	F. P. S.	X	•		X		X	• •
A. F. V.	X	/	X		X		O. F. L.		• •		X	•		• • /
M. P.	X	/	X		X		Davidge	X	•	2	X	• •	2	X • • 2
Carrollton	X	•	X	• •	3	X	Whitmore	X			X	• •		• /
P. Smith	X		X			X	Leland			2	X	• •		X • • 2
Goodloe		• •	X			X	Lard	X	•		X	•		X • 2
Dorsey	X	• •	X	• •		X /	Sanford			1	X			1
R. Conkling	X		X		2	X	Hicks			2	X			X
Cooley	X		X	•		X •	Fairchild	X	• •		X			X • 2
Hollowell	X		X			X	Grover	X				• •		2
Lowell	X	•	1	O	O	X	Sullivan	X					1	1
Dobson				X	• •	X • • /	Hart	X			X	•		X •
Woodward	X			X	•	X • •	Watson		• • •	1	X	•		1
Dwight	X			X		• /	Pierce			2			3	2
Lester	X			X		•	Mack			1	X			X
Sharpstein	X			X	•	X	Welch			1		• •	1	X
	14	6	3	15	11	4	14	9	3		8	13	12	12 15 7 9 14 17

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) — CHARADES.

PARACHUTE. The first scene revealed F.T.H., evidently a poet, in the agonies of composition. L.E.R., as his mother-in-law, gave him many instructions as to the care of the children, and then went out. But he was so busy with his genius that he let Susie (Eldridge) go out to walk with a soldier, sent Noel to a prize-fight, Hallowell to the the movies, and gave Brainless Bill permission to throw stones at the trolley cars. When L.E.R. came back, he got it with the toe. The second syllable was a thrilling race between two fours, coxed by Hallowell and Stackpole. We think Hallowell's crew won, but it was very close. No wonder he crowd on the bank cheered. The third syllable was shooting the chutes; F.T.H. acting as proprietor and money-taker. There was much lively sliding, and comic sprawling. The whole word was most dramatic. E.C., a stern parent, brought in Archie as his lovely daughter, and marooned her on an island till she should forget her lover. The poor maiden's cries were heartbreaking. But just as we felt that we could not bear it, down came P. Collins in his parachute, and "all was gas and gaiters."

CONTRABAND. The first scene was a nautical one. C.F.R., in oil-skins and sea-boots, conned his ship through a narrows, Haskell acting as look-out and Ladd as helmsman. For "tray", we adjourned to a restaurant. Payson, Jackson, Farnsworth, and Hutchinson were guests, discussing the war. O.S.L. was the waiter, and a very clumsy one. He finally upset his whole tray of dishes, and the guests withdrew. The band performed mostly on the air, the only visible instrument being Moab, but they made so much noise that even the mumpies heard it. For the whole word we should have turned the lights down, if it had not been

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) pretty full daylight still.C.F.B.,still in oilskins, placed his coastguards along the edges of a rushy cove,(cat-tails are pretty near to rushes),and perched Haskell on the edge of a lofty crag,to watch for the smugglers.Soon the lookout whistled shrilly,and the boat came in sight,laboring more or less heavily in the surf.O.S.L. and his lawless crew landed,but were instantly attacked by the guardians of the law,and we do not doubt that they were all in jail before long.

PARTICULAR. This word began with a golf scene,R.B.C. and R. Collins playing a very good game.Gignoux acted as caddy.For the second syllable,H.D. had a class;the kind of class that we usually have in charades."France is the capital of Siberia" is a specimen of their geographical knowledge.Finally he dismissed them in disgust, all except Frog,who had been so bad that he had to stay,and keep so still that he could hear the clock tick.Then we took to the high seas.R.B.C. appeared as the commander of a ship,watching for submarines.Soon the periscope was sighted,but the gallant captain and his men fought the U-boat off,and sank her.The last syllable was a scientific scene;H.D. performing a delicate experiment,to show the helium atom.The experiment was ruined by the nervous tremors of R.B.C.,who was sure that he was going to be blown up.

SUPERVISE. The first two syllables went together,C.H.C. as stage manager directing his supers before the entrance of the prima donna.Leland as the prima donna was a striking figure,all in scarlet.The last syllable had to be "vice",which is not quite the way it is pronounced in the word,but it was very fine.C.H.C. as Billy Sunday pranced and ranted about the platform till we thought it would tip over,denouncing drink and everything else he could think of.The trail-hitters were ~~many~~ many and no wonder.Han Heard as Ma Sunday,

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) and Frothingham as Rodeheaver, ready to sing a solo on his bugle, added local colour. For the whole word we had a gang of workmen on the Panama Canal, supervised by F.R.S. as general Goethals, blasting out a great mass of rock.

Things begin to look a little more hopeful in "Hard Cash", in spite of Mrs. Archbold. She truly is a pleasant lady.

This morning Remis and Thompson went off by automobile. We are sorry to lose them.

TWINKLES.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Mumps!
How I wonder at your lumps!
Swelling here and swelling there,
Like balloons upon the air.

When the quarantine is off,
When we think we've had enough,
Then you light your little lamp,
Twinkle, twinkle, through the Camp.

Twinkle, twinkle, Johnny Sher!
With contentment do you purr?
Hen to left and Eggs to right,
Sure you are provided, quite!

Twinkle, twinkle, Sandy Lig!
Did you have too much of pig?
Give up pork, my youthful friend
Sickness then will have an end.

Twinkle, twinkle, Mr. Corning!
How is your moustache this morning?

Most becoming it will be,
When 'tis big enough to see!

Twinkle,twinkle,little Jackson,
You are really quite the crack son.
Never once a dirty lamp,
You're the kid of all the camp.

Twinkle,twinkle,little Reub,
Certainly you are a boob.
You surely are the grandest scamp,
You think you're running all the Camp.

To Speedy Richard.

Twinkle,twinkle,little Dick,
At athletics you are quick;
How you flash around the track!
At Merryweather you're the crack.

To a Faster Guy.

Twinkle,twinkle,Pomeroy,
Cleveland's hope and Cleveland's joy.
A runner fine without a peer,
He leaves his brother in the rear.

Twinkle,twinkle,little Stackie,
How you do resemble Mackie!
Getting pigs or playing ball,
You think you are the best of all.

Twinkle,twinkle,old G.S.,
We have done with you we guess.
Hardy boys should learn to eat
Fat and lean and sour and sweet.

Twinkle,twinkle,Johnny Burrows,
On your brow are many furrows.
Can it be the birds you see,
Causing worry unto thee?

Twinkle,twinkle,Noel Morss,
Of all knowledge you're the source.
Be it of birds,beasts,or books,
You're the one to whom one looks.

Twinkle,twinkle,Mr.Batch,
What evil plots at night you hatch!
Around the dorm you softly sneak,
And paddle all who dare to speak.

SUNDAY Aug.4, B.28.12' T.60' Fair, S.W.

Various visitors to-day. Miss Williams came over to service and dinner; Ted Frothingham's family and friends came in the afternoon, and took him off for a picnic; and in the evening Roger's father, a missionary just back from China, came to spend the night.

Just before dinner George Clarke caught two bass, one of them a three-pounder. This is the biggest fish caught in recent years.

Total number of fish, 2.

PICNIC AT HEMBEECH PYNE.

OUANANICHE. (over)

C.F.B.
A.M.R. Hutchinson
Coolidge P.Collins
Farnsworth Stackpole
Whitman Cooley
F.G.B.
Hallowell
Payson
Welsh
Reynolds

WALK-OVERS.

E.C.
M.P.
Dwight
R.Collins
Sullivan
G.Woodbridge
Corning
Gignoux
Hutchinson

JOHNNY WALKERS. (both ways)

C.H.C.
H.D.
R.B.C.
F.R.S.
O.S.L.
Bigelow
Clarke
Davidge
Eldridge
Haskell
Heard
Hobart
Jackson
Leland
Lester
Mackie
Morss
Smedberg

OUANANICHE. (back)

E.C.
M.P. Dwight
Ladd R.Collins
Sullivan Corning
Gignoux Hutchinson
Woodbridge G.
[illegible]
Payson
Reynolds

EDUCATORS.

C.F.B.
A.M.R.
Cooley
P.Collins
Farnsworth
Stackpole
Hallowell
Welsh
F.G.B.

STAY-AT-HOMES.

L.E.R.
R.R.
A.F.V.
F.T.H.
Hines
Lowell
Eggleston
Sherburne
H.Woodbridge
Liggett

I know the Ouananiche lists are incomplete, but a piece of the paper got lost in Mr.Corning's pocket. I will fill it in when I get

SUNDAY back if I can.
(Cont'd.)

The picnic place was the cedar and hemlock grove just above the Pine Island landing. There is a good beach, now that the water is so low, and we beached the Ouananiche easily. It was too rough for small boats to be comfortable, but we took the grub by water, and the main guard walked. We took in just one sea, though it was solid paddling against a strong south wind.

The two parties connected in good time, the fire was lighted, and we began with chowder. When you add that we ended with watermelon, you can see that it was a very dressy picnic.

There was no time for singing, as the walkers had to start early to get home by eight. Most of us did it, and we had a full half hour of hymns.

Our story was "Bread upon the Waters." "If you know a better 'ole, go <u>to</u> it".

And now I am off by the morning train, before the camp is up. Good luck to all, and no more mumps between now and Wednesday!

MONDAY Aug.5. I took the early train,but overslept,and had exactly thirRainy, ty-five minutes between the time I got up and the time I S.E. took my seat in the train.Breakfast?Scarcely.A handful of crackers here,and a ham sandwich in Portland,thank you.

So ~~dakr~~ dark in the morning that ~~that~~ the lights had to be kept going for all morning activities.

M.Bousefield gave morning talk,on familiar ways of the Chinese of the interior.He gave us a fine impression of their integrity, steadiness,and intelligence,and showed us the extreme interest and beauty of their written language,which he holds second only to Greek in dignity.

After reading we had half an hour of singing before squads.

By the ten p'clock train arrived the giver of the Merryweather cup.He was to have been here earlier,but had to put off his visit on account of the quarantine.

Francis Rawle Jr.

Mr.Bousefield left later in the morning,taking Roger with him. A younger brother,Weston,is to take his place.

Just after dinner Mrs.Phillips arrived with her son Jack.Here is his signature,but I could not get hers,as I was not here.

John Phillips

The afternoon was rather assorted,as the weather was not what it night have been.Four boats went fishing,with the excellent ~~re~~result of eight bass.

CHUB?	TERROR.	HORNPOUT.	ERRPUS.
Eldridge	F.T.H.	Whitman	Davidge
Farnsworth	Leland	Clarke	Jackson
Stackpole	Gignoux	2 bass	Sullivan
5 bass	1 bass		

Total number of fish,8.

There was a ping-pong tournament,but we shall not give any scores till it is all played off.Only one match in the second

MONDAY (Cont'd.) round was finished. The fact is, a tournament takes a long time.

There was also a brief run, late in the afternoon.

OVERNIGHT PROMETHEANISM.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.
H.D.	R.Collins	F.R.S.	Bigelow
Heard	Dwight	Hobart	Ladd
Smedberg	Welsh	Mackie	Woodbridge, G.

H.D. took his explorers to Otter Island and F.R.S. sought the untrodden wilds of Oak. (Oak is a dangerous place. There used to be a ghost there, that rang bells; and last year a party were put to flight by a band of Amazons.)

In the evening there were boats, and later the half-past niners made words out of Disfranchisement. Between times Mrs. Phillips sang, most delightfully.

Good letters from Casey, Barbara Bennett, L.C.Z., and J.M. The latter is now in the regular infantry.

TUESDAY, Aug.6, B.28.96' T.74' Clear N.W.

The Otters and Acorns came back in great form, reporting "grand food", and a wonderful time.

Mrs.Phillips, after an all-too-short visit, left us on the 8-55 train for Waterville and Wenham.

Mrs.Lester dropped in for an hour, on her way from Camp Runoia, with her younger boy, Robert.

A brand-new squad this morning, an Observation Squad, under H.R. They took notes all about camp of deficiencies and wear and tear, and made suggestions for the Perfect Camp. The most practical suggestion was that all old hawsers, now lying about out of doors, should be coiled and put under cover.

A Very Large Squad, consisting of Reynolds and Liggett, gathered cones in the Pine Parlor.

FISHING.

PEANUT.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
C.A.S.	O.S.L.	H.D.	F.T.H.	Ladd
Phillips	Liggett	Hallowell	Clarke	Dwight
Haskell	Hutchinson	Lowell	Payson	Hines
3 bass			2 bass	2 bass

YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	ACKLET.	CHUB.
F.G.B.	F.M.S.	C.F.C.	A.B.C.
Coolidge	Morss	Hobart	Gignoux
Reynolds	Mackie	Welsh	Lester
3 bass		Woodbridge, G.	2 bass

Total number of fish, 12.

CANOE PRACTICE.

TOGUS.	ABOL.	HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	PINK.
Savidge	Leland	Smedberg	Corning	Stackpole	Cooley
Farnsworth	Sullivan	Whitman	Eldridge	Heard	Frothingham
Bigelow	Jackson				
Collins, P.	Collins, R.				
Coach, E.C.				Coach, C.F.E.	

Practice began at 3-15, and at 4-15 the classes exchanged canoes, so that each man got practice in every position. Much good work was done. Some was not so good, but the average performance is certainly improving.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) After supper came Games on the Hill, and then Ghost Stories on the Point. Henry Woodbridge, who came out of the mumpery this afternoon, was a good deal puzzled by the tale of the man disguised as a nun on the Fall River boat, but finally decided that he was shaving a board. Some years from now Henry will be wiser.

The other mumpers are vowing vengeance if they are not let out soon, especially Sherburne. He is about ready for murder.

Just before half past eight, A.M.R. blew in unexpectedly. The connections in Casco Bay are now such that to have stayed longer would have meant the 3-54 tomorrow; and that would not have done.

Half past nine boats ended the evening, as it was pretty hot.

(From Our Special Aquatic Reporter.)

This morning Freddy Gignoux surpassed all his previous efforts in diving, by pulling off five unique dives during the thirty-five minute swim, and exhausting the resources of three successive teachers, each of whom was sure that, by his method, Freddy would hit the water head first. But they did not know their Freddy, for he emerged smiling, with a clean record of five head-last jumps. Large premiums are now offered the man (or woman) who will pull a real dive out of Freddy.

WEDNESDAY Aug.7, B.28.98' T.66' Cloudy N.W. Rain a.m.

This morning a second soap-on-the-point was held. It is hoped that by more soaping, the gentlemen who like to claw mosquito bites may be kept from infection.

Three good wrestling bouts this morning. Morss was better than Sullivan, but not enough better to get a fall.

The Collins-Collins bout was a draw. Betting was heavy on Collins.

Corning and Smedberg had a very lively one, with no decision when time was called.

Mr. Corning is telling us about the navy. He began with the battle-ship's boats, and went on to-day with many interesting details of armament and arrangement.

FISHING.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	TERROR.	EREBUS.
H.D.	C.H.C.	F.R.S.	C.A.S.
Farnsworth	Morss	Bigelow	Clarke
Liggett	Phillips	Wood., G.	Lester
2 bass	1 bass	5 bass	5 bass
1 pickerel			1 pickerel
1 eel			

Total number of fish, 16.

FORESTRY.

C.F.B.

Hobart	Reynolds
Coolidge	Frothingham
Gignoux	Haskell
Welsh	Woodbridge, H.

This was a new stunt for an afternoon. They went out into the swamp, and practised real, scientific forestry. They cut birch, oak, willow, alder, and maple, and learned how and why to cut it. They then piled the poles they had got, and burned their brush properly.

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.

STATE ST. VS. EUCLID AVE.

This was a rather weird game, as can be seen by the score. For two innings it looked as if it was going to be good, but then came the trouble. P. Collins went up in the air, and State St. began piling

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) up runs at an amazing rate. A change of pitchers did not mend matters much. Finally, after ten men had been at bat, F.G.B. was put in to pitch, and the inning ended when the fifteenth batter was put out at first.

After this things went better. In the fifth Euclid Ave. began to score, but they could not make up such a long lead, especially as two or three runs were added to it every now and then.

F.G.B.	.750
Smedberg	.666
Payson	.500
Corning	.400

State St. vs. Euclid Ave. of Aug 7 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
3	1		1	Cooley	4	0 1-3			K		2-5			9-2				3	1	0
0	6		2	Corning	1	5-3					0 1-3	K 2-3						5	2	2
6	1		3	Sullivan	9	2-6 0			0 3									1	1	0
0	0		4	Lowell	7		K			K	K							3	3	0
4	4		5	O.S.L.	6		9-6											4	4	0
2	0		6	Whitman	5		4-3					0 3						5	3	2
9	0		7	Todd	2			6-3		K								2	2	0
8	0		8	Payson	3								K					6	3	3
1	0		9	Eldridge	8					K		0 3	1-3	4-3				6	1	1
0	1		10	Hallauer	9								K	1-3				2	1	0
			11																	
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0 0	0	0	10 10	2 12	1 13	3 16	1 17	4 21				37	21	8

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	6	1-b. on errors.		1	

Euclid Ave. vs. State St. of Aug 7 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	2		1	Jackson	4	9-4		K		9-6	6-3							5	1	1
1	1		2	P. Collins	1	K		9-6					9-3					5	1	1
11	2		3	J. J. N.	3					0 1-3	9-8							5	1	1
3	3		4	F. G. B.	2			9-6					9-5					4	1	3
2	1		5	Sullivan	6	K			1-3	9-4				6-3				5	0	2
7	1		6	R. Collins	5		6-3		0 5-6			K						4	1	1
0	0		7	Heard	9		1-3					K		1-3				3	1	0
0	0		8	Leland	8						9-4	6-3		1-3				5	0	0
0	0		9	Nathan	7		K		1-3				9-6					3	0	0
			10																	
			11																	
24	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0 0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3	1	4	2	6	0 6			

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				16	9	1-b. on errors.		7	

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) After supper there was time for Games on the Hill, except for those who were rehearsing.

SIXTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....R.B.C., F.T.H.
2. Mandolin Solo.....H.B.
3. Merryweather Quartette.....C.F.B., C.H.C., E.C., H.B., R.F.S., R.B.C.
4. Choruses.....Fishing Song, Baseball Song, In the Morning by the Bright Light.
5. Stunt, "The Three Bears".....Haskell, Hallowell, Reynolds, Sullivan.
6. Stunt, "Horatius".....The Half-past niners.

Camp Song.

It looked as if our overture was to be a solo, for Ham could not be found. R.B.C. said he would do his best, and began to play "A Long, Long Trail". Suddenly Ham rushed frantically in, and they struck into the sweet familiar strains. A fine touch was imparted by a few measures played on the pantry door.

The mandolin is a very pleasant instrument, and we had two delightful selections, a barcarolle and a Hungarian Dance.

The quartette gave us "General Grant", with fine emphasis on the "By Gosh!", followed by "The Animals' Fair." They all sang the first verse together. At the end of this one man slipped out. At the end of each verse another stole out, some on all fours, C.F.B. out into the pantry with silence of a Sherlock Holmes, H.B. out the upper window with the grace of a Blondin. Finally R.B.C. was left alone. He looked round, realized his position, and bolted amid the cheers of the audience.

The Three Bears was realistic in the extreme. Sullivan was impressively gruff as the Big Bear, Haskell a little milder, as the Middle Bear, and Reynolds extremely piquant as the Little Bear. Hallowell was a beautiful fit for those versions of the story that call the heroine Little Golden-hair, and did his part to perfection.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) The last stunt was announced a "A Familiar Ballad",but there was no mistaking the opening scene;Lars Porsena,surrounded by his court and his chosen prophets,(not quite thirty,but very impressive)taking his dread oath of vengeance on Rome.When R.Collins takes an oath,he means business.

The next scene was in Rome.Eldridge,an imposing figure as the Consul,suggested the only plan for defence,when Morss "came flying,All wild with haste and fear",bringing the dread news that the Philistines--I mean Lars Porsena--was upon them.All seemed lost.But Horatius,otherwise P.Collins,stepped forward.To Romans of such pattern all things are possible,and with Herminius Corning and Lartius Smedberg beside him,what might not be accomplished?

The fight was thrilling.Man after man bit the dust,till the blue-clad ranks of Tuscany stood aghast."But hark!the cry is "Astur!" And Payson,the great Lord of Luna,stepped forth upon the bridge.Well we knew that sword.Some of us have seen it wielded in deadly fray before now.Yet even so, Horatius was not daunted.Wounded though he was,he sprang at his terrible adversary,and laid him low.

And now the good work that Fathers mixed with Commons had been doing was accomplished,and with a crash very like thunder the bridge went down.Herminius and Lartius had crossed just in time.But Horatius?He stood unmoved on the wrong side, "Thrice thirty thousand foes before,

And the broad flood behind."

The sneering tones of Sextus,the bland courtesy of Lars

WEDNESDAY (Cont.d') Porsena, alike left him calm. He addressed his prayer to the Tiber, and then took such a dive as is not often made off the top of a table to the floor. A moment later cheers told us that he had landed safely, and the last glimpse we had, he was being borne to his home by the joyous crowd.

We have given most of the leading characters in the course of this brief article. All the half past niners were in it, except Sherburne and Davidge, who are adorning the Infirmary. The ranks were swelled by Morss, Whitman, and Bigelow.

If you are ever in doubt, here in Camp, as to the proper method of distinguishing Romans from Etruscans, remember this; Romans wear white, Etruscans wear blue. That is the real point. Helmets, fillets, and trifles of that sort may change, but the fundamentals never vary.

After this excitement we needed peace, so we lay on the floor and listened to Alfred Hardie's excitements. He is out of the asylum at last, thanks to its burning down.

THURSDAY Aug.8
B.28.94'
T.68'
Cloudy
Calm.

Heavy shower p.m.

The first camping-trip of the season started off in good time this morning. Good luck to them, wherever they go!

Camping Trip
Aug 8th

Clarke
Collins, P.
Corning
Sullivan
Whitman
C.F.B.

Yammerschooner
Williwaw

The Honorable order of the Knights of the Hospital invented a new game this morning; Infirmary Scouting. All hands burrow under the bed-clothes, and each arranges a peep-hole, through which he watches for the enemy. You can shoot on any part of him, or his clothes. Joe curses bitterly because his pink pajamas show up so plainly against his grey blankets.

Harry Welsh swam to the Point this morning. It does not count as an official test, because he was way in shore all the way, and was not under escort till he passed the Ouananiche, but having done it once he won't mind doing it again.

The Birch Pulling squad makes the following report:

Birch Seedlings.		
Point.	Bank.	
107		Liggett
300	325	Payson
300	350	F.T.H.
400	300	Frothingham
457	136	Lester
202	130	Mackie
367	150	Hutchinson
2133	1390	
	2133	
Total,	3523	

Best score,
Frothingham, 700.

With so many out we had a funny, sociable little Tink; only two joints, so that we could talk easily from one end to the other. Generally conversation between the two ends is rather difficult.

THURSDAY, (Cont'd.) It is sad to have to say that G.S.L., F.G.B., and Leland all were late to dinner. What can they have been doing? Picking flowers, probably, or communing with Nature in some other of her manifold forms.

SUNDRY SOAKING SUPPERS OUT.

HORNBEAM HILL.

TOGUS.	CORKEN.	IDENTICAL.	TERROR.
H.B.	E.C.	G.S.L.	F.G.B.
Frothingham	Jackson	Smedberg	Ladd
Cooley	Leland	Lester	Hallowell
A.M.R.	Payson	G.Woodbridge	Hutchinson

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

OUANANICHE.		EREBUS.	FANTASOTE.
F.R.S.		C.H.C.	F.T.H.
M.P.	Hobart	Eldridge	R.Collins
Bigelow	Stackpole	Coolidge	H.Woodbridge
Farnsworth	Lowell	Welsh	Phillips
Gignoux	Haskell		
Heard	Morss		
F.R.			
Reynolds			
Liggett			
Mackie			

The list was posted early, and reading was stopped at 2-15. We were on the water very soon after 2-30, as it was plain that all had a good deal of an undertaking before them.

The Hornbeam Hillers went ahead, so as to get their carry made and their boats out of the waybefore the time came to bear a hand on the Ouananiche. The carry was made as quickly as it could be, but with two canoes, four rangeleys, and the Ouananiche, it cannot be a very speedy matter; especially nowadays, when the short carry is not possible.

The Mountaineers reached their brook all right, and all but Mr. Rawle and Reynolds went up the mountain. Time being short, when they got up they immediately marched down again, like the brave old Duke of York in the song. They made the trip up and down in forty minutes! This sounds as if they must have come down by parachute. As soon as they got down they had a swim, and then the

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) shower descended.A shower-bath is all very well in its place,but supper out of doors is hardly the place one would choose.They got pretty wet,to put it mildly,and so did their food.Also their cups had been forgotten.So they had the milk in paper cups,and ate their beans on bread,or in their hands.They reached the landing first,and pulled their rangeleys out to be ready for the other detatchment.

The Hornbeam Hillers made a good landing,which if it is not the right one is at least a perfectly practicable one.We turned our canoes over,and stowed grub and sweaters under them,just in case it should rain,and started off.The road was pretty queer in spots,but we had no real trouble except lack of time.We reached a corner on the Mt.Vernon raod from which we had a fine view of our hill;but it would have needed at least an hour more to climb it.An hour and a half would have done it comfortably.The fact is,Hornbeam has never been done except with two meals out.

When we turned for home there was a shower piling up. We made one stop,at a very pretty house,for water,but then we beat it right along,and got to our boats just before the rain began.It didn't rain very hard,but we got firewood under cover in case of need,and put on all our extra clothes.

For about ten minutes we sat under the canoes;Payson putting one elbow in the cheese,the other in the hash,and sitting on the Uneedas.But we had plenty,all the same.

We got to the Mills only a few minutes behind time,in the heaviest rain we had had.The Mountaineers were already soaked so it was a very damp crowd that launched its boats in the waters of the stream.

The first part of the trip was very slow,but after a while

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) the worst sinners were made to see that paddles are more effective weapons than tongues, and things went better.

When we got in, all half-past eighters were sent to rub down and go to bed. F.R.S. rubbed the South down with a whisk broom, which appears to have been distinctly stimulating.

The half-past niners played mythology.

The stay-at-homes report very heavy rain. The Infirmary puddle rose to such a height that A.F.V. was almost drowned crossing it. And the cataract down the back steps of the boat-house was like Niagara.

Twinkle, twinkle, Suppers Out!
Did you meet a water spout?
If it had not been so dark,
P'raps you might have met the Ark!!

FRIDAY Aug.9, B.28.88' T.68' W. Cloudy. Rain most of day

The rain began fairly early, so we had a good half hour of singing before squads were called. Also Skipper told us a thing or two about the Ouananiche.

At eleven Skipper took out a Ouananiche crew, picked from a large number of volunteers, and illustrated his remarks round Oak and Pine.

Ouananiche
4-mile course
11 a.m.

C.H.C.	E.C.
Leland	Hobart
Jackson	Bigelow
Stackpole	Smedberg
Gignoux	Frothingham

H.R.

Good letters at dinner to-day from Rosamond Bennett, who is farming, and from Dome Lowell, who is studying for aviation in Canada.

Early in the afternoon Johnny Sherburne and Eggs emerged from their lair. Joe is still in durance, but we have hopes of him to-morrow. Frog has now adjourned to the Infirmary, till his bark is better than his bite.

PROMETHEANISM.

F.R.S.	O.S.L.	H.P.
R.Collins	Smedberg	Leland
Bigelow	Hobart	Farnsworth
Gignoux	Lester	Liggett
Mackie	Phillips	Welsh
		G.Woodbridge

Smedberg and his squad did the best work. They started on the flat between the path and the shore, and got going on the first match. They did good work with white pine twigs and birch bark from fallen trees. They had water boiling in 44 m.10 s.

Leland went up to the Pine Parlor, and used the old fire-place. The fire was started on the fourth match, but soon went out again, though Liggett's poncho was called in to act as umbrella. Welsh cut a small green white pine for fuel, and

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) Farnsworth tried a sort of running high chop, to get twigs that were too high for him to reach. Liggett tried throwing stones at twigs, but was a poor shot. They finally got a real fire going, on their last match, in 54 m., but there was not time to boil their kettle.

R. Collins and his men camped on the side of the hill, and tried to make a fire in a hole. They were hampered by their use of red pine, and were very deliberate in their proceedings. In their anxiety to shelter their fire from the rain, they blanketed it with rubber coats and their own persons, till it is no wonder that it refused to go. The last match left them still fireless.

While this was going on, the Ping-Pong tournament was played off. The great final match, between R.R.C. and Lowell, was won by the former, 6-1, 6-3. For further particulars, see the score card, which will be given shortly. It takes up a good deal of room.

INDOOR SCOUTING.
CHIPPEWAS VS. OJIBWAYS.

Though the Ojibways won all three games, it was a very exciting series. There was some careless playing, of course, and two murders, but on the whole the games were played decently and in order.

The obstacles were a fine sight. In the first game they were the usual formation. In the second, a line of tables stretched all across the field. In the third, two lines of tables were run, one near each end. Some of the smaller players got rather hung up, but a valiant number plunged through or crawled over.

Bigelow killed eight men, Leland and Sherburne made four runs each. The runs were as usual more numerous in the last two games. It takes one game to get warmed up to a sufficient point of daring.

PING-PONG TOURNAMENT.

A.F.V.
R.B.C. } R.B.C. 6-5,6-2.

O.S.L.
F.G.B. } O.S.L. 6-4,7-5.

R.B.C. 6-3,6-0.

E.C.
R.Collins } E.C., 6-0,6-

Corning
Payson } Payson 6-2,6-1.

E.C. 6-3,7-5.

R.B.C. 6-1,6-2.

Lowell
Morss } Lowell 6-0,6-0.

Frothingham
Hutchinson } Hutchinson 6-0,6-0.

Lowell 6-4,6-2.

Hallowell
Hines } Hines 6-0,6-4

Coolidge
Cooley } Cooley 6-1,6-1.

Cooley 6-0,7-5.

Liggett
Reynolds } Reynolds 6-1,6-3.

Haskell
Phillips } Haskell 6-0,default.

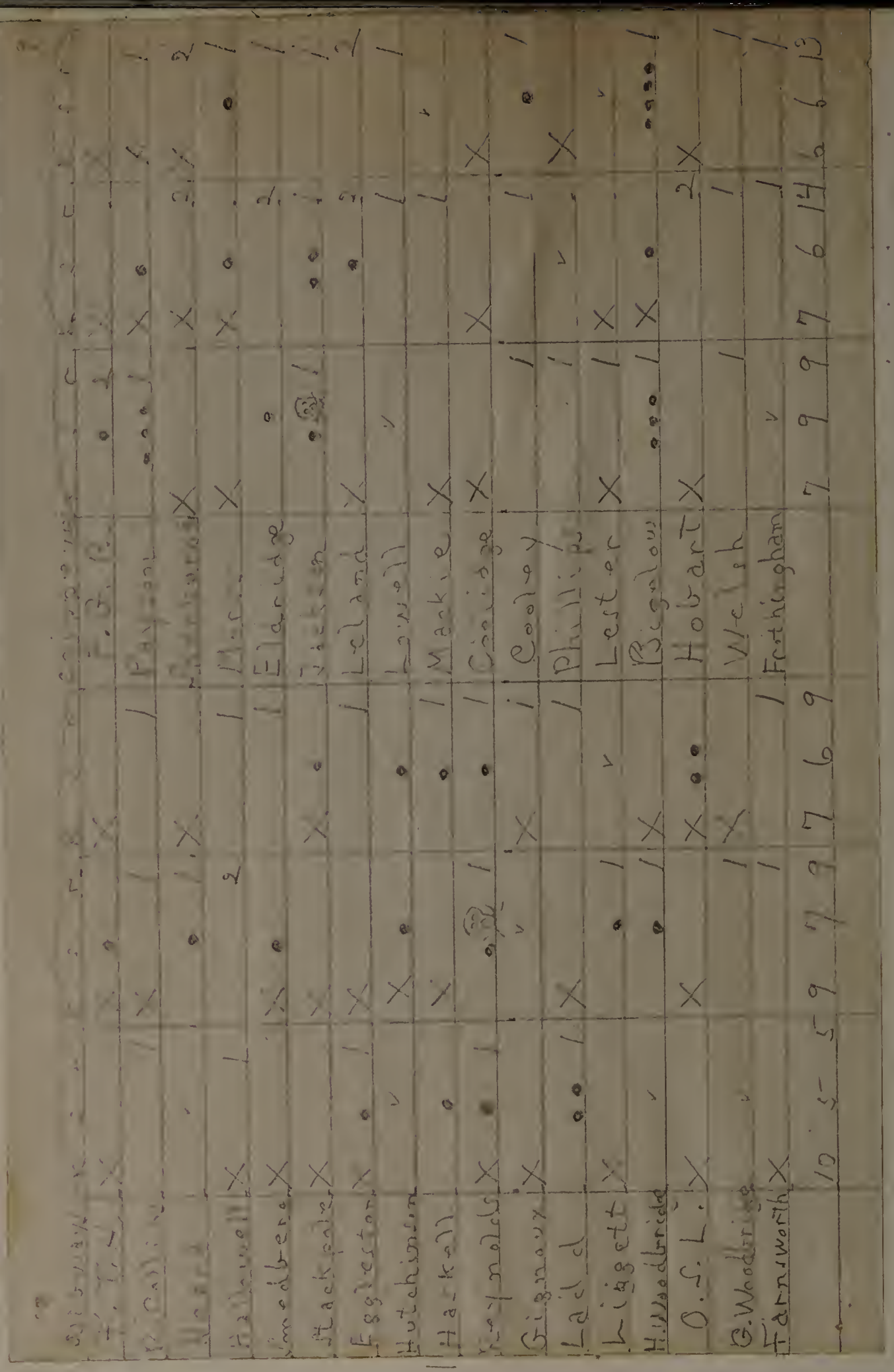
Haskell 6-1,7-0.

Lowell 6-0,6-1.

Cooley 6-0,7-5

R.B.C. 6-1,6-3.

At half past five Camp Merry-Wet-Weather came gaily home.It would be stretching a point to say that they were dry;in fact they had been wet most of the time.But they got their tent pitched before Thursday's first shower caught them,so they might have been wetter,part of the time at least.They brought back a good mess of fish,and washed down their boats and the float before they came in to supper!



After Digestion Club, and a fine game of Towel, we continued "Hard Cash." Alfred and Julia are for the moment happy, but "Rooke's harsh voice was heard in the hall", or words to that effect, so we are not in port yet, by any means.

Camp Merrywetweather.

Camp Merrywetweather, the first camping trip of the 1918 season, set out one bright and sunshiny August morning in those most seaworthy of craft — the "Yammerschooner" and the "Williwaw."

The crew of the "Williwaw" was seated as follows: bow, John Buggins Corning; stroke, Whitman; coxⁿ, John L. Sullivan. The "Yammer" was manned by Pom Collins, bow; C. F. B. jr., stroke; and George Clarke, coxswain. Our plans were settled as far as North Pond — there to choose between East and Little. We got away to a good start, and, in spite of many helpful hands, left nothing behind us, except the secretary's kind contributions, which the bank squad needed more than we. Soon after leaving the float, the coxes substituted trolling spoons for steering paddles. We got our first fish — a good bass — before reaching Fourway, and the second — another bass — off Govr Haines's cottage. A third bass was landed in going by (you couldn't go over) the White Horse Shoals.

Because of the low water, Meadow Brook is faster this year than ever before. But, after many rests, we finally got through. Our total time up the brook was very nearly two hours and forty minutes. At the head of the brook we found the water on the bar so shallow that we had to pick our way to keep off bottom — but at that North and Little were only slightly lower than usual. We here held a pow-wow, in which we discussed the relative advantages of East and Little ponds, and decided overwhelmingly on the latter. As the regretable building up of the south beach in North Pond prevents its use for picknicking and swimming — O tempore, o mores — we needs must continue to the time-honored Little Pond camping place, trolling, this time for weeds only, as we went. Here we had our swim — and then lunch. After lunch a brief, but well-earned, rest.

In lieu of going to East Pond, we had planned to visit Smithfield in the afternoon, to investigate Smith Pond, the shingle mill, and the condensed milk supply. But first we were going to pitch the tent and get in our wood. Howsomever, very soon after the tent

was up, and before we had all our wood in, it began to rain, — I should say pour. It was then that Whit started the game of trying to catch, in his mouth, the rain-drops which leaked through. To catch these, he had to sprawl out, on his back, amid all the débris of duffle, firewood, and games of mumbly-peg. As soon as the rain let up, Clarkie and Whit, while the rest got supper, went out fishing, but with no luck.

Supper, with mush, bacon, potatoes, cocoa, and fish, was, to quote Sully, pretty "wheesh". After supper the crew went out into the woods to get some fir boughs off some "vars" which we had located before the rain. The results of this expedition were well worth while. As it had stopped raining, Buggins and I started sleeping outside, by the fire. But the rain thought otherwise. When we moved under the tent, we had a delightful time feeling for, and making, spaces in which to lie.

Morning was foggy and wet, so we dropped all plans of going to Smithfield, or up Mt. Tom. Breakfast was a very pleasant and extended meal, lasting until, and during, luncheon.

as it soon cleared enough to make fishing feasible a crew of Sully, Whit, and George Clarke went trolling while they we were out, the rest of us cleared up, and broke camp, to be ready for a quick get-away. Our plans then were to leave Little Pond immediately after lunch, and to stop on North beach for "afternoon tea". The fishing crew returned with four bass and a perch. We ate our lunch (or finished our breakfast) and departed in a driving North-East drizzle. Still trolling, we got two more bass before reaching the head of Meadow brook. The stream was much fuller, and faster, because of the heavy fall of rain. This time we agreed to go right through, with no stops; the first boat made it in an hour and three quarters. We started all standing, paddling and steering with the oars. In the cleared reaches below the woods we both rowed, while George steered and gave the orders.

At North beach we made for the kitchen stove of the "Old Home week" Headquarters. Soon we had a roaring fire in the stove, around which we dried ourselves and some of our clothes, while we ate many many dates. Lack of time prevented our making a wonderful dinner of our fish, which we brought back to Camp as we ran home. "Can any one wonder that we called ourselves "Camp Merry-wet-weather"?

SATURDAY Aug.10, B. T. Clearing, S.W.

This morning we finished "Grizzly Adams".He and his bears have been very interesting people to know.

Some of our squad names give a good deal of excitement these days.In fact some people have to do a good deal of thinking and inquiring before they know what they are to do.Most of us guessed that the Paul Revere's were to hang a lantern aloft,or rather several lanterns,after first cleaning them.But Brainy Ones?Oh yes,beans.Quite so.

Harry Welsh officially passed his swimming test this morning.Sandy will probably be the next,for he swam to the farther corner of the Rest House.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.
PAM-PAMS Vs. PUP-PUPS.

Not a very close game,according to the score,but if one bad inning had been cut out,it would have been a lively contest.In that one the winning team knocked O.S.L. out of the box,and had thirteen men up.H.B. took his place,and after he had steadied down,there was no more scoring;but a lead of nine runs is generally enough,and the Pup-Pups could not score either.

A.F.V. struck out twenty men.In the fourth,he struck out three with ten pitched balls.

Eldridge played a fine game at centre,with two difficult catches to his credit.Both were made running,and the second running hard.

Leland got to first twice in one inning by being hit by a pitched ball.This is not often done.

F.R.S.	.666
A.F.V.	.600
F.T.H.	.600
H.B.	.500

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

BIG LEAGUE GAME.
SLAPNICKERS VS. CYRENES.

The Slapnickers hit the trail in the first inning, with four runs, and at no time could their opponents pass them. Still, it was a thrilling game, with much applause and cursing.

The scorer added up the totals, in hits and runs, but as he frequently added them wrong, I have trimmed that column off. Never mind, Bill. It is a much clearer score card than last time.

Pup - Pups vs. Pam - Pams of Aug. 10 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
2	3		1 F. G. B.	6	K 2-3		K 2-3		K			K					4	0	0		
6	6		2 N. D.	2						4-3		4-3					4	1	2		
11	0		3 R. B. C.	3	K 2-3		K 2-3			1-2			K 2-3				4	0	1		
1	2		4 O. S. L.	1			K			1-3			K 2-3				4	0	0		
1	0		5 Ladd	6	K			K			K						3	0	0		
0	0		P. Collins	9		K		K			K						3	0	0		
2	1		7 Eldridge	8				K			K						2	1	0		
0	0		8 Corning	7		K			K								2	0	0		
1	1		9 Jackson	4								K					2	0	0		
0	0		R. Collins	9									0-3				1	0	0		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				29	2	3		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	2			2	4	1-b. on errors.					

Pam - Pams vs. Pups - Pups of Aug. 10 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
1	0		1 Whitman	5	2-3		3			K 2-3							5	1	1		
0	2		2 Jamesburg	4	K 1-2		2-3			3-1			3-2				5	1	0		
15	7		3 E. C.	2						K							3	2	1		
0	4		4 A. F. V.	1									1-3				5	2	3		
10	0		5 F. T. H.	3									3				5	1	3		
1	0		6 F. R. S.	6													3	2	2		
0	0		7 Pearson	8		K			K 1-2			1-3					3	1	1		
0	0		8 Leland	9													2	1	0		
0	0		9 C. A. S.	7													4	1	1		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	0	2			0	0	0	0				35	12	12		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base bits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				3	20	1-b. on errors.		4	1		

Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.					

Umpire..... of ..... Scorer.....

vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	7.	K	K		0-3	out on runs				
2	3.				F.1.					
3	1.		1-3 0.				0.			
4	2.		6.				3 0.			
5	1.			E.	K		F.			
6	6.			0-3				1-3		
7	5.	F.3		F4.		5 0-				
8	8.	3				K				
9	4.									
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	4	2	1	1	1		4	1	
		4	4	5	6	7		12	13	

vs. ..... of .....

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1						K		0-1		
2		3-		K		1-3 0.				
3				Shot		4-3 0.				
4		F.1		E-			0			
5				K			K			
6			F3				0 1-3			
7			K		K				K	
8			K		F3					
9					K					
10										
11										
Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	1	3	1	0		0	1	1
		0	1	4	5	5		5	6	7

FORESTERS.

C.F.B.

Liggett Welsh
Mackie Coolidge
Phillips. Woodbridge,S.
Reynolds

Reynolds did not go,having a stomach-ache,but the rest went off to the swamp,armed with axe,brush-axe,hatchet,and other tools.They cut and burned a good deal of stuff,and tried a new game;identifying trees on the sky-line.

CHARADES.

KIDNAP. The first scene was pleasant and pastoral one,all hands botanizing or bug-hunting.They gathered the rare dandelion,and other choice specimens,and all seemed merry.But a baleful presence,in the shape of Reynolds,entered.We were in some doubt as to what he was;in fact his method of attack and his war-cry suggested a ram rather than a kid;but he scattered the harmless scientists to the four winds in great style.The "nap" was not a very peaceful one,for the sinister form of Bigelow warned us that there was mischief afoot.A man like that,especially when his head is done up in a handanna,is of course a robber of some kind.The whole word was

SATURDAY (cont'd.) thrilling in the extreme. J.F.T. and F.S.P. appeared at the front, standing fearless while the shells whizzed around them, and studying the movements of the enemy. But they little knew what dark work was going on beneath their feet. Suddenly from the very bowels of the earth rose the enemy, led by C.H.C., and the two chiefs were carried off, fighting desperately.

ACCIDENTAL. The first scene was a mixture of horror and pathos. F.T.H. as the commanding officer, and Whitman as the executioner, were grim and terrible figures. On the other hand, Archie, as Anne Boleyn, was such a winsome and appealing figure that we wondered how any king, even Henry VIII, could be such a brute. The second, "sigh" was very different. E.C., the stern parent, sent his daughter, Eldridge, into the corner, to be good and mind her business. But when his secretary, F.T.H., came in, he forgot his daughter in the cares of business. The secretary took his papers to the back of the room, and in a moment the lovers were billing and cooing at a great rate. Alas! Papa turned round, and the lovers were parted. Judging from the third scene, we are glad that A.F.V. and E.C. are not dentists. They worked over poor Sandy with a mallet so big that it didn't seem as if gas could be much help. Clarke was operated on with an auger. Hallowell, who was in doubt as to whether he had mumps or a toothache, had a tooth pulled with the tongs. Altogether it was terrible. For the whole word we had L.E.R. getting her little (?) family ready to receive their rich Uncle Jonas, who had made a fortune in the mines. E.C. looked like a pretty crusty uncle, but all might have gone well had it not been for Bridget, the new maid (F.T.H.) This damsel was so awkward that she finally spilled all her tray of dishes over Uncle Jonas, who departed in a rage to alter his will.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) PERSECUTE. The first scene was one that we have known well in a song.There was the circus,with O.S.L. and Ladd announcing through megaphones the merits of their respective departments.The crowd came along,buying tickets for one or the other.Finally in came C.F.B.,as Joshua Ebenezer Frye.Bill Payson,"the cuss",tried to get two tens for a five,but found to his cost that he had got the wrong man;in fact,he had tried it on the "constabule",and was arrested. "Acute" was rather tragic.A happy picnic party assembled,and began on food.But alas!They ate not wisely but too well,and in a few minutes all were writhing in the throes of acute indigestion.The whole word was really grim.C.F.B.,very sinister in black hat and cloak,ordered the prisoners,O.S.L., Corning,and A.M.R.,to be brought in.The escort were masked, and one carried an axe.O.S.L. and Corning,when asked to reveal the whereabouts of the hidden treasure,refused flatly, and were led off.A.M.R. refused likewise,till it was suggested that she might save her friends from a bad half hour if she told.And then came sounds of suffering from behind the scenes. In vain she remembered her promise;in vain she appealed to that stern figure.At last she broke down and told.

DYNASTY. R.B.C. made a very sprightly barber,and M.P. a charming manicure lady.One customer after another came in, and was dealt with.Finally H.B.,Mr.Hayriggin,came in for a "sporting trim."The barber pointed out that if he wanted to be one of the gay young sports,he should do something about the colour of his hair,which was getting grey.He denied it at first,but finally had it dyed.The second scene was very vivid,with an ekxtremely messy fish squad,cleaning fish and reveling in the details of their work.The whole word was

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) very elaborate. We heard heavy blows from above, and stones came crashing down. Then we saw a lantern. The excavators had opened a new tomb, right in the heart of the pyramid. George Woodbridge came down first, then Dick Collins, and finally H.B. By the hieroglyphics on the wall they knew that they had made a great find; and sure enough, behind the granite slabs they found three whole mummies.

Half-past nine Boston was very exciting. Sherburne was twice mistaken for Sullivan, so there must be something in it.

And here, by way of climax, let us note the arrival of a distinguished graduate: J. B. Thayer

SUNDAY Aug.11, B.29.22' T.68' Cloudy S.W.

A very lowering day,but no rain.Still,it looked too threatening,and was too cool,to make a water picnic very pleasant,so we had Skowhegan in Millard's field,and then picnicked in the Pine Parlor.The list was such a wonder that we shall give it entire.Several were fooled,to the extent of getting out their paddles for the trip in the "Guanandche",under Stackpole.

We had cocoa,cooked on the new fireplace which Freddy Reynolds and Jack Phillips have made to fit the tripod.The old fireplace is too high to be convenient.We also had marshmallowas,the contribution of George Clarke,toasted over the fire.

After much singing we marched home in single file,and ended with "Marching Through Georgia."As we reached the infirmary we perceived the manly form of Joe Davidge,bouncing up and down in bed in time to the music.We hope that he can bounce out of bed in a day or two.

Our story was "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney."

Twinkle,twinkle,sticky-knife,
Most important thing in life.
Pleasures,sorrows,duties,all,
Vanish when we hear your call.

Twinkle,twinkle,little cough,
Takes our Froggie's head right off.
Mr.Chapin joins the crowd,
Twinkle,twinkle,long and loud.

August 11th, 1918. 1st Day - Work.

Well Stack, what do you know about this, Pup pup. Pup pup? I'll bet you had the best drink for to day. It's awful complicated, but we couldn't give you what you hoped. So now, we have to have

Tombegan
Manhegan
Southegan
Skowhegan
Waterville
Gardiner
Monegan
Bingham Jct.

for the

Mail Yard Parture.

Then, Stack all back, we'll —

Well, what do you know about this.

Quarantine

Stackpole

Right Rub
Regular Engine
C.P.R. House
H.M.N.W. Petersburgh
Engine Hillsborough

This
time
do
you
suppose?

| | | |

MONDAY
Aug,12,
B.29.02'
T.61'
Foggy,
W.S.W.
Clearing.

Camping Trip
August 12th

Bigelow
Collins,R.
Eggleston
Heard
Smedberg

C.H.C.

Williwaw
Yammerschooner

This morning H.S. began to tell us about ambulance work in France,as he saw it in the six months he was driving an ambulance last year.

Mr.Rawle left this morning.

We began "From the Fore-castle to the Cabin",at morn-ing reading.

The second camping trip went off this morning.It will be the last,Eggs says,as there were only two last year.They were sailing west when last seen.

Mrs.Hutchinson came over this morning,stayed to dinner,and took Jim off with her for supper.

Lester passed the swimming test this morning,and Ligget came very near doing it.The waves from a passing motor boat swamped him when he was only ten yards from the goal.Better luck next time.

There was a great deal of good canoe practice all through swim.If we all whistled hard,should we get a wind?

A very large stoning up squad finished the shore,from the point to the Guanaiche.That is,they began with the two huge boulders just this side of the point.Then at swim they loaded the Arklet with cobbles from the bottom round the slip,and took the load up to the banking above faculty coffee.This kills two birds with one stone;gets us nearer a sand beach,and fills up the holes in the shore.

Joe and Froggie were both up and dressed for a while this afternoon.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

Of course there were some out of this; campers, Infirms, and Archipelago with another sad place on his knee. Lowell, Morss, and Hallowell did not run, and Hutchinson was off all the afternoon with his mother. But if we waited till everybody could do a thing, we should not get much done.

Class A High Jump.

F. Collind	4'8"
Corning	4'6"
Leland	4'5"
Payson	4'5"

Collins made a good try for 4'10", but could not make it. There was a lively contest between C.F.S. and H.D., won by the former.

Class A Broad Jump.

F. Collins	16'2"
Corning	14'4"
Payson	14'2 1/2"

Collins had this event easily, with nearly two feet better than Corning.

Class A Shot Put.

Payson	25'9 1/2"
Whitman	22'11"
Corning	21'8 1/2"

Payson's first put was his best.

Class A 100.
First Heat.

Payson	13 3/5 s.
Whitman	
Sherburne	

A very close heat. Whitman almost caught Payson, and Sherburne was hardly more than two feet behind.

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

P.Collins	12 4/5 s.
Dwight	
Corning	

Only two qualified in the first heat, as it was a small one, but here three were taken, as Dwight and Corning tied for second place; that is, no one could settle the question, for the judges disagreed. This would appear to be atie.

Final Heat.

P.Collins	12 3/5 s.
Payson	
Dwight	

Collins cut a fifth off his previous time. Payson had to work hard for his second place, Dwight almost getting him.

There was no Class A 440.

Class B High Jump.

Sullivan	4'
Frothingham	3'11"
Stackpole	3'10"

The contestants were very evenly spaced, as can be seen by the heights.

Class B Broad Jump.

Frothingham	12'6 1/2"
Lowell	12'4 3/4"
Jackson	12'2 1/2"

Frothingham did his best at the first, but Lowell and Jackson were tied at 11'5 1/2" till the very end. Up to that time Stackpole had led them both, with 12' 1/2".

Class B Shot Put.

Lowell	24' 1/2"
Stackpole	23'8"
Sullivan	19'9"

The contest for first place was fairly close, but after that there were fairly wide gaps.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

Class B 100.

Stackpole	14 1/5 s.
Frothingham	
Jackson	

Only one heat was needed for this, owing to absences and disabilities. Frothingham was about six feet behind Stackpole at the finish.

Class B 440.

Stackpole	1 m. 13 4/5 s.
Frothingham	
Sullivan	

This was chiefly a race between Frothingham and Stackpile. Ted was leading at the soccer goal, but Stack stuck to him, and passed him just before they came down the hundred. Sullivan was a good distance in the rear.

Class C High Jump.

Lester	3'7"
Farnsworth	3'5"
Cooley	3'5"
Gignoux	3'2"
Liggett	3'2"
Reynolds	3'2"

We don't often give so many names, bu the two ties, for second and third places, were certainly worth recording. It looks like some lively jumping at the final meet.

Class C Broad Jump.

Gignoux	11'7 1/2"
Farnsworth	11'4"
Haskell	10 7 1/2".

Great excitement here, especially when Farnsworth's third jump was better than Gignoux's best by five inches. Then Gignoux really went to it, and beat Bud by 3 1/2".

MONDAY
(Cont'd.)

Class C Shot Put.

Farnsworth	18'1"
Gignoux	17" & 1/2"
Lester	15' 7"

Farnsworth and Gignoux both did best on their first put.Lester did best on his third.

Class C 100.
First Heat.

Gignoux	15 s.
Lester	
Cooley.	

Gignoux led Lester by about sixfeet.Cooley was not so close.

Second Heat.

Haskell	16 1/5 s.
Farnsworth	
Reynolds	

Farnsworth was not trying to do more than get a place.Reynolds was a close third.

Final Heat.

Gignoux	15 1/5 s.
Lester	
Farnsworth	

A good race,though not up to Gignoux's former time.There was about five feet between first and second,and rather less between second and third.

Class C 440.

Gignoux	1 m.25 1/5 s.
Farnsworth	
H.Woodbridge	

Gignoux took the lead at the soccer goal,and held it all the way,beating Farnsworth by about four yards.H.Woodbridge was a good distance in the rear.Among the rear guard the race between Phillips and G.Woodbridge was a hot one.Phillips beat by about three inches.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) FACULTY 100.

H.D.
E.C.
C.F.F.

It is a great pity that the time of this event was lost, for it was a hot race. Prefects also entered, and J.Thayer.

PREFECTS 440.

F.G.F. 1 m.2 s.
E.C.
H.D.

This was the great thrill of the afternoon. It was to be prefects, and then H.D. and E.C. went in, to add to the excitement. F.G.F. shot ahead at the start. H.D. pulled ahead at the soccer goal, and led for some time. Then, just after rounding the backstop, F.G.F. took the lead again, and kept his lead. The first three men were only a matter of inches apart at the tape. The time would undoubtedly have been faster had they been in running clothes, but it was " whale of a race" as it was.

In the course of the afternoon Tom Bennett arrived. It has been suggested that we stop using first names with this distinguished family, and just say Bennett. They can be identified to that degree at any distance. Thomas D. Bennett

After supper we finished "Helen's Babies", and had a chapter from "A Tramp Abroad."

The Voice Game and Earth, Air, and Water filled the time till half-past eight.

Then the half-past niners adjourned to the float, for a song and a story.

TUESDAY Aug.13, B.29.64' T.61' S.W. Cloudy

Froggie heard to-day from his sister, who is at Camp Abena, that they have twenty-two cases of mumps!

The Frog family seem to have made a pretty big impression this summer. We were lucky to get off with so few.

Sandy passed the test this morning, swimming up from the point in a good deal of a sea. The kindergarten now consists of Reynolds, G. Woodbridge, and Phillips.

If it had not been for the camping trip, we know what would have happened; but that was impossible, of course.

SUNDRY STUNTS.

!?! IDENTICAL.	HECUBA.		OUANANICHE.		!?! PANTASETE.	SQUANNACOOK.
H.B.	R.F.C.		C.F.B.		E.C.	A.F.V.
Lowell	Bennett	A.M.R.	M.P.		P.Collins	Payson
Coolidge		F.G.P.	F.T.H.		Cooley	
		Sherburne	Leland			
		Hobart	Phillips			
		Haskell	Gignoux			
			Mackie			
			Reynolds			

FISHERMEN.

PEANUT.	ERREBUS.	HORNPOUT.	WOBBLER.	TERROR.	ARKLET.	CHUB.
C.A.S.	F.R.S.	J.F.T.	G.S.L.	Corning	Eldridge	Whitman
Stackpole	Sullivan	Ladd	Lester	Jackson	Morss	Clarke
Welsh	Wood.,G.	Farnsworth	Liggett	Dwight	Froth.	Hallowell
1 bass	Wood.,F.	1 pickerel			4 bass	
1 pickerel	1 bass	(3 7/8)				

Total number of fish, 8.

Farnsworth's pickerel breaks the record by an eighth of a pound, and his portrait now adorns the wall.

The Ouananiche went up to the bog, and landed her crew. We wanted to see if it was true that there were no blueberries, and to take a look generally. We certainly found no blueberries, and we found a big stretch of bushes, blueberries or otherwise, stripped bare by a horrid little pale yellow inch worm. We didn't know him, but he is very neatly marked off in fractions of an inch, by small dots. He strips larches too, for several little trees were just leafing out again, after having been left bare.

TUESDAY (Cont'd.) We pulled up four little trees, two larches and two spruces, to set out at home. It is a good deal of a change from a sphagnum bog to a sandy bank. but at the time of writing this they look perfectly happy.

The other boats went out in pairs; a canoe for practice, and a rangeley for coaching, and if need be for rescue.

The Identical and the Hecuba went north to Pine Beach, and investigated the carry. They paced it off, and found it almost exactly quarter of a mile. Then R.B.C. and Bennett carried over, while the Identical rowed round. With a light canoe, a head wind, and no duffle, there is a decided gain in time.

The Pantasote and the Squannacook went down to the Hamilton Pond landing, but owing to the strong head wind, had no time to walk over to the pond. They came back considerably faster than they went down.

When we got home, we found Camp Monksail safely arrived, washing down their boats. They had sailed all the way up Long Pond, from the mouth to the Mills, and then had rowed up back of Oak and sailed home.

After supper came Games on the Hill, and then Quiet Games.

And now our poor lovers in "Hard Cash" are worse off than ever, owing to Mrs. Dodd's unreasonableness. They do have a suffering time.

The new crew at the Tink celebrated its inauguration by keeping perfect silence till it was time to change the plates, so that the faculty might buttle. In consequence C.F.B. has three fingers bandaged, the result of picking up a red hot platter. But he didn't spill the griddle-cakes, which was true heroism.

WEDNESDAY Aug.14, B.28.91' T.81' S.W. Hazy. Heavy shower p.m.

I don't know at what time this weather report was made. If it was made at the proper time, time thermometer was plainly wrong. If we had had 81' at breakfast time, we should all have expired before supper.

Wrestling began late to-day, so we had ~~only~~ only two bouts. Bennet and Payson wrestled all over the place, even taking down a length of fence in the course of their performance, but neither could get a fall.

The bout between Sherburne and Ladd was also a draw, and a very exciting one.

To-day being the anniversary of Moulton Bartlett's death, Mrs. Richards read from the Log the account that was writtn that year, and said a word about him. It is good to remember that we had him with us, even for so short a time; to remember that he is always one of us.

DOUBLE CANOE RACE.

First Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	RINK.
Stackpole	Dwight
Lowell	Eggleston

The course was out round Pickerel and back; and as there had not been time, in the course of navigation squad, to set buoys, or anything of that sort, both crews had to turn the rock. The Squannacook had the inside course, and by better steering and keeping stroke, held it all the way, and turned the rock first. She won by about four lengths.

Second Heat.

GRAYLING.	HECUBA.
Eldridge	Jackson
Frothingham	Ladd

The Grayling made the better start. The Hecuba came sprinting up to get the inside course, but lost it by heading wrong, thus wasting time. The Grayling won by six lengths.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) Final Heat.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.
Eldridge	Stackpole
Frothingham	Lowell

The Squannacook had the inside course,but lost it by going wild,so the Hecuba turned first.The Squannacook did her best to make up the loss on the way in,but the Hecuba won by four lengths.

This race was the finish of the morning's navigation.

Jack Phillips swam to the Point this morning,and back without stopping.Now,Reynolds and G.Woodbridge,go to it!

By dinner-time the wind,which had been strong enough to make us hopeful,died flat,and it was very hot.People sighed, and took second helps of watermelon.During reading there was a sudden breeze which raised our hopes again for a while,but a south wind is never steady,unles you want to paddle south. Soon it was flat calm again,and no one was surprised when boat and canoe races were announced.

Let me mention before I forget it that Froggie came in to dinner,and stayed to reading.Joe Davidge came in for sing-song,so we are getting them up by degrees.

BOAT AND CANOE RACES.

JUNIOR HANDICAPS.

YAWLERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	1 m.27 4/5
Dwight	Hobart	Morss	
Clarke	Hallowell	Heard	
Cooley (c)	Phillips (c)	Gignoux (c)	

The course was from Pickerel in to the float.The Yawner-schooner led all the way,and won,but it was a close race all through.Williwaw was a good second,Identical a very pre-sentable third.

WEDNESDAY
(Cont'd.)

SENIOR STANDING SINGLES.

FIRST HEAT.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	3 m.55 1/5s
R.Collins	Leland	Payson	F.Collins	

(Sorry I did not arrange these in order of crossing.)

The Pink drove ahead at once.The Squannacook crawled up,but the Pink turned first.On the way in the Squannacook was pretty wild. The Pink won by four lengths,Squannacook second,with about the same lead over the Grayling.

SECOND HEAT.

GRAYLING.	PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	3 m.47 3/5
Corning	Smedberg	Sherburne	Eldridge	

A very good heat.The Grayling started well,but the Pink took the lead.Then the Grayling passed,and turned first.The Grayling won by half a length,Pink second.The Squannacook was several lengths behind the Pink,the Hecuba a length behind the Squannacook.

FINAL HEAT.

HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	7 m.32 s.
Corning	Smedberg	Payson	Leland	

A remarkable race.Do you think the time slow?Well,by the time the finals came off,(of course the three heats were not run one right after the other;I give them that way for the convenience of the reader) there was a strong wind and a high sea.The force of pickers-up was on the alert,and we should not have been surprised to hear that the race was off.The Hecuba led all the way,and crossed the line three lengths to the good.The Squannacook was well ahead of the Pink.The Grayling slid down to leeward,and was a good way behind.

KID RANGELEYS.

IDENTICAL.	YAWMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.	1 m.39 s.
Hutchinson	Lester	Haskell	
G.Woodbridge	Mackie	H.Woodbridge	
Reynolds (c)	Welsh (c)	Liggett (c)	

The Williwaw steered wild,and came near fouling.The Identical won by two lengths,Yawmerschooner second,Williwaw third.The course was from Pickerel in.

WEDNESDAY (cont'd.) DIAMOND SCULLS.

PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	1 m.49 s.
Hutchinson	Mackie	Lester	Haskell	

The Pantasote won by many lengths.The Identical made second,in spite of a little misunderstanding with the Pie-plant.The Williwaw turned her stern to the line at the last minute,but finally got turned round again,and crossed.The Yammerschooner was extremely erratic,but finally crossed the line.(The course was from Pickerel in.)

The second heat and the finals were not run,because the wind got up so high that it was evident that all contestants would simply blow down to Stony Point.

JUNIOR TWO-PADDLES.

SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	HECUBA.	PINK.	3 m.49 1/5 s.
Ladd	Frothing.	Eggleston	Whitman	
Bigelow	Jackson	Stackpole	Farnsworth	

The Grayling made a flying start,and led for a while. The Pink was slow,and owing to a very light man in the bow, couldn't hold her course in the wind.The Squannacook won by several lengths,the Grayling came second,with the Hecuba a somewhat closer third.The Pink turned the rock as the Squanna-cook crossed the line,and went over.

SENIOR DOUBLES,STANDING.

HECUBA.	PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	4 m.6 s.
P.Collins	Smedberg	Payson	Corning	
Leland	Sherburne	Eldridge	R.Collins	

There was a good deal of sea,and tip-overs seemed almost certain.The boats all made a good start,however,the Hecuba leading.The Grayling had a lively time,for Corning,seeing that he was going out,jumped out to save the boat from shipping water,and got in again.This naturally made a delay.The Hec-uba won,with the Pink a close second.The Squannacook was not

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) so close; and the Grayling was very late. But all things considered, she did very well to finish.

JUNIOR FOUR-PADDLES.

RIPOGENUS.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	VORTOMONTOGUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK. 4 m. 25 3/5 s.
Whitman	Frothingham	Eggleston	Ladd
Hallowell	Farnsworth	Stackpole	Bigelow
Cooley	Gignoux	Clarke	Heard
Dwight	Jackson	Morss	Hobart

"By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking."

It was really a very lively williwaw, the heaviest we have had this summer. Some of the crews had a bad time getting to their flags, and a rescue squad had to keep them from running aground on the beach. The Rip led at the beginning. Then the Togus came up well, passing the Abol and the Corker. The latter drifted down to leeward, and finally went over. The Rip won, with the Abol and the Togus second and third, about a length between in each case.

SENIOR FOUR-PADDLES.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	Time not taken.
Corning	Payson	
Sherburne	Leland	
Eldridge	R. Collins	
F. Collins	Smedberg	

Wind, waves, and rain, were doing their best to make this a hard race. The Corker was not able to meet the gale, and capsized near the Pie-plant. The Abol defied the weather, and went out and back in fine form, finishing with very little water in her.

It really was a remarkable afternoon. We began with a flat calm. Then we had the tail of a shower that had gone south, the tail of a fierce shower going by to the north, and finally a very lively shower right on us from the west. The wind rose to very full canoe test, shifting its direction from south-southwest to full west. The rain at its worst was perfectly blinding. Yet only one race, the Diamond Sculls, was left unfinished, and only two boats capsized.

WEDNESDAY Incidentally, six events were run off in an hour,
(Cont'd.)
which is nothing if not efficient.

In the Kid Rangeley race, there was a slight delay, owing to the fact that the Yammerschooner tried to leave the float without casting off. This never works well.

By supper-time the rain was over, and when we came down from Digestion Club, the sun was shining as brightly as if it didn't know what a williwaw was.

SEVENTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....R.E.C., F.T.H.
2. Drum and Piano Duett.....Coolidge, A.M.R.
3. Duett.....P. & R. Collins
4. Violin Solo. .....M.P.
5. Choruses.....Old Towler, My Heart's in the Highlands, John Peel.
6. Merryweather Quartette.....C.F.B., C.H.C., E.C., H.D., A.F.V., F.M.S., R.E.C., J.E.T.
7. Stunt.....W.S.L., F.G.B., F.T.H.
8. Stunt.....Camp Merry-Wet-Weather.

Camp Song.

We wondered what new dramatic effect our overture would have this time. They always do something different. Sure enough, when R.E.C. made the stealthy dive with which we are familiar someone else preformed on the pantry door from the other side with great force and precision.

Archie's drum is a great institution. "The Turkish Reveille" is written to sound as if it had a drum; and when you add a real drum, the effect is fine. "Funiculi" goes very well, too.

The Collinses have never sung for us before, but we hope they will again. Vocal duetts are scarce in our hen-yard. They

WEDNESDAY sang "Sweet and low",and then,with A.M.R. added,to take
(Cont'd.)
the alto,"There's Music in the Air."

M.P. gave us two delightful violin solos,a mazurka,and the lovely Berceuse from "Jocelyn."

Our quartette was larger than ever this time;in fact a full double quartette.They had all sorts of personals for us,which we shall give later.In the course of their singing Stack retired almost under his chair,and Sully was horrified to find that the verses would all appear in the Log.

The prefects gave us a two-act tragedy,"Phyllis Belley,the Fish-ball Fiend." It ought to be sent to John Simons,as a warning. His fish-ball record,made at a picnic,is twenty-one.

O.S.L. took the title role,and presented a ghastly picture of the man who has yielded,body and soul,to the insidious habit. He could hardly walk,his hand was so unsteady that he could hardly light his pipe.Yet he craved more,and took the dollar from his poor wife's shoe,"All our earthly remains",as she pathetically expressed it,for one last hideous orgy in the abode of vice.

F.T.H. as the wife,golden-haired and tearful,was an appealing figure.How could even the most degraded wretch fail to respond to her entreaties?And she saved him at last,and took him home,we hope to a life of decency,and crackers and milk.

F.G.S. was stage manager,and gave to the part of the proprietor of the Fish-ballsen the callous heartlessness which it required.

Camp Merry-Wet-Weather gave us a vivid picture of how it fared with them in the two wet days when they were far from us,on the wild shore of Little Pond.We saw C.F.E.,driven indoors by the rain, crawl stealthily over the prostrate forms of his comrades;we heard their groans as he landed on them.We saw them play games,fry bacon and sleep.And all through it we heard the pitiless pouring of the

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) rain outside. No wonder they looked damp when they came home.

After sing-song, as a good many had been working pretty hard most of the afternoon, "Hard Cash" was the proper proceeding. We are in a bad way, but we don't believe that David is really dead.

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

Oh where, oh where, can Harry Eldridge be?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
With his field glasses and his butterfly net,
Oh where, oh where can he be?

Oh, he's loving the birdies, he's hunting the bugs,
From here to Messalonskee.
But what he does with the birds that he loves,
Is what we'd all like to see.

Freddie, Freddie, Freddie,
What can the matter be,
That you should stand upon the float,
And not plunge in like we.
All you do is jump,
You never, never dive.
But if you don't go in headfirst,
We'll skin you alive.

Meat, meat, meat, etc. ad fin.
Yet, yet, yet, etc. ad fin.
White pine, white pine, White pine,
If you can make this clear,
Why, you can take a walk with him,
Anywhere.

Oh, Sir Skipper,

What can the matter be,

That you should come around so soon,

And wake up little me?

I'd rather lie in bed,

And get my beauty sleep,

Than go in for a plunge

In the briny deep.

(We don't give the tunes, as they are easily recognizable. The following single lines go to "Moses".)

Tomhegan in Mill Yard's Field.

Clarkie and his big black bass.

Farnsworth and his pick-er-el.

Liggett (bis) Phillips passed his swimming test.

Sully and his compound fracture.

Stackie and his Quahy crew.

Chapin and his--well, I don't know how to spell a cough. But cough they did, till theycoughed their heads nearly off, ending with a lovely series of whoops. This last line was a surprise for R.W.C., and he bolted.

(Nine pages of Log for one day. We manage to keep busy, don't we?)

Camp Monboail

Not with the speedy and bizarre start of camping trips of days gone by did this The second trip of The season start; nay but with a slow and steady increasing of momentum we put off. At The beginning we were held up by a pack of potatoes. A fleet footed lefact was dispatched but to no avail. At last at twenty minutes of ten impetus was gathered and things were decided speedier though minus potatoes. In fact so speedy were we that by seventeen minutes past ten we were at the Mills. Behold a thirty-seven minute trip! Pause + examine further - the contents of the Rangeleys. In the Hammer could be found Renwick Smelling. Richard Collins and Nanny Heard - a gallant trio! In the Gilliman perceive

Bertie (Badger) Bigelow. George Dunn Eggleston & C.N.C.
Still further introspection reveals that all are Iroquois
sea even more that all are from the South Dormitory
except C.N.C. who was forced to hold up his end for the
North. Indeed a clubby crowd.

The carry at the Mills was navigated (well you
know what I mean, not exactly rowed across but
kind of you know). Duffle was carried by hand & the
boats, by wheels. Then followed a scramble at the store
during which C.N.C. purchased some potatoes & all
hands stuffed with icecream. The start from the Mills
was made by eleven forty five and we shot down
long Pond with a light north wind behind us. We
entered Belgrade stream and ceased our toil to
refresh ourselves in the briny deep & eat our put-up
luncheon. We found it highly successful to swim &
~~row~~ at once and then to add to our accomplishments
that of eating. Soon we were all aboard again & our
first encounter was the bridge, under which we shot

barely squeaked. At E. Mt. Vernon excitement reigned again. The owner of the saw-mill hailed us and showed the folly of carrying. Nothing to it but through the sluice-way we must go; so off with our shoes & stocking & very easily the boats slipped through safely to the waters below. Time was plentiful and a Cook's tour of the saw-mill was in order. If there is any portion of the mill from the water-wheels to the rapids not investigated by our commission of Bigelow, Heard, & Eggleston, I should like to see it. It certainly was instructive and at the same time entertainment. Quite in keeping with the fancy of the Baron in "Fantastic at Large". We left at three and by four had reached our camping place just above the railroad bridge and opposite the B Stream so called by its proximity to that letter on the map. We made camp quickly and all went in for a good swim. Supper followed with Smedley master of ceremonies & big fry man. Collins was the musher and a regular White House cook at it. Bigelow held down the job of bacon fryer and all others kept a hand where needed. After this great & glorious repast sundry stunts were pulled. The Gammon with Smedley

Eggleston, + Heard explored the mysterious B stream. Their report resembled a miniature Meadow Brook ending in a solid fence somewhere in the vicinity of the railroad tracks. M+C Williams, Bigelow, Collins, + C.N.C. went up stream to a pasture on the south bank + walked to a farmer's house. The farmer eyed us suspiciously but came across with some milk in a pail we agreed to return in the morning. Both stunts returned to camp a little after eight and after some swimming all went to bed. During the night various + sundry freights + passenger trains passed nearby but nothing wilder not even a bob-cat or wood pussy ventured near. In the morning we made a quick breakfast + moved to the farmer's pasture + returned the pail. By eight o'clock we were off from Monks Hill at the head of Cobbosseecontee. It was a good stiff walk; at first we followed the railroad tracks + then the road at the foot of the hills. A desperate attempt was made + reached Shed Pond but proved fruitile! So a rapid ascent of Monks Hill was made. There are two peaks if one can call them such. Eggleston + Heard remained on one while all others went to the other

The rain was nothing to marvel at but Cobbossecontee was easily in sight. There was no time for philosophizing and we ran down the North Meadow stopping only at the spring. We went back by a slightly different route following the railroad tracks a greater distance. We reached camp by eleven o'clock; somewhat fatigued but feeling we had accomplished something. After a brief rest we fell to on a small lunch and then put away our last things & broke camp. In a hour we were at E. Mt. Vernon. This time we had less time but carried back up over the driveway and continued up the stream to the end of the town. Here we tied up and ate another lunch & swam. Egbertson succeeded in tossing his wrist watch & everyone else moved that walking logs in water. On reaching the Pond we found a south wind which we had begun to suspect in the stream. One does not always have such luck. Perhaps you have guessed the Monks part of our name and its derivation now you

come to the second + (nautically pronounced) sail part. What else could one do but sail up with a good breeze behind. So it was up oars + pair blankets + soon we were scudding away much to the consternation of a neighboring boat. With our gay colored blankets we were a queer sight worthy of a Jewish harbor in China. The Yammer was somewhat faster but far less artistic. The William was picturesque to the nth degree + capped its triumph + also saved in speed by putting out sails by folding blankets diagonally from the tip of the masts to the tip of the oars. The Mills were reached in good time. Supper in such good time that after carrying + grubbing at the store and getting out into Great Pond we found we had time enough to row back of Owls Island + sail right to our very float. Thus returned Camp Manhoaid a capital trip and Bertie Bigelow not withstanding it was neither a "stenay picnic or a beer riot."

THURSDAY Aug.15, B.29.61' T.61' Clear N.W. Such a day as seems almost too good to be true. Our only criticism was that the wind did not get up to canoe test pitch,though C.F.B. stuck his knife in the "mast" right after breakfast,and kept it there all the morning.

The "Games on the Hill" field is now in good shape,having been mowed by Payson this morning.

A big squad worked in the birches below the ball field, cutting and burning brush.They are in worse shape there than they were on the bank by the road.

Reynolds swam to the Point this morning,but as he did it without escort,it was not "official".Never mind.We know he can do it.The "booby prize" for swimmers therefore goes to George Woodbridge.Shall it be a life-preserver,or a spank-stick?

A good letter from Radford Abbot this noon,telling how his section has won the right to have the Croix de Guerre painted on every car;an honor that is not very common.He also told what we had already heard,that he has the Croix de Guerre himself.

THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

For once dopesters and faculty agreed.All the morning we were thinking about it,and at times various chiefs were missing from their accustomed haunts.But no one asked indiscreet questions.On a cool northwest day,no one is surprised if faculty and prefects are missing between swim and dinner.

The first game went to the Iroquois,by a very heavy score.Most of the Algonquin guards were killed,and the Iro- were able to run back and forth freely along the shore.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X	••		X	•	/	X		
R.B.C.	X	••••	/	X	•••••		X	•	/
F.G.B.	X			X	•••		X	•	
F.T.H.	X	••		X			X		
O.S.L.	X	•••		X	[illegible]	//	X	••	
A.M.R.	X			X			X		
Bennett	X			X			X		
Clarke	X					//	X		
Coolidge	✓			X			X		
Davidge	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Dwight	X			X			X		
Eldridge	✓			X	•	//	X		/
Farnsworth	X	••				//	X	•	
Hallowell	✓			X	••	//	X		/
Haskell	X		/			/	X	•••	
Hines	X					//	○	○	○
Hobart	X			X	••	/	X	•	
Hutchinson	X	•••••		X			X	••	
Ladd	X			X	•		X	•	
Leland	X			X	•••		X	•	
Lester						//	X		
Liggett	✓			X			X		
Lowell	X					/	○	○	○
Mackie	✓			X		/	X		
Whitman	X				•••	//	X		
Woodbridge, H.	X			X	•	///	X		
	19	17	2	18	22	24	23	13	3

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.		•		X	••		X		
C.H.C.	X	•	/	X	•				/
E.C.		••••••		X	••				//
A.F.V.	X		/	X				•••	//
J.B.T.	X		/	X			X		
Bigelow	X			X			X	•••	
Collins, P.	X			X	••				/
Collins, R.	X			X	•		X	••	
Cooley	X			X	•			•	///
Corning	X	••••	/		••••		X	••••	/
Eggleston	X			X					///
Frothingham			//	X				•••	/
Gignoux	X	•	/	X			X	•••	
Heard	X		/	X			X		
Jackson	X		/	X	•			[illegible]	///
Morss	X		/	X			X		/
Payson			//	✓			X		
Phillips			/	X			X		
Reynolds		•	/	X			X		
Sherburne	X	••		X	•		X	•	
Smedberg		••	//		••	/	✓		
Stackpole	X		/	X					/
Sullivan	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Welsh	X		/	X			X		
Woodbridge, G.	X			X					/
F.R.S.		•		X			X		
	17	19	18	22	17	1	14	23	20

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) In the second game the tables were turned. All but three of the Iroquois were shot, and the Algonquins piled up the runs.

In the third the Iroquois took the lead again, with a big score in runs. This gives them a lead of one game for the season.

Firing was heavy in all three games. The smallest loss was fourteen for the Iroquois in the third game. In the second game the Iroquois lost twenty-two, and in the third the Algonquins lost twenty-three. As only twenty-three of them were playing, this was fairly complete. We think this is the first time that a whole side has been shot off in a real game.

Running was also remarkable. Sixty-eight runs were made in all. A good many made two runs apice in one game, and Cooley, Eggleston, Jackson, and H. Woodbridge, each made three.

Corning heads the list of marksmen, with four shots in every game. For a single game, E.C. with six and Hutchinson with five deserve mention. Jackson also made five shots, but one of them was a murder.

Altogether it was a tremendous afternoon, and we are waiting anxiously for the next one.

Hines and Lowell played the first two games, but the running was too much for them, and they were ordered to the side-lines.

Davidge was allowed to come up and watch. It is good to see him about, even on crutches.

After dope-talk we had a good sing till half-past eight, and then went on with "Hard Cash."

FRIDAY
Aug.16,
B.29.02
T.61'
N.W.
Clear

Camping Trip
Aug 15th

Dwight
Hallowell
Ladd
Mackie
Morss

F.C.

Williwaw
Identical

In spite of Eggs's assurance that there would be only two camping trips this year, as there were only two last year, the third went off this morning.

Not much later the second all-day expedition started. It was as fine a day as Thursday; more could not be said.

HORNBEAM WILL.		
CUANANICHE.		
C.F.R.Jr.		
F.C.R.	Eggleston	
Sherburne	Collins, P.	
Heard	Collins, E.	
Farnsworth	Eldridge	
Jackson	Bigelow	
Coolidge		
Reynolds		
Grub		

VARNERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	ERERUS.	TERROR.
C.H.C.	C.S.L.	J.R.T.	F.T.H.
Whitman	Smedburg	Bennett	Corning
Shaw (c)	Gignoux (c)	Cooley (c)	Clarke (c)
Woodbridge, G.	Phillips	Haskell	Lester

PORRONONTOGUS.
C.A.S.
Stackpole
Frothingham
Payson

This time it looked as if there would really be plenty of time to get to Hornbeam; and there was. Just before the start, Sherburne wanted to know if he shouldn't take "those hornbeam things" out of the Cuananiche. If he had, he would have been a sadder and a wiser John. Those who have carried the Cuananiche by her gunwale, and anything else they can get hold of, know what a job it is.

The carry was made in half an hour, which is going well for a canoe, four rangeleys, and the Cuananiche. On the way back it was made in twenty minutes, which is going very well indeed.

The trip down Long Pond went smoothly, and there was plenty of time for a swim before dinner. Not everybody swam, however, as it had

not been a hot trip.

After dinner came the walk.There was time to take it without rushing,so no one died on the way up,or even thought he was going to.The view from the top was very fine,as the air was wonderfully clear.Of course the big Rome hills block part of the northern horizon,but they are well worth looking at themselves.

On the way home the party stopped at the pretty farmhuse for a drink,and had a very interesting time.The lady of the house showed them her bees,taking off the cover on a hive so that they could see the queen.(Was C.F.B. in the front rank?We doubt it.) There were also lambs,so tame that you could pat them.And best of all,there were four pet raccons. They were Adam,Eve,the Devil,and a fourth,whose name no one remembers.There doesn't seem to be any fourth name that would fit in well;if there had been two more,they might be Cain and Abel.They were delightful little beasts,but poor Adam had recently gone blind.

At the landing there was more swimming,and then supper. There was food enough,but by all accounts not much left over.

The wind had gone down a good deal since afternoon,so the trip up Long Pond was very comfortable.The only difficulty on the whole homeward trip was Freddie Reynolds's dropping his shoe overboard,so that the whole fleet had to hold up for the rescue.We will draw a veil over what happned to Freddie when he landed;but the moral is,Keep your shoes on your feet,and your feet in the boat.

As soon as the company landed,Jack Phillips retired

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) with a sash.But he is very sure that it can't have had anything to do with the apples,as he ate only six.

The stay-at-homes had a good day.Morning swim was enlivened by canoe practice,of a new kind;taking crews out in the Pink,and tipping over.It was great fun.There was more or less tilting,too, and some individual practice,~~tan.~~

Joe Davidge got up permanently after dinner,and has moved into his own cubicle.He is still on crutches,but hopes to be off soon.

Just after dinner Mr.and Mrs.Ladd arrived,to surprise their Bob.Well,the surprise didn't exactly work,as Bob was somewhere in the neighborhood of North Pond.That is the trouble with surprises. They don't always come off.They had to be back in Boston Saturday night,so they couldn't stay over.It was too bad.

TAPIOCA.

BALLS.	STRIKES.
BoC	Prof.
Doc	Sleepy
Jack	P.
Mud	Croop
Heavy	Meat
Crutch	Hollow
	Slow

THYME
Batter Cut.
Ceyler,Velvet J.

This mystic list was the announcement of--yes,pudding-ball. Can you translate all the names?It was a fine game,with excitements of all kinds,but no detailed score was kept.

We had supper on the beach,in the lee of the Point,cooking our own bacon out there.It was very pleasant,and we saw a flock of eleven duck going over,and a big school of smelts,rippling and breaking water along the shore.

After supper we had a story,and then Buck on a Rock.

There was Monkey in Sight till half past eight,and then Foot and Mouth;which this time was eyes and hands.

Camp Frog-Loon

This particular camping trip set off in a blaze of sun and glory. At least we thought it was glorious to have removed the eight large rocks which made up the bulk of the food.

After an easy row, with Ladd, Dwight, and Hallowell in Jammer, and E.I., Moss and Mackie in Willaw, we reached the mouth of Meadow Brook at 10:15. Then began the serpentine journey. We twisted and turned until, as someone said, the boats themselves were beginning to bend. At last we reached the north end at 1:20, and landed at the little house on the east bank. Here we ate our lunch, and lay about, until a boat was noticed, approaching from the pond. We hastily embarked, as they landed, and after passing the time of day with them, set off to Little Pond. We had intended to go further up the pond, but decided that we would prefer the good water and promised fishing of Little Pond

On landing, we chose a different place from other trips, and so had the fun of clearing a new place. The spot we used was near the bank, but protected by trees There had been considerable cutting of hemlock in the vicinity, and we soon got tent-poles and pegs. Then Mackie set to work, and dug a basin in the little brook, so that we might get water quickly Ladd and Dwight busied themselves with gathering wood, while E.I, Hallowell, and Moss gathered hemlock boughs for a bed. When the tent had been pitched, our hemlock mattress made, and our duffle laid out, we all voted for a swim. By this time it was about five o'clock, and while Dick Dwight and Bob Ladd went out fishing, the rest of us prepared supper, mostly consisting of fried potatoes. At six, the fishermen returned with

a good sized pickerel. This we cleand and had for supper. We finished supper about seven, and after clearing up, E.I and Ladd went out fishing while the rest carried on engineering experiments with the brook, or played the noble game of stick-knife. The fishermen did not return till after dark, so great was their desire to get a large mess of fish, and the ones on shore became very worried, especially Dicky Dwight, for fear that he would have to take the others home, for he thought the fishermen must surely be lost. AT 8:30, however, they returned with two large bass, and the determination to go out early next morning for another try. The fire was started again, and all took a quick plunge, and returned to shiver by the fire. Soon we were all in our blankets, and requests for a ghost story from E.I. were in order. He declined, however, and everyone started in telling jokes. We soon tired of this and fell asleep.

The night had started warm, but became colder and colder, until everyone was cold. Hence the frozen in the name. Whenever anyone woke up to fix blankets, or because it was too cold to sleep, he hear a terrific racket caused by a pair of loons out in the lake, Hence the loon in the name. At an unearthly hour in the morning Ladd woke E.I. out of his first real slup and said it was quarter past six. E.I. blearid and laboriously got out of bed and dressed. After leaving instructions as to the manufacture of mush, and all their blankets to the others, they started out to fish. When they had gotten a little way out, E.I. looked at his watch, and it was only half past five. Still, there was nothing to be done, so they fished till half past seven, catching a large bass.

When they returned, they found mush and cocoa ready, and it must be said that Jim Hallowell made good mush, even if he nearly forgot the salt, and wanted to add the sugar while the mush was still being cooked. We also had the fish of the morning and night before. After a general clearing up, Hallowell and Ladd went out fishing, and the others, after a bit of exploring made more mush, and set it to cool. This seemed to use up the morning, and when the fishermen came back at twelve, we had dinner of mush, potatoes, and fish. The making and eating of it took till about quarter of one, so we hustled and managed to get everything cleared up and in the boats by five minutes past. We started back against a heavy nor'wester, but soon turned into North Pond and had it quartering. We entered Meadow Brook at ten minutes of two.

The trip down was much easier than coming up, and without much rowing we bumped and floated down to the last bridge. Here we stopped and had a small afternoon-tea of dates, which was the only thing left in the shape of grub. Then we rowed down to the mouth of the Brook, the only mishap being the breaking of an oar by E.I. At the mouth, the Willwaw took Jammer in tow, and both boats rigged up sails of blankets and oars. Then the boats separated, and a long and gruelling race began. The Willwaw started behind, but slowly came up on, and finally took the lead, landing a hundred yards ahead.

This camp was not one of those in which great things are done, but after all the little ones count, and everyone was pleased to get a little "camp life" mixed in with a little real work.

SATURDAY Aug.17, N.29.03' T.52' N.W. Clear.

Our "apron collection" for the Red Cross, which was turned in last night, amounted to $70.26. Not bad.

A very large bushwhacking squad went out this morning, and cut and burned a great deal. In fact they went so far as to burn most of Johnny Sherburne's shirt, but luckily Johnny was not in it at the time.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME.
HARDIE /S. HARDIE.

This game began loosely, for the team which called itself Alfred Hardie ran round the batting order in the first inning. After that, however, things tightened up, and the third and fourth went quickly, with no score on either side. The sixth was bad again; five runs on each side, and eighteen men up altogether. In the seventh no one scored. In the first half of the eighth Thomas Hardie tied the score, but Alfred put in three more runs, finally winning the game, 12-14.

A.F.V. and H.D. head the batting list, with 1,000 each. F.R.S. batted for .750, and C.A.S. for.400.

Hardie vs. Hardie of Aug. 17 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
13	0		1 F.G.B.	3	K			K									3	3	1
4	5		2 F.R.S.	1				K									4	4	3
5	3		3 N.D.	2													2	4	2
1	3		4 O.S.L.	6		1-3		9-7				2-3					4	2	0
2	0		5 Whiteman	5	1-3	K			K			K					4	1	0
0	0		6 Corning	7		3-3			4-3	K		OK 2-3					4	0	1
0	0		7 Pagan	8			1-3		K		1-3						3	0	0
0	0		8 Leland	9			2-3			1-3	OK 2-3						4	0	0
1	1		9 Jackman	4	K		4-3			K	3-4						4	0	0
			10																
			11																
26	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	3	3	6	6	6	6	5	11	0	11	3	14	32	14	7

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
	2			3	7	1-b. on errors.
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.
						Batt'y errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1	
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.

Hardie vs. Hardie of Aug. 17 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
1	2		1 J. B. J.	4	6-3	4-3			K		9-1		6-3				5	1	0
0	1		2 F. T. H.	1			HR 0	S.				0-3					5	3	1
12	0		3 R. B. C.	3	1-3				2-3				8-3				5	2	1
10	3		4 A. F. V.	2													4	2	4
0	0		5 C. A. S.	S			K		9-1								5	0	2
1	0		6 Bennett	7	K		9-1			K		1-3					5	1	1
6	1		7 Lundberg	6		2-6		6-3			(K) 2-3	0-3					4	1	1
0	0		8 R. Collins	9				0-3		5-0	2-3						4	2	0
0	0		9 Eldridge	S.		9-1		1-3		K			0-3				5	0	1
			10																
			11																
24	7		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2	1/3	0	0/3	1/4	5/9	0/9	2/11	1/12				42	12	11

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				10	12	1-b. on errors.		3	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.	Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.
CYS VS. SICKLES.

For one inning it looked like a close game, with little doing in the scoring line. Then the Cys found Stackpole, and romped round the bases, finally knocking him out of the box. This is the first time that this has happened in this league. R. Collins took his place, in the latter part of the game. The score was finally 21-9, but only seven innings were played.

. . . . . .

Sickles vs. Cys of

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
			1 [illegible]	2	K					K		
			2 [illegible]	6								
		X	3 [illegible]	1							K	
			4 [illegible]	9								
			5 [illegible]	1			K					
			6 [illegible]	5					K			
			7	7				K				
			8 [illegible]	5								
			9 [illegible]	9			K	K	K		K	
			10 [illegible]									
			11									
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	1		1/6	1/7	6/13	9/22	

Cys vs. Sickles of

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		1 Pegelow	6	K	K				K	K	
		2 [illegible]	4								
		3 [illegible]	9	K						K	
		4 [illegible]	1								
		5 [illegible]	8				K				
X		6 Collins R	3								
		7 [illegible]	7							K	
		8 [illegible]	5								
		9 Heard	2								
		10									
		11		X Collins for [illegible]							
		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	0	2	5/11	11/17	17/15	18/21		

SATURDAY. C.F.P. and his foresters disappeared in the
(Cont'd.)
jungle, and returned about half-past five, bringing with them the remains of Johnny Sherburne's shirt. Parts of it are still good, and it will do nicely for patching. Besides, think of all the buttons. We must hooverize.

H.H.R. arrived this afternoon, and with him M.P.'s sister, whose signature follows. They were on the same train from Bath, but they didn't find it out till they got out at North Belgrade. Betsey Peabody.

The Camp of the Frozen Loons returned in good order and fine spirits. They camped on Little Pond. They found frost in their frying-pan this morning, and heard more loons than were ever heard before. Hence their name.

A Bonaparte gull was seen off the Point this evening.

CHARADES.

PI*ATES. The first scene ~~reveled~~ revealed his majesty Harry Eldridge seated at the table, with His charming queen, Wilhelmina Hobart, opposite. On the festive board stood a huge dish, containing a pasty, the work of the fair consort's royal fingers. But when the crust was cut, there were all the blackbirds singing; a most amazing spectacle. True, some object that there were not really four-and twenty. But even Moab has its limits. The second syllable was a war-time scene. E.C. and his bride, F.T.H., were visited by H.H.R. as the tax-collector who gave them the new tax-regulations.

Windows, 13 cents on each. If always open, 7% off.

Chimneys, or stove-pipes, 5 1/2 cents per flue.

Feet, according to size of shoe; ladies' 7, 7 cents.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Noses taxed by length,not volume.(L.H.K.,the housekeeper,declined with force to have hers measured.)To get the rate, double the length.

Teeth,1 cent per tooth;filled teeth double.

The whole word was a blood-curdling pirtte scene.F.T.K. was in command of a peaceful merchantman,H.H.K. of the pirate barque. They were a terrible crew,roistering on rum,and when they ranged up alongside we knew what must happen.Sure enough,every man of the doomed crew walked the plank.

INSTITUTE. The first scene was in a railroad station,with C.H.C. taking tickets at the turnstile.People were possessed to go the wrong way,but finally most of those who wanted to go in,got in.The second scene showed a wonderful herd of pigs round their trough. F.R.S.,the farmer,fed them,and exhibited them with pride to J.B.T., otherwise Mr.Hoover,who was investigating the food resources of the neighborhood.The third scene was a little puzzling,for people do not generally go hunting on a stage-coach,but the "toot" of the bugle was very fine.For the whole word,we had a faculty meeting of an institute,making plans for new course,to improve the standard of everything.F.G.B.'s course on anything you like was specially approved.F.R.S. wanted a course for manicuring the nails in horse's shoes.Finally Davidge and Heard were brought in for punishment. They had been indulging in "cocoa brawls" till the unseemly hour of half-past eleven!

BARBECUE. We were not sure at first what animals Tom and Dick were lassoing and branding,but when H.B. and his friends came in,cursing them out for a gang of rustlers,we knew that they were horse thieves.Some of the boys didn't see the point of the second scene, for they never knew Beek,the dreadful cook whom Skipper bounced

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) early last year.R.F.C. did him beautifully,with cheerful suggestions of sawdust as a filler,and constant references to what he did at a boarding-school on Cape Cod. "You",the last syllable,was mostly done in dumb show,everyone pointing emphatic and accusing fingers.For the whole word there was a very gay time,livelier than even an 11-30 cocoa brawl.There was beer,there was music,("We won't go home till Morning",on the piano),and finally there was a possum (pig? ox?) to be roasted whole.

INCARNATION. The first two syllables went together.Everyone on the side piled into the long-suffering car,with luggage on top,around,and underneath.Finally C.F.B. cranked her,and the heroic machine really went a couple of yards.Then,however the axle sat down and died,and the party had to take the train.For "nation",we had the signing of the Declaration of Independence.As the curtain fell,C.F.B. was just finishing the reading of it,so we had the last paragraph.Then,one by one,they signed,and a new nation was born.The whole word was clear to those who know their Kipling properly.Otherwise one might be in the dark.There sat Nelson Mackie,a most amazing she-god,while the worshippers bowed and prayed.Then suddenly appeared C.F.B. as Mulvaney,draped in the lining of the palanquin,and slid across the front of the temple,tootling on the beer-bottle.He ran into Payson,the priest,and stood him on his head to get all the money he had.and vanished in the darkness.

Brainless Bill is a half-past niner!What is more,he has really been one for a week.Sly old thing!

In "Boston",H.D. and F.S.B. were both called Bennett, and Bennett was called C.F.B.

SUNDAY, Aug.18, B.29.7½ T.53' N.W. Clear.

Sully has come back to life.Georgie Woodbridge,on the contrary,has a very fine case of mumps;perhaps the finest we have had yet.Of course he was fatter in the face to start with than some,so he is really like a pumpkin.

After service various groups got together to dope out theer cuties for the fancy dress party.

Mrs.Heard and Mrs.Eaton came down from Jamaica Point this afternoon;also Stephen Heard,who does not look in the least like Ham. They are to be there for some time,so we hope to see them again.

PICNIC AT NORTH BEACH.

YAMETK.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	TEPROC.	EREBUS.
C.L.C.	F.R.S.	R.P.C.	J.R.T.	C.S.L.	F.T.F.
Eldridge	Sherburne	P.Collins	Payson	R.Collins	Bennett
Davidge(c)	Sullivan(c)	Hines(c)	A.M.R.(c)	Coolidge(c)	Shaw(c)
Phillips	Hutchinson	Lester	Haskell	Welsh	H.Woodbridge

RIP.	APOL.	OUANAMICHE.		CORKER	TOGUS.
C.F.P.	E.C.	A.F.V.	E.V.	H.H.	C.A.S.
Gignoux	Bigelow	F.G.P.	Ladd	Farnsworth	Clarke
Hallowell	Jackson	Dwight	Leland	Heard.	Cooley
Smedberg	M.P.	Frothingham	Morss	Whitman	Corning
		Eggleston	Lowell		
		Hobart	Stackpole		
		R.R.,E.R.P.			
		Liggett,Mackie			
		Reynolds,			
		and			
		Grub.			

This is a new picnic place,for we used to go farther to the east.The beach is a beauty,especially with the low water,and there is a wonderful fallen pine tree stretching out over the water,still alive,though the trunk is split so thoroughly that one can crawl through it.

Most of the crowd went up to a suitable place and had three good games of Skowhegan--Tomhegan--Monhegan--whicheveryou like.The rest built a fire-place,made a fire,and did the cocoa.The fire,under the able handling of Joe Davidge,got so hot that the cocoa boiled over furiously,and there was a lively time getting it off.

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) While we were working, we saw a party of gaily dressed invaders approaching from the west. They were mostly ladies of assorted sizes and ages, in bathing-suits, with a good deal of emerald green about their costume. They simply wanted to look at the Guananiche, and see what we were up to. So we let them look, and went on with the cocoa.

We had supper round our fire, some sitting along the fallen tree, some on logs brought down for the occasion.

After supper there was time for a little singing, and then we headed for home.

By half-past eight Harry Welsh was beginning to feel mumpsome--or mumpesque--!

Our story this evening was " A Nemesis of Fire", by Algernon Blackwood. We hadn't time to finish it, but we had enough to make our hair stand on end. In fact C.F.R. said that he meant to come in and sleep by the fire, for company. It certainly is a wonder.

MONDAY
Aug. 19
B.29.40
T.51°
Calm
Clear.

Camping Trip
August 19th

Farnsworth
Hobart
Leland
Liggett
Lowell
F.R.S.
H.D.
Williwaw
Yammerschooner

There could not have been a better day for the departure of a camping trip, and the tutoring squad went off in great style, with all the usual camping kit, and books besides. As for spanksticks, those were to be cut as needed. They were last seen headed for Pong Pond.

This morning we began on knots, under the instruction of Skipper, C.F.B., and E.C. It is good to get at it again. This morning we got our ropes whipped.

J.B.T. and Tom Bennett left us this morning, to our great gregret.

On the other hand, in the middle of the morning arrived the most talkative man we have ever had in camp. Just hear him chatter.

John B. Howard.

The Infirmary is once more a good-sized mumpery, with Hallowell and Welsh added to Georgie Woodbridge. They are all pretty fat and uncomfortable, but Georgie is by far the fattest.

JUNIOR BALL GAME.
SYSLEDOBSIS VS. SYSLEDOBSISSIS.

These very fine names are not diseases. They will be found among the rivers and lakes of Maine.

The game was very close at the start, though O.S.L.'s team had the lead. At the end of the sixth it was 4-4. Then Corning, who had been feeling mean all day with a headache, weakened, and the other team got three of four good hits. This rather upset the infield, and their rivals ran in seven runs in two inning, winning the game 11-4.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) There were many excitements.In the first inning; Pines spoiled what looked like a sure hit by catching Smedberg's fly to centre field.

In the fourth Heard drew the spot-light to right field with an assist and an unassisted double play.We generally think of right field as a place from which you chase balls down the bank,while the batter strolls to second.

In the sixth R.Collins caught and held Corning's fly to centre,though he went flat on his back in the process.

F.T.H.,Smedberg,and Payson all batted for .500.The list is headed by O.S.L.,with .750.

The game began early;and thereby hangs a tale.The reason for beginning early was the starting of a bunch of overnight Prometheans.But as long as reading would have to break up early,the faculty broke it up in as dramatic a manner as they could.C.F.P. was seen to go and get Skipper's board,and to stroll by with a scouting cap on.When Skipper called us at two-fifteen,there was some buzzing.

OVERNIGHT PROMETHEANS.	FORESTERS.
O.S.L.	C.F.P.
F.H.P.	Pigelow
Reynolds	Dwight
Shaw	Eggleston
Phillips	Bignoux
H.Woodbridge	Mackie
	Howard

The Prometheans went up to Otter Island,where they may see otters,but probably will not.

The Foresters did a good deal of work on pine;and the smoke came down till it looked as if Scotland were really burning.

All other able-bodied persons built boats,and the murmurers mumped.

MONDAY (Cont'd.) After Games on the Hill there were several rehearsals, and the rest went as they pleased till eight o'clock, when we had dumb-crambo. There were three words, Style, haul, and frill.

And then we continued "A Nemesis of Fire" which takes longer than we thought it would.

Nelson Mackie left by the night train, to see his father before the latter sails for France. We hope to see him back, but that is not settled yet.

Sapledales vs. Sapledalers of Aug. 19 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
3	3		1	Jackson	4	0 1-3		6-3		K			K					5	1	0
2	2		2	Smedberg	6	F8		1-3										4	3	2
2	4		3	F. G. B.	1			9-6		F1								4	1	0
9	1		4	F. J. N.	2	F3					5-6		F-3					4	1	2
1	0		5	R. Collins	8		6-3					K						4	2	0
2	0		6	R. Collins	5		0-3		F-6		1		4-3					4	0	1
8	0		7	Pawson	3				0		4-3							4	1	2
0	0		8	Rackstraw	9				F1			0 1-3						4	1	0
0	0		9	Hutchinson	7		K			4-3		0 1-3						4	1	1
			10																	
			11																	
27	10		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	2	1	1	3	4					37	11	8
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				7	7	1-b. on													4	

Sapledalers vs. Sapledales of Aug. 19 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	4		1	Cooley	4	0 1-3	6-3		0 2-1		0 3		0 1-3					4	0	0
1	4		2	Corning	1				F5		F8			F2				5	2	0
2	1		3	Heard	9	K						0 F-5						2	0	0
3	2		4	O. S. L.	6									6-4				4	1	3
6	1		5	Whitmore	5		K			4-3		0 F1		F6				4	0	0
6	0		6	Shoebrook	7			K				0 1-3						4	0	1
1	0		7	Hines	8	K		0 3		K			9-6					4	0	0
11	0		8	Eddings	3			0 1-3		4-3								4	1	0
6	0		9	Ladd	2		K		0 1-3		0 4		K					3	0	0
			10																	
			11																	
24	12		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				34	4	4
Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				3	5	1-b. on errors.													1	

TUESDAY
Aug.29
B.29.'24
T.6°
Clear
Calm.

The Prometheans were late this morning.They had a very successful time,and played Skowhegan all over the wilds od Otter Island.

This morning F.T.H. retired with mumps.Bill Payson is acting prefect while he is off.Muggins is regarded with suspicion,and so is Archie Coolidge.We may equal Camp Abena yet.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody left us this morning,but just before wed finished Miss Dorothy Peabody arrived; so we still have two. Dorothy Peabody

This morning Freddie Reynolds swam officially to the Point.We hear that he could apparently have swum all the way to Pine Island.

Last night a bob-cat was heard howling up round Fourway Lodge.This morning four partridges were seen walking along the path up there,and later in the day a fox.

Th dopesters had a bad time of it to-day when they saw the list on the next page.What did it mean?No one knew.Some had seen provision baskets out on the wall,but one or two opined that those had been put out there to fool them.Someone suggested that Howling meant singing.But George Clarke had it right when he guessed that the canoes were to carry grub, and the rest of us walk.Then someone saw the resemblance between Howland and howling,so no one was surprised when we started in a northeasterly direction.But Muggsies were still not clear.Well,Muggsy McGraw,you see;which is to say,we were going to McGraw Pond after Howland Hill,meet the canoes there,and have our supper,a wholly new trip.Most of us had never been to McGraw Pond at all.

HOWLING MUGGSIES

CAST of CHARACTERS

C.H.C. — A.M.R.
A.J.V. — M.P.
O.S.L. — D.P.
J.G.B. — W.L.P. (Protem)

Bigelow

Clarke

Cooley

Dwight

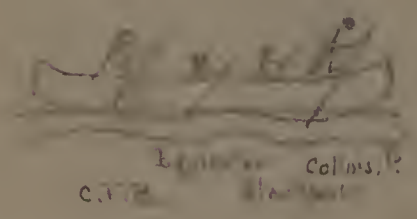
Eldridge

Egmont

Haskell

Hines

Howard



Hutchinson

Jackson

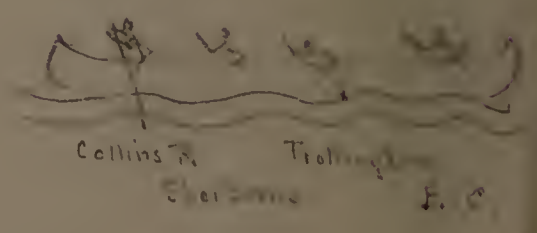
Ladd

Lester

Moss

Phillips

Reynolds



Smedburg

Whitman

Wood-

H.

TUESDAY
(Cont'd.) We started off in good form, and took the usual Pickford Hill cut. When we reached the main road we found it dusty, but not very bad. The Howland Hill road was rough, as it always is, but in time we reached a farm-house where there was good shade, and large ripe red apples lying in the grass. We picked these up, and while we were trying them a boy appeared who told us that there were more apples on the other side of the house, and then vanished. We didn't try the other side of the house, but it was nice of him.

Then we climbed our hill; not to the top, as that is all wooded, but to a big boulder on the side, where most of us sat or lay in the shade for a while. Then someone invented a new game; throwing stones at a man on top of the rock, and making him guess who threw each one.

The ladies did a little exploring, and found several places in the woods where they could almost see out to the west, but not quite. It was very tantalizing.

Before we came down we saw our canoes coasting along, so we knew that they--and the grub--were all right.

We found a wood-and-pasture road down to the pond, and there was a good swim, while the ladies took a walk down along the shore. The canoe crews came up in plenty of time to join the glad throng, so it was a very good fit.

Supper was long and cheerful, and after supper we listened to a couple of solos from that gifted artist, Mr. John Frog Hines.

The canoes came home by the Gleason carry instead of Damren's stream and the hatchery road.

The walkers also varied their programme, by going over the shoulder of Howland Hill, and right up over Pic ford. It is

THURSDAY prettier than the road, and at sunset the view to the north and west was wonderful.

We got home in good time; and just as the vanguard arrived, round the Point came the canoes. A neat arrival.

We found Camp Socrates-toot-toot at home, after a fine trip. They camped at the head of Long Pond, and we have no doubt that they learned a great deal.

The monkey was in sight for a little while, and then the half-past niners finished "A Nemesis of Fire."

"Stackie and his Ouanny crew."

Camp Socrates, Toot Toot

Camp Socrates, Toot-Toot made its getaway in good form, but a little behind time. Owing to the negligence of the Secretary, neither food-basket nor duffle-bags contained the usual quota of rocks; and it is well known that a speedy departure is impossible without the correct ballasting so obtained. We made up for stones as best we could with a large supply of books, for our schedule called for a mixture of business with the serious occupations of life. Three Latin books, two German, one French, two algebra, and a Reader were to enable us to while away our odd moments.

The passage to Long Pond was warm but uneventful,

and the carry successfully negotiated. After a deliberate and copious lunch at Beaver Spring, we headed for the northeast bay of Long Pond, and camped on the site made famous in former years by Captain John and other noted explorers. As soon as the tent was pitched, F. R. S. and Lowell retired within it for an hour and a half with no other company than Caesar and a few ants. The latter were successfully negotiated. H.D. and Farnsworth sought a grassy bank, there to discuss French verbs; but as H.D. was much in demand to supervise the culinary department, Leland, Hobart, and Liggett, little progress was made. The subsequent attempts on algebra with Hobart were equally interrupted, as Brainless Bill

was more interested in constructing a hemlock mattress than dividing polynomials.

After supper intellectual pursuits were continued, while the disengaged members explored the shores of the pond. About this time the more than usually frequent coughing fits of the Rum betrayed the fact that he had lost his sweater, and for a quarter of an hour everything in camp was quiet and hawed over in the growing darkness.

Most of the company elected to sleep out and enjoy the moon; and even F. R. S.'s hair-raising ghost story did not shake their nerve. Neither did it disturb their snores; and the horn did not blow until nearly 7 next morning. (For F.R.S. it did not blow till at least 7.45).

The morning was occupied much as the afternoon previous,

H.D. and F.R.S. instilling knowledge into the other members in turn. Those disengaged ran a navigation squad with one of the boats and a raft founed along the shore.

A proposal to climb up to the Caves aroused no enthusiasm, so a leisurely lunch was cooked and consumed, and we broke camp early. While the rest of the party were making the carry at the mills, Sandy Liggett, official dubble-guard, disappeared; and was found some time later engaged in conversation with most of Camp Athena. Even ice-cream could barely tempt him away, until he found his friends were also headed for the soda-fountain.

An early arrival at camp gave time for a prolonged swim. Why the name? Socrates for wisdom, of course; with one foot for the tutors, one for tutees.

WEDNESDAY Aug.21, B.29.2° T.69' Clear Calm.

There has been a rumor that there were lots of blackberries on the scouting field.This rumor was investigated this morning,and found to be mostly untrue.There are some blackberries,and there are going to be more,but there won't be enough to count for our number.

At swim this morning nine people got into the Squanna-cook.She swamped pretty soon,but we hear that was because her crew wouldn't keep still.

Much doping this morning.It was glassy calm,but it was not very hot,and Skipper was seen making out a score card for scouting.Still,some persisted in final track and field, even when the breeze came purring across the water,as it did just before dinner.By the time we settled down for reading it was blowing briskly,and there were few doubts remaining as to the afternoon.For it is late in the season,and we want to get through without risking the last game on the last Monday if it is a possible thing.To alter the proverb,the drenched child dreads the shower.We have lost the last game once,and the whole afternoon once.

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Weather conditions were very good.Of course it was hot in the sweet fern;but if it is not hot in the sweet fern it is perishing cold on the shore,and very bleak in the bone-yard.

Play was much less spectacular than last time.No strings of twenty runs;in fact only once did the runs get up over ten.

The first game went to the the Iroquois,four runs to none.They also had a slight advantage in shots.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X			X		/	✓		
R.B.C.	X			X			X		
F.G.B.	✓			X			X		/
F.T.H.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
O.S.L.		••		X	•••		X		/
A.M.R.	X			X	•			•	
Clarke	X			X	••		X		
Coolidge		•••		X			X		
Davidge	X			X			X		/
Dwight	✓			X			X		/
Eldridge	X			X	•			•••••	/
Farnsworth	X	•			••		X	••	/
Hallowell	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Haskell	X			X			X		/
Hines	X			X			✓		
Hobart	X	•		X	•		X		
Hutchinson	X			X	•		X	•	
Ladd	X	•		X			X	•	/
Leland	X				••••		X	•••••	
Lesler	X	•			••		X		
Liggett	X	•		X			X		/
Lowell	X			X			X		/
Whitman		•••		X	•		X		//
Woodbridge, H	X			X			X	•••	/
	17	13		19	18	1	18	18	13

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X	•		X	••			•••	
C.H.C.	X				••		X		
E.C.		••		X			✓		
A.T.V.	✓			✓			X	•	
F.R.S.	X			X			X		/
Bigelow	X	•••		X			X	••	
Collins, P.		••		X	••		X	•	
Collins, R.	X	•		X			X	•	/
Cooley	✓			✓			X		
Corning	X	•••		X	•		X		
Eggleston	X			X	•••		X	••	
Frothingham		•		X	•		X	••	
Gignoux	⊗			✓			✓		
Heard			/	X				••••	
Howard	X	••		X		/	X		
Jackson		•	/	X			X		
Morss	✓			X	•	/	X		
Payson	X			X	••	/	X	••	
Phillips	X			X			X		
Reynolds			/			/			/
Sherburne	X			X			X		
Smedberg			/	X	•••	/	X		
Stackpole	X	•		X			✓		
Sullivan	X				••		✓		
Welsh	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Woodbridge, G.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
	14	17	4	18	19	5	18	18	3

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) The second game was also an Iroquois victory, five runs to one, and nineteen shots to eighteen. H.D. made the only run for the Algonquins. ....

In the third game the Algonquins got to business, and won, thirteen runs to three, Whitman making two. The shots were even, eighteen to eighteen. .. .

This leaves the Iroquois two up for the season.

Leland heads the list of sharpshooters, with nine shots to his credit. .

In runs Reynolds made the best showing, with a run in every game.

All hands were playing except the mump squad. That took two out from each side; F.T.H. and Hallowell, G. Woodbridge and Welsh. Jimmy thought the Doctor was very mean not to let him sit out in the bushes close to the fence and shoot, even if he wouldn't let him run. . . .

As for Georgie, we shall soon have to put a window-weight on him to keep him in bed at all, he is getting so gay.

Speaking of window-weights, the other day a weight was picked up that was; tied by way of a joke to a canoe starting up Meadow Brook, we think in 1912. No wonder the poor thing is rusty and motheaten in appearance.

Just before scouting began, we had a call from some Augusta friends; Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Macomber, and Mrs. Hichbourne.

Cope-talks were cut very short, as there were various preparations for sing-song that had been rather crowded out by scouting and Tuesday's trip. Also blankets on the hill day rather spoils the noon time for rehearsing.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

EIGHTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture,"Chopsticks".....R.B.C.,C.H.C.
2. Duett.....Reynolds,Liggett.
3. Piano Solo.....A.M.R.
4. Choruses.....Drink Puppy,the Cameron Men,Scouting Song.
5. Historical Scenes.....M.P.,E.S.L.,Eldridge, Smedberg.
6. Stunt.....Camp Socrates toot-toot.
7. Stunt.....The Faculty.

Camp Song.

Pan Chapinski apologized for the absence of his regular partner,laid up with mumps,but offered to whistle for another one.In response to his call,C.H.C. appeared,and after some consultation they opened the dictionary and began.Their range of expression was particularly noticeable;and the gong among the pedals was a novel and pleasing effect.They gave a brief encore,the climax of which was one coat,approached by R.B.C. with dramatic stealth,with his coat off.

Our two singers gave us Abdullah Bulbul Ameer,and then,in response to deserved applause,"Sow not in Sorrow."

A.M.R. played the overture to "Egmont";one of the finest of the Beethoven overtures.

There were to have been three historical scenes,but the difficulty of rehearsing made the third impossible.

For the first,we had the Courtship of Miles Standish,with M.P. a charmingly industrious Priscilla,and E.S.L. a very gallant John Alden.As for Standish himself,he didn't appear.But then,he had very little to do with the courtship anyhow.

Paul Revere's Ride was also effective,even if Eldridge,as the friend,did have a bad time lighting his lanterns in the draught. He finally got them going in good shape,and Smedberg--Revere galloped

WEDNESDAY Off on his errand.
(Cont'd.)

Camp Socrates Too-teet gave us a vivid picture of life in the wilds,with intellectual pursuits.Their tent was pitched,their kettle slung.And they leaped lightly from mush to French verbs,from algebra to cocoa,feeding alike the body and the mind.We rather expected to see the French verbs put into the kettle,but the only act of violence was the pursuit of Brainless Bill by H.B. And knowing Bill we were not surprised.

The faculty gave us anathletic axhibition that rivalled the performances of Houdini.C.F.B. acted as manager,and prepared us for what we were going to see.

The first feat was C.N.C.'s marvelous act of mesmerization.He lifted R.F.C. right up in the air without touching him!The process of mesmerization is a secret,known to him alone.

While our thrilled nerves were quieting down,there came a call for Mr.Smith."Call him Mr.Smith and he'll answer," suggested A.F.V. Finally he appeared,and was introduced as the strong man of the faculty.He certainly deserved his title for he lifted C.H.C. with one hand.As if this were not remarkable enough,he then lifted him with one finger!What is more,that finger lifted the full 813 pounds (did you know C.H.C. weighed as much as that?)by his upper jaw.

The third event was E.C.'s leap from the precipice. (C.F.B. made sure first that the audience knew what a precipice was.)It was painful to see him risk his life,when his family are coming up so soon,but he passed the dread ordeal successfully.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.) evening.

Last came the Human Pyramid; a fitting climax to the

Mrs.Eldridge came over for part of the evening, and will be over again to-morrow. She brought some wonderful hot-house grapes, which Harry passed round among the half-mast niners, while we went on with "Hard Cash."

Earlier in the evening Nam Heard treated us to apples. He didn't leave any for himself, but everyone gave him a bite.

A.F.V.'s trunk has come at last. Where it has been all this time no one seems to know.

W.L.P. pro tem. took a bunch out to the Point to-night. Heroic Pill!

Twinkle, twinkle, Doctor's trunk,
Took a trip to Kennebunk.
After it had made this tramp,
It meandered into camp.

Twinkle, twinkle, W.L.P.,
How they all do envy thee!
Though they laugh, and make much fun,
They are jealous everyone.

Twinkle, twinkle, little boat,
How I wonder if you'll float.
I'll put on a bigger sail,
And trust you to the roaring gale.

Twinkle, twinkle, dopesters all,
Pride it goes before a fall.
Though you rack your brains all night,
Still you cannot get it right.

Twinkle,twinkle,little scout,
Crawling,squirming round about.
Just go to it,heart and soul,
And perhaps you'll reach the goal.

Twinkle,twinkle,swimming test,
Freddie's numbered with the best.
Georgie'll do it too,no doubt,
When the doctor lets him out.

We wish that the next time people camp on Oak,they would leave the cornet at home."Music in the air" is very pretty, but when it is "Yankee Doodle" at eleven o'clock at night,it is the limit.

THURSDAY AUG.22, B.29.00 T.65° Fair S.W.

This morning the Collines, Smedberg, and Dwight had track practice, under supervision of C.H.C.Pom and Dick had not had any, and the other two were added to make more competition.

FINAL BOAT AND CANOE RACES.
ORDER OF EVENTS.

1. Senior Singles, First Heat.
2. Senior Singles, Second Heat.
3. Kid Rangeleys.
4. Junior Doubles, First Heat.
5. Junior Doubles, Second Heat.
6. Diamond Sculls, First Heat.
7. Junior Doubles, Third Heat.
8. Senior Singles, Final Heat.
9. Diamond Sculls, Second Heat.
10. Junior Doubles, Final Heat.
11. Senior Standing Doubles.
12. Diamond Sculls, Final Heat.
13. Junior Four-paddle Crew.
14. Senior Four-paddle Crews.

These fourteen events were run off in an hour and forty minutes; the first nine in an hour. Efficiency? Of course the flat calm helped, as it is easier to start boats when there is no wind, but it was chiefly because the programme was well planned and well carried carried out.

For clearness in reading, I shall give all the parts of one race together. The above list gives the actual running order.

All races but three were out round Pickerel (or a buoy) and back. The Kid Rangeleys and Diamond Sculls were from Pickerel in, and the Senior Fours, as usual, went over the course twice.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

SENIOR STANDING SINGLES.

First Heat.

GRAYLING.	PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.
Corning	Davidge	Sherburne	F.Collins

The Grayling made the quickest start, and led all the way, though the Pink hauled up on her going out. The Grayling won by a fairly long lead. The Pink had second place by several lengths over the Squannacook, and the Hecuba was a good way behind. Davidge was probably not trying to do more than get a place. Two qualified from each heat.

Time, 3 m. 29 3/5 s.

Second Heat.

PINK.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.
Leland	Payson	Smedberg	R.Collins

Very close at first, the Squannacook leading, and the Pink and the Grayling neck and neck. All but the Hecuba turned at the same time, but the Squannacook made the best turn. The Squannacook led till the last minute, when Smedberg lost his control, and the race. The Pink won, Grayling a very close second, Squannacook an equally close third. The Hecuba was slow.

Time, 3 m. 42 3/5/s.

Final Heat.

PINK.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.
Davidge	Payson	Corning	Leland

The Pink led at first. The Squannacook came up well, but missed her buoy, and lost time on the turn. The Pink turned first, and won by about four lengths, Grayling second by about the same, Squannacook third, Hecuba fourth.

Time lost.

KID HANDICAPS.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.
H.Woodbridge	Coolidge
Lester	Phillips
Reynolds (c)	Liggett (c)

A very close race all the way. The Williwaw won, sprinting in good style at the finish, and there was not open water between the boats when she crossed the line.

Time, 1 m. 29 1/5 s.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.)

JUNIOR DOUBLES.

First Heat.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	GRAYLING.	HECUBA.
Frothingham	Dwight	Eggleston	Sullivan
Haskell	Clarke	Cooley	Bigelow

A lovely heat.The boats were very even going out,but the Pink gained at the turn.The finish was a thrilling one,Pink first,Squannacook second,Grayling third,Hecuba fourth.

Time,3 m.24 1/5 s.

Second Heat.

PINK.	HECUBA.	SQUANNACOOK.
Whitman	Lowell	Jackson
Hobart	Sigmoux	Hines

Jackson lost time by holding too much.The Pink turned first, and won by four lengths.The Squannacook was a moderate third.

Time,3 m.15 2/5 s.

Third Heat.

SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.
Stackpole	Lada	Eldridge
Farnsworth	Hutchinson	Heard

A quick start,and close going out,but Lada did too much holding. The Squannacook turned first,and won by two lengths.The Hecuba was about four lengths ahead of the Pink.

Time lost.

Final Heat.

GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	PINK.
Whitman	Stackpole	Dwight	Frothingham
Hobart	Farnsworth	Clarke	Haskell

Very even going out.The Grayling turned first,and won the race by a well-timed sprint.The Squannacook didn't sprint quite soon enough,but was only half a length behind;Hecuba a close third,Pink a very good fourth.

Time,3 m.15 4/5 s.

DIAMOND SCULLS.

First Heat.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	YAWMERSCHOONER.
Lester	Coolidge	Liggett

Liggett lifted himslef off his seat at every stroke.The Williwon by a well-timed sprint,Identical a good second.

Time 1 m.41 2/5 s.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) — Second Heat.

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
H.Woodbridge	Reynolds	Phillips

The Williwaw was a sure winner most of the way.The Yammerschooner was a fair second,the Identical very slow.

Time,1 m.56 4/5 s.

Final Heat.

YAMMERSCHOONER.	WILLIWAW.
H.Woodbridge	Lester

A close race,the Yammerschooner winning by a length and a half.

Time,1 m.41 2/5 s.

SENIOR STANDING DOUBLES.

HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.
Smedberg	Payson	Corning	Davidge
Leland	R.Collins	P.Collins	Sherburne

The Hecuba won by better form,her crew being the only one to keep stroke consistently.The Squannacook was very wild going out,and slow coming in.The Grayling was two lengths behind at the finish,with the Pink three lengths in her rear.

Time,3 m.10 4/5 s.

JUNIOR FOUR-PADDLE CREWS.

CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.	VERMONTOGUS.	EBENEZER.
Frothingham	Ladd	Eggleston	Jackson
Cooley	Gignoux	Heard	Hines
Clarke	Hutchinson	Haskell	Farnsworth
Hobart	Stackpole	Lowell	Bigelow

A very pretty start.The Abol led for a while,the Corker coming up well.Hines had a coughing fit,which slowed the Eben somewhat.The Corker turned first,the Abol second.The Corker won by about four lengths,and the Abol beat the Togus by six.The Eben,though last,was very close.

Time,2 m.55 1/5 s.

SENIOR FOUR-PADDLE CREWS.

CAUGHCOMGOMOCK.	EBENEZER.	ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.
Corning	Davidge	Payson
R.Collins	Sherburne	Leland
Eldridge	Sullivan	Dwight
Whitman	Smedberg	P.Collins

The Eben started with a sharp sprint,but the boats were wonderfully even on the first lap,and at the first turn.The Eben led on the second turn,and the third lap,but it was still

THURSDAY very close.The last turn was a wonder.The Boat led most of
(Cont'd.)
the way in on the last lap,but the Corker,sprinting magnificently,
passed her,and won by about three lengths.The Abol was a very good
third. Time,5 m.57 4/5 s.

We have never had a more successful racing afternoon.Every-
one deserves hearty congratulaions.

All the mummies but Harry Welsh were out,in their beds,and saw a good deal of the fun.

Mrs.Eldridge was over,saw the races,and took Harry back to supper with her.

Just before supper Mr. Cabot and Miss Cabot arrived,for a visit of a few days.They had come all the way through by automobile in the one day. F. Elliot Cabot Mary Cabot

After supper we had rehearsals,and then those who wished to went out in boats.

The half-pastniners finished,"Hard Cash",and then went down to Andy Coggin's.

Some more dope,
Some more dope,
Some more dope;
I won't quit,
I won't quit,
I won't quit.
To-day I fooled the faculty,
And got the old dope right,by dee!
Although I did not let it out,you see.
So to-morrow for dope you come to me.
Come to me (etc.)

Stack had resigned from the office of dopester,in verse,but changed his mind,as above.

FRIDAY, Aug.23, B.29.66' T.68' Calm Fair

The following notice was posted on the board at breakfast:

Paul Askelocksis,
the celebrated Indian guide,
will give lessons in
canoeing
and
paddling exhibition
at
11 a.m.

He certainly did,too;in the Wobbler,paddling her stern first,from the Point round Pickerel and back,and then in to the float,while Skipper encouraged him through the megaphone.

Miss Dorothy Peabody and John Howard left us this morning.It would be interesting to count up how many words John spoke while he was here.

Birches are being cleared down the bank from the garden. There are pines there that need a chance.

Harry Welsh came in to dinner to-day.It is doubtful whether he has ever really had mumps at all.

Great excitement over to-day's lists.The announcement was "Major and Bug;for further particulars,see shop door." When we followed directions,there was the same sign,only this time we were told to look under the slip.By this time we had an idea that something besides baseball was on foot, and sure enough,when we got under the slip and looked,it was boat-building and trying out for all hands.

It was not a very picturesque afternoon to write up, though Hallowell,making a sail in bed,was a fine sight,and the main room was a sail-loft till five o'clock.But it was an extremely profitable afternoon,and boats have come on in good shape.

After supper came Games on the Hill,and then half-past eight Boston,to give us a little exercise.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) The half-past niners played Compendium, in S. The following were the highest scores:

L.E.R. 14.
A.K.S. 14.
C.F.B. 9.
F.G.B. 9.
Eldridge 8.

Then we had time for a hasty round of Consequences, from which I select a few choice specimens;

Naughty Stack strands moodily in Camp.

Little C.F.B. slays half-heartedly in Sysledcbaissis.

Unsophisticated Scotty cheers discourteously in Moab.

Cantankerous Buggins swims sweetly on Mukey's mattress.

Rich F.G.B. gulps clumsily in a bath-tub.

SATURDAY Aug.24, T.74' B.28.96' S,W. Fair Light rain at night.

Good wrestling this morning,as it was a warm day.

The bout between Cooley and Heard was a draw. Liggett and Phillips both worked hard,but neither could down the other.

Bigelow ~~downed~~ downed Sullivan in exactly one minute.

Eggs got,Jackson down in one minute fifty,in spite of Jackson's desperate rolling.

Smedberg and R.Collins wrestled hard,but though Smedberg was the stronger,he could not get the man from Cleveland flat on the mat.

Sometime this morning a young otter came ashore,and explored our coast.

It was a pity that some dopester could not have seen C.F.B. and C.H.C. come in together from a long session out at Faculty Coffee,just before dinner.He would have said scouting,as sure as Eggs is Eggs.If he had seen them five minutes before,with H.W. in the middle of them,he would have been nightily puzzled.But apparently the only person who saw this was the editor,and she knew already that they were at work on track and field handicaps.

For scouting would probably have meant sun-strokes.A look at the birch squad,as they were finishing up,was enough to tell that it was a very hot day.

It was suggested early in the afternoon that we scout to the east of the ridge,from the edge of the woods south to the garden fence,and put a guard in the pile of hot ashes left from the burning of birch branches in the morning.Does anyone feel enough of a fire elemental to take it on?

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

FINAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

CLASS A	CLASS B	CLASS C
Collins,P.	Bigelow	Cooley
Collins,R.	Clarke	Coolidge
Corning	Eggleston	Farnsworth
Eldridge	Frothingham	Gignoux
Leland	Fobart	Heard
Payson	Jackson	Hines
Sherburne	Ladd	Hutchinson
Smedberg	Lowell	Lester
	Stackpole	Liggett
	Sullivan	Phillips
	Whitman	Reynolds
		Woodbridge,H.

NON-COMBATANTS.

Davidge
Haskell
Morss
Hallowell
Welsh
Woodbridge,C.

CLASS A RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	HEIGHT.
Corning	1"	4'10"
Collins,P.	scr.	4'7"
Eldridge	4"	4'9"
Sherburne	4"	4'9"

We give the jumps as they read on the standards.The actual measured height for all high jumps can be found by subtracting three inches.

CLASS A RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	DISTANCE.
Dwight	1"	15'11 1/2"
Collins,P.	scr.	15'6"
Smedberg	1"	15'1 1/2"

Dwight worked up well from his first jump,but his handicap counted for a good deal in the result.

CLASS A SHOT PUT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	DISTANCE.
Payson	scr.	25'3 3/4"
Smedberg	5"	24'7"
Collins,R.	2'3"	22'8 1/4"

Payson actually led Smedberg by over a foot,but Smedberg had second place,even without his handicap.Payson came up in his three regular puts,while Smedberg made his best mark on the first one.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Collins,P.	scr.	12 4/5 s.
Payson	2'	
Smedberg	3'	

A good heat. Payson was not more than three feet behind Collins at the finish, and Smedberg had made up a foot of his handicap.

SECOND HEAT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Dwight	2'	13"
Corning	3'	
Collins,R.	2'	

Collins was just about the length of his handicap behind at the tape, with Corning three feet behind him.

FINAL HEAT.

NAME.	TIME.
Dwight	12 1/5 s.
Collins,P.	
Payson	

A close heat, for Dwight had a lead of only a few inches at the finish. Payson was rather more than a yard behind Collins, and the rest were more openly placed.

CLASS A FOUR-FORTY YARD RUN.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Collins,P.	scr.	1 m. 7 3/5 s.
Payson	scr.	
Sherburne	3 yds.	
Eldridge	12 yds.	
Dwight		

Eldridge led till about the start of the hundred, where Collins drew ahead. Collins had a good lead at the finish. The tie between Sherburne and Eldridge was partly due to the latter's handicap. Dwight was only a few inches behind them

CLASS B RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	HEIGHT.
Ladd	scr.	4'2"
Bigelow	1"	4'1"
Stackpole	scr.	4'

Here again the heights are the readings on the standards. Frothingham and Sullivan have done well in this event before, but Sullivan dropped out, on account of his ankle, and Frothingham was not up to his form.

SATURDAY (cont'd.)

CLASS B RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	DISTANCE.
Whitman	scr.	13' 1/4"
Stackpole	scr.	12'9 1/2"
Ladd	scr.	12'7"
Bigelow	3"	12'7"

It is always satisfactory to have the scratch men win. In this event the handicapping made practically no difference in the points.

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	DISTANCE.
Whitman	scr.	32' 7 1/4"
Stackpole	4'	29'4"
Ladd	4'	28' 6 3/4"

Whitman made his best put at the start. Stackpole, on the contrary, did his best work when he began on his extra puts.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Bigelow	scr.	13 3/5 s.
Lowell	2'	
Ladd	scr.	

Bigelow led Lowell by two yards at the finish, with Ladd about the same distance behind Lowell.

SECOND HEAT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Whitman	scr.	14 3/5 s.
Frothingham	2'	
Stackpole	1'	

Not a fast heat, as the runners were not trying to do more than qualify for the finals. Frothingham was only a foot behind Whitman, but Stackpole was not doing more than was needed to beat Eggleston.

FINAL HEAT.

NAME.	TIME.
Whitman	13 1/5 s.
Stackpole	
Bigelow	

This was the fastest of the series. Whitman won by three feet, and Stackpole had a slightly longer lead over Bigelow. Lowell and Frothingham were close behind.

CLASS B FOUR-FORTY YARD RUN.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Bigelow	4 yds.	1 m. 13 4/5 s.
Ladd	scr.	
Stackpole	scr.	
Whitman	scr.	
Frothingham	scr.	

A fine race. Ladd pressed Bigelow hard, and was less than two

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) feet behind at the tape. Stackpole and Whitman were not so close, and Frothingham was a good way behind.

CLASS C RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	HEIGHT.
Heard	scr.	3'10"
Hutchinson	2"	3'8"
Cooley	2"	3'6"

This looks like a tie for the record, but J. Chase's 3'10" was measured, and this was read on the standards. Still, it was a good jump. In fact the whole event went off very well.

CLASS C RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	DISTANCE.
Heard	scr.	11'7"
Hutchinson	4"	11'6"
Coolidge	1'	11 3/4"

Heard made his best jump at the very last, breaking his tie with Hutchinson by one inch.

CLASS C SHOT PUT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	DISTANCE.
Heard	scr.	18'8 3/4"
Coolidge	2'4"	18'5"
Hutchinson	8"	18'2 1/4"

Coolidge owed his place somewhat to his handicap.

CLASS C HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Heard	scr.	15 2/5 s.
Hines	scr.	
Hutchinson	scr.	

Heard led by one yard. The gap between Hines and Hutchinson was not so wide. These three were well ahead of the other runners.

SECOND HEAT.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Gignoux	scr.	15 2/5 s.
Coolidge	4'	
Farnsworth	scr.	
Woodbridge, H.	scr.	

Gignoux had about a yard over Coolidge. Farnsworth and Woodbridge were tied for third place. Please notice that the time is exactly the same as that of the first heat.

FINAL HEAT.

NAME.	TIME.
Gignoux	14 4/5 s.
Heard	
Hines	

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Gignoux sprinted into first place just at the finish. Heard was not more than a yard behind, with Hines a little more behind him.

CLASS C. FOUR-FORTY YARD RUN.

NAME.	HANDICAP.	TIME.
Gignoux	scr.	1 m. 22 1/5 s.
Heard	scr.	
Liggett	12 yds.	
Woodbridge, H.	2 yds.	
Coolidge	1 yd.	

Reynolds and Liggett, two of the men with big handicaps, led for a good while. Then the scratch men came up, and Gignoux pulled away from the field very prettily, leading Heard by a good margin. Liggett held up extremely well, and deserved his third place.

POINT WINNERS.

	High.	Broad.	Shot.	Hundred.	Four-forty.	Total.
CLASS A.						
Collins, P.	3	3		3	5	14
Bright		5		5		10
Payson			5	1	3	9
Corning	5					5
Shedberg		1	3			4
Collins, R.			1			1
Sherburne	1/2				1/2	1
Eldridge	1/2				1/2	1
CLASS B.						
Whitman		5	5	5		15
Stackpole	1	3	3	3	1	11
Bigelow	3	1/2	1	1	5	9 1/2
Laddie	5	1/2	1	1	3	9 1/2
CLASS C.						
Heard	5	5	5	3	3	21
Gignoux				5	5	10
Hutchinson	3	3	1			7
Coolidge		1	3			4
Cooley	1					1
Hines				1		1
Liggett					1	1

Congratulations to Tom Collins, Whitman, and Heard on their honors, and to all who competed, for it was a first-rate meet. It is true that no records were broken; but some of our records are bad ones to beat. Congratulations also to the faculty, for it was as successfully handicapped and as efficiently run as any meet we have ever had.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) for Sunday. While the meet was in progress, E.F.V. came out

We had expected Bobby Paine, alias the Rubber-tree, by the same train, but he didn't turn up till evening. He has done a good deal of growing, and looks more like a tree than he used to . Robert T. Paine Jr

Billy Hobart left by the night train from Waterville. We hope he will get across Boston safely, and connect with his family.

CHARADES.

BAnditti. The first scene was a terrible. L.E.R., as chief inquisitor, sentenced Stackpole, who was correctly robed in yellow, to death for grievous heresy; he had asserted that the earth is round, and he had denied that the moon is made of green cheese. He was handed over to A.F.V., and we are afraid that his fate was a painful one. For the last two syllables, Noel Morss warbled sweetly to his messmates, a very nautical lot. The song he chose was " A Capital Ship," and the crew joined in the chorus. The whole word was thrilling. L.E.R., leading her pupils through the ruins of Paestum, was surprised by a terrible gang of cut-throats under A.F.V., who dragged them off to their doom.

MUTINY. For mute, we had a scene in a school for deaf-mutes. A.M.R. presided, and the lesson was conducted entirely in the manual alphabet. Every sentence was put on the blackboard, so everyone could see how well most of the class was doing. "In" was brief and dramatic. Lights low; a closed door; two stealthy figures in black cloaks; a broken lock; a crash; a wild shriek!

"Knee" was very realistic. A soccer field was laid out, and

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) hardly had the game begun when Haskell was also laid out with an injury to his knee which made him yell frightfully. S.S.L.,the doctor,came hurrying in,and got him sufficiently repaired to be carried to a hospital.The whole word was a scene on board the Dreadnaught.The crew were gathered in the forecastle,plotting mischief.Knives were out,and things looked ugly.When Capt.Samuels, otherwise C.F.B.,ordered them to haul taut the weather main-brace, they refused flatly,but did not quite dare to attack him.He left them to go hungry till they were ready to do to work.Two days passed. Once more the captain tried it.They growled a bit,but at last one said,"Well,boys,here goes my knife."One by one they flew overboard, and when the intrepid captain said,"Haul taut the weather main-brace", they fairly ran to their duty.

<u>INSPIRATION.</u> This "in" was a different kind.R.B.C. as a chef gave his assistants orders,and they put into Moab things more true than tellable.It must have been a wonderful stew when they got it done. The second scene was a beauty.We were in an important office,with H.D. dictating to M.P.,one of his two stenographers.As he dictated, Miss Cabot,the other stenographer,took it all down on her cuffs.Then when he went out on business,letting M.P. go to lunch,she opened the safe in which the plans of the air-craft were locked,and gave them to Eggs,evidently a German,by his moustache,through the window.The last two syllables went together,and were tragic.H.D. and his crew had been drifting on the raft for fourteen days,and provisions were running low.One by one,as the last remnants were served out, the exhausted men went overboard,till at last the captain expired on the deck.For the whole word we saw R.B.C.,a poet,struggling in his garret,by the dim light of a lantern,to express his great idea. Suddenly a pale light revealed to him a vision;M.P.,in the moonlight.With a cry of joy he found his words,and wrote the poem.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) ACTION. The first scene was a movie rehearsal, with W.T.P. running the machine, and C.H.C. as manager. We had a comic episode, then fear, and finally an impassioned love-scene between Davidge and Leland, in which the emotion depicted was as strong as the talcum powder with which the heroine's countenance was plastered. Next we went to classic myth. Ulysses stopped the ears of his sailors, and then told them to bind him to the mast. They must have been lip-readers, for they obeyed him. And so the ship passed safely by the Sirens, though the warbling of C.H.C., Davidge, and Bigelow was enough to melt a heart of stone. The whole word was as fine a rough-house as we have ever seen. It began with Reynolds and Heard, but the whole side pitched in, to the great delight of the audience.

Well, we hate to have the last charade evening, or the last of anything. But our spirits were good, so we pitched into clothes-pins, the two sides commanded by C.H.C. and H.D.

STRAIGHTAWAY.

C.H.C. by 6 pins. H.D. by 1 pin.
C.H.C. by 20 pins.

SEATED, PASSING BEHIND.

H.D., by 18 pins. (Also a longer side.)

FORWARD AND BACK.

H.D., by 18 pins.

When half-past nine was called, W.L.P. (pro tem) started to go to bed as usual, but that would never do. On Saturday nights prefects sit up to faculty meeting. So Billy was late to bed.

SUNDAY Aug.25, 1918. 7.29.02 T.69' S.W. Fair.

Georgie Woodbridge is once more among us, looking as if nothing had ever been the matter with him. Jimmy Hallowell is still rather fat, and F.T.H. is not ready for publication yet.

Signs of the coming dessert contest appeared on the board in the course of the morning.

Twinkle, twinkle, Rice Pudding,
Who can eat that awful thing?
From its effects you'll surely die.
Think again, and vote for Pie.

The world is so full of such tons of good rice,
I'm sure we should all be fat, happy, and nice.

ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Latest despatches from the front.

Ge. Haig to Marshal Foch.

Enemy's line crumbling along the whole front. I attribute this largely to the fact that they have no rice, while the Allied Armies are fed twice a week on RICE PUDDING.

Marshal Foch to Gen. Haig..

Hurrah pour nous! Vive la France et le Poudin de Riz!

Gen. Pershing to Sec. Baker.

Where are those five hundred tons of RICE PUDDING? MUST win the war, you know; I have the men and the guns; up to you to send the BEST FOOD.

Sec. Baker to Gen. Pershing.

O.K. Sending to-day all that has not been eaten by Merryweather Boys. Demand tremendous, but supply equal up to date.

SUNDAY Hindenburg to the Kaiser.
(Cont'd.)

All-highest,I can hold out no longer without the long-called-for and beyond-power-of-words-to-describe-necessary supply of Rice.Our brave soldiers are deserting by hundreds, seduced by the vile Americans,who offer them a dainty called RHYSS PUDDING,which they are unable to resist.Unless we can procure a supply of this,we are lost.

President Wilson to the Allied Powers.

May I not hope that in the course of a few months I may have the privilege of joining with you in a Peace Banquet of Victory,at which the glorious and war-hallowed dessert will be RICE PUDDING?

H.R. began the speeches at dinner by pointing out that our soldiers are doing well because they are fed on Rice Pudding.

C.F.S. countered with the report,brought by H.H.R.,that in Bath hard-working men are asked <u>what</u> kind of pie they will have.

H.H.,in ringing tones,read the Associated Press news, quoted above.

R.E.C.:"Why not let the army have all the rice pudding it wants,if the supply is so limited?"

H.H.:"I have telegraphed to Hoover.His reply is,"Eat rice, save the wheat."

H.H.R.,who had come all the way from Fourway,nay,from Bath,to speak for rice pudding,said in part,"Far be it from me to decry pie.But pie alone will not do the trick.In all restaurants in the benighted city of Bath,there is no Rice Pudding served.In consequence I have lost eight pounds,and taken in three holes in my belt."He ended with a reference

SUNDAY (Cont'd.) to the glorious days of the past, when we had rice pudding several times a week.

C.F.B. "Why vote for a vegetable?"

H.H.A. "Sir Skipper, I ask you, is pudding a dessert, or is it not?" A.B.C. calls on F.A.S. to prove the success of a pie diet. "From two years of age he has been fed on pie, and he has thriven." F.G.B., fed on rice pudding and watermelon at the age of six months, was the next exhibit. "Has he thriven?"

F.G.F. pointed out that though raisins are undoubtedly dessert, the bulk of a rice pudding is rice; i.e., a vegetable. His slogan would be Jam-tails!

H.B. "I rise to perform a painful duty. The enemy propaganda is among us. Let not these foul rumors seep into our minds. Vote for Rice Pudding."

C.F.B. sang the praises of "Good Old Frog Dumplings."

C.F.C. pointed out the folly of bothering to eat water in a melon, when we have a whole pond full.

When the voting was finally done, and the ballots counted, the following results were tabulated:

Jam Tails	49
Blueberry Pie	47
Frog Dumplings	46
Bananas	40
Roman Rose	38
Apple Pie	34
Blackberry Pie	20

The Pie Party is evidently a strong organization, as of yore; and C.F.B.'s eloquent appeal on behalf of Frog Dumplings evidently made an impression.

We no longer vote on the ice-cream for the fancy-dress party. It has been found, after careful testing, even to the fifth help, that lemon sherbet is more likely to give a peaceful night than any other.

SUNDAY (cont'd.) LORD'S POEMS.

GUANANICHE.		TOCUS.	FERN.	ARGI.
C.I.F.		I.C.	H.D.	Corning
A.M.R.	M.P.	Bigelow	Gignoux	Heard
M.C.	F.B.C.	Fines	Farnsworth	Sherburne
Clarke	Hutchinson	Smedberg	Coll.P.	Woodbridge,H
Cooley	Eggleston		CORNER.	
Morss	Lowell		Davidge	
R.R.			Frothingham	
Coolidge			Stackpole	
Haskell			Whitman	

TERROR.		REPUS.	IDENTICAL.	YANKEESCHOONER.
Eldridge		W.L.F.	F.C.B.	C.S.L.
Paine		Dwight	Ladd	Jackson
Woodbridge,S.		Welsh	Reynolds	Lester

PANTASETE.	WILLIWAW.
R.P.C.	C.I.C.
Leland	Sullivan
Liggett	Phillips

There was some excitement as to when Davidge and Corning had passed the canoe test. Of course they haven't, but they both know enough to handle a canoe, under more or less escort. They wouldn't be sent off round the world alone, but they both did extremely well.

We had a good game of Wolf, and picnicked under the murmuring pines and the hemlocks. There was much food, but we had time for some singing too.

The trip home was more or less sailing, which is always pleasant. When we got near the Point "Go as you please" was the order, followed by, "Now take her up, Guananiche." And we took her up to some purpose. It was splendid fun to feel the big boat jump ahead.

Our story was "The Tomb of His Ancestors." Jack Leland did not get much of it, for he went so sound asleep that even "Taps" did not wake him. So C.F.B. picked him up and swung him up on shoulder, where he sat and blinked, and looked very much puzzled.

MONDAY Aug.26, B.28.96' T.66' Cloudy, S.W.

This morning the fog was so thick that we could not see Pickerel Rock.As the moon showed overhead,however,we did not think it was going to rain.

Mr.and Miss Cabot left by automobile right after breakfast, and Noel Morss left by the regular morning train.It was good to have his knee straighten out before he left.

Heavy showers.

We began on splicing this morning,and attempted,finished,or began,according to our several abilities,a short splice.

We finished "From Forecastle to Cabin,"and began "Two Noble Lives."

While we were at dinner,A.F.V. went over to Waterville,to have his bad hand attended to.We hope to see him back to-morrow.

FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON--AND MORNING.

I shall give the account of the three games here,though they were not all played in their natural order.

In the first game the Algonquins outran the Iroquois,13-8, though P.Collins did fine shooting,killing nine men.All but one of them had already made their run,but only one of the party got through for a second.

When the game was less than half-way through,the rain began; a shower such as one does not often see.A group of ghosts and non-combatants had been sent down for rain-coats and umbrellas,but when the rain got well started no protection would really protect.For what good is a rain-~~coat~~ coat when the water is pouring down under and around you,half an inch deep?We did our best,but soon all ghosts were sent acrossexcept the two captains,who stayed with Skipper to see the game through.

We came down Niagara,alias the Mammoth steps,and valiantly forded the Infirmary puddle,now so deep that a little later C.F.B. and F.C. swam in it.Most of us went in swimming as we were,even to

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X		/	X			X		
R.B.C.	X		/	X			X	•	/
F.G.B.	X	•••		X		/		••	
F.T.H.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
O.S.L.	X			X	••	/	X	•	
A.M.R.	X			X	•		X	•	
Clarke	X	•	/	X	•••	/	X		
Coolidge	X		/	X			X		
Davidge	X	•		X			X		/
Dwight	X		/	X			X		
Eldridge	X	•••••	/	X	•	/		••	
Farnsworth	X		/	X			X	•	
Hallowell	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Haskell	X		/	X			X	•	/
Hines	X	•		X			X	••	
Hutchinson		••		X	••		X	••	
Ladd	X			X			X		/
Leland	X		/	X	•		X	••	/
Lester	X		/	X				•	/
Liggett	X		//	X			X		
Lowell	X		/	X			X		
Whitman	X			X	••	/		•	
Woodbridge, H.	X	••		X		/	X		/
	20	15	13	21	12	6	19	17	7

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X		/	X	••		X	•••	
C.H.C.	X	•		X			X	•	
E.C.		•••		X	•••	/	X	•••	
A.F.V.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
F.R.S.	X			X		/	✓		
Bigelow	X			X			X	••	
Collins, P.	X	•••••		X			X		
Collins, R.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Cooley		•					X		
Corning	X			X	•••	/.	X	••	
Eggleston	X				••	/			//
Frothingham		•	/	✓			X		
Gignoux		•	/			/		••••	
Heard		••	/	X	•••		X		
Jackson	X	•		X	•		X		
Paine	X			X		/	X		
Payson			/	X	•		X		
Phillips	X			X			X		
Reynolds	X				•			•	//
Sherburne	X		/		••	/	X		
Smedberg		•	/		••	/	X	•	
Stackpole	X					/	X		
Sullivan							✓		
Welsh	X		/	○	○	○	○	○	○
Woodbridge, G.	X				•	/	X		
	15	20	8	12	21	10	17	17	4

MONDAY (cont'd.) scouting hats, and then came a scattering to dress.

When the chiefs and a few other late comers came down, there was a circus in the Mammoth puddle. C.F.B. slid through it on his face, accoutred as he was, in Buggins's knickerbockers. F.G.B. took a run, jumped up in the air, and sat down in it with a mighty splash. H.B. turned a very neat somersault off the old hay-pile right into the middle of it.

Then C.F.B. and H.B. had a wrestle in the middle of the Infirmary puddle, which resulted in a grand compound splash.

But I must go on with the second and third games, which were played off next morning.

The second game went to the Iroquois, on shots and runs both. The Algonquins were killed to a man, for the second time this season.

The last game went to the Algonquins again. This leaves the Iroquois one up for the season. The last day is likely to be pretty strenuous.

The weather for the morning games was all that heart could wish; clear and cool, with a good wind.

As soon as the rain had stopped, and the clothes hung out to dry, C.H.C. with five gay gallants started off on a Camping Triplet. (Confusion in some minds; surely triplet means <u>three.</u>) Pretty energetic, after all that happened.

Three arrivals this afternoon. The Curtises came by train, J.G. by motor. Tom has grown like a giraffe, and Pelamon boasts several more inches--and pounds--

Camping Triplet

— .. —

Coolidge
Davidge
Eldridge
Sherburne
Stackpole
C.H.C.
Williwaw
Yammershooner

August 26th

MONDAY (Cont'd.) than when we saw him last.

After supper we had Digestion Club, as it was too wet for anything else. And hardly had we got comfortably settled in the shop when down came another soaking shower. It did not last as long as the first, but it was fierce. So we may say that so far as we are concerned the drought has broken.

Then we came down for three lively rounds of "Going to Jerusalem", won by Buggins, F.G.B., and P.Collins.

Later came an indoor athletic meet.

In the cork-hitting contest, W.L.P., P.Collins, and P.Curtis were successful.

F.R.S., Leland, and Smedberg lighted the candle, sitting on a plank and a roller.

Getting in and out of Moab, hung on an old oar, was too easy. The tub is so heavy that it does not spill you out with the light gaiety of a clothes-basket.

The Ping-Pong Ball Race was so good that it must be given in proper form.

PING-PONG BALL RACE.

First Heat.

T.Cuttis
P.Curtis
F.G.B.

Tom had a good lead, but F.G.B. drove Pelagon hard for second place.

Second Heat.

Leland
Paine
R.B.C.

Paine came very close to Leland, but R.B.C. was took with a cough, and di not finish.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

Third Heat.

O.S.L.
Corning
W.L.P.

O.S.L. galloped right away from the others, with fine long breaths.

Fourth Heat.

F.R.S.
P.Collins
Smedberg.

This race was won by superior steering, Collins and Smedberg both being very erratic.

Fifth Heat.

Dwight
Sullivan

Sullivan made a good start, but got lost among the chairs. This enabled Dwight, though he started his ball backwards, to pass him.

First Semi-finals.

O.S.L.
Leland
T.Curtis

Fairly close; great excitement.

Second Semi-finals.

E.C.
Dwight
F.R.S.

E.C., who had dram a bye, won this heat with great dash and brilliancy.

Finals.

E.C. 5 4/5 s.
O.S.L.

The great event of the evening, won by E.C. with first-rate form and spee.

TUESDAY Aug.27, P.29.40 T.58' Clear, N.N.W.

C.F.C. and his Prometheans came back in great style, scudding before the wind. They had spent the night on Crooked Island, and been to Rome.

We finished the scouting games this morning, but as I said before, they are reported under Monday, for the sake of clearness.

In the course of the game C.F.B. found a live bass in the Pine Parlor. We do not often fish on land, but he killled it, and brought it in after the game.

Total number of fish, 1.

The afternoon lists furnished great excitement. First we found on the door,"

Look in the suugestion box."

We looked, and were instructed to find J.4. He was tracked down over the bank, and from him we learned that we must find E.C. That took longer, but he was finally run to earth in the Short, up behind the extra mattresses. And then we went to work boat-building and trying out.

There are some very good boats, and as usual some poor ones. Just how many will be ready for the race of course we can't tell, but there ought to be some excitement.

After supper it was "Games on the Hill", and then Numb Crambo. The words were Rail, Brear, Crime, Dyke, and Sin. C.F.B.'s side got Crime and Dyke at the first shot.

We then continued our "athletic meet, with one or two new events, and a ping-pong ball race for those who had been missing Monday night. For further particulars, turn over.

TUESDAY (cont'd.)

PING-PONG BALL RACE.

First Heat.

Davidge
Sherburne. Davidge won easily, as Sherburne was wild.

Second Heat.

C.F.F.
Eldridge C.F.F. got way ahead of his opponent.

Final Heat.

H.B.
C.F.F.
Davidge H.B. came in late, and won by a small margin. The pace of the two leaders was very fast. 5 2/5 s.

OBSTACLE RACE.

Dwight
Eldridge
Sherburne
Sullivan. This race is run blindfold. And the fun is that at the last moment the obstacles are removed; so that the victims go down a clear course, lifting their feet and waving their legs. It was a fine sight.

BURNT CORK BATTLE, BLINDFOLD.

F. Curtis blacked T. Curtis first. Then came a heavy head-on collision. Tom got wild, and blacked Sherburne, who was not playing.

Then we tried it with three the Collinses and Snedberg. Pom got in the first whack, with a good one on Snedberg, and everyone got his share.

The three prefects had a desperate encounter, but the cork was applied chiefly to hair and clothes, so very few marks showed. The danger to spectators was considerable.

Dick Liggett, who is spending a few days at Gleason's, came over this evening. We expect to see a good deal of him while he is here.

WEDNESDAY I seem to have mislaid the weather report.I
Aug.28,
Fair, know the Fror made it;but if I went hunting about
Cool,
Southerly. for it in the main room with a lantern at this hour in the morning,I fear I should not be very popular.

It was almost calm through the morning,but the weather-prophets said,"Good south wind by afternoon",and they were right.

Bobby Paine left this morning,to our great regret,and so did Reuben.There have been all sorts of possibilities of his connecting with some,and finally his family telegraphed for him,as ~~him~~ Dome had long enough leave to get home.

F.T.P. was dismissed from the Mummery this morning.He has had a long pull of it.

A.F.V. came back from Waterville this morning.His hand is doing nicely,but it is just as well that he had it attended to when he did.

The first corn was picked from our own patch to-day; twenty-one dozen ears.Not bad for a piece planted May 11.

Class I Chinning.	
Beard	19
Farnsworth	12
Frothingham	16
Higelow	7
Higgoux	6
Shaw	6
Eggleston	4
Hutchinson	4
Coolidge	3
Woodbridge,S.	3
Woodbridge,F.	3
Jackson	2
Sullivan	2
Cooley	4
Liggett	1
Phillips	1
Lester	0
Reynolds	0

Not having the whole Log here,I cannot say definitely what the improvement has been;but the fact that only two failed entirely in

WEDNESDAY worth recording.
(Cont'd.)

MERRYWEATHER YACHT RACE.

First Preliminary Heat.

Caesar
Lagger
Nubbin

Wind S.S.E.; course, in to the soap beach. The Wave-crester, which was to have been in this heat, did not start. The Nubbin could not stand up at all. The Caesar, after much tipping over, and a good deal of damage, was a winner. The Lagger certainly did not lag, for she went a good long way, but her direction was such that she never crossed the line.

Second Preliminary Heat.

Saracen
U and I
Pup-Pup

Here also there was to have been a fourth boat, the Bloody Streak, but she failed to appear. The Pup-Pup had not learned to run alone yet. The U and I, after being set up, came in a very good second. As for the Saracen, the winner, she went so fast that she got entirely away round the point, and by all accounts was picked up at last well down towards Otter Island.

Third Preliminary Heat.

Soumarqué
Saucy Simp
Woof-Woof

The Pilgrim, the fourth boat, never sailed from Holland. All three went over, but the Soumarqué, when set, went well, and crossed the line in good shape.

Fourth Preliminary Heat.

Joe-Pem
Blue Streak
Valler Dawg
Fantasia

All four tipped over too many times to be considered as eligible for anything further. The Blue Streak holds the record for three

complete double somersaults.

Fifth Preliminary Heat.

Pelican
Leo
Pom-Joe
Krazy Kat

All over. The Pelican, when set up, did well, and finally crossed the line. The Leo, after much wetting, went to pieces.

Sixth Preliminary Heat.

Missing Link
Miget
Go-Go
Yop

The Missing Link was right there when it came to sailing, and went over the course with great speed. The Miget was so small that the judges did not see her, but the retrievers saw her come in, and reported her. That gallant craft, the Go-Go, the heroine of many races, after pluckily weathering the blast for a good part of the course, succumbed to fate and the wind. The Yop was not remarkable in any way.

Seventh Preliminary Heat.

Bob-tailed Nag
Brutus
Bubby

The Cinch, which was to have been in this heat, was among the missing. The Nag went very fast, and was an easy winner. The Brutus, a fine conservative craft, a dignified second. The Bubby would have gone better, perhaps, if the earth had been flat.

Eighth Preliminary Heat.

Tip-Top
Pie-fish
Fad
No-Go

The Tip-Top, in spite of her first syllable, went fast and straight. The Pie-fish was given second place, because, though she did not actually cross the line, she went very well when she had enough wind. The others were both no go.

WEDNESDAY First Secondary Heat.
(Cont'd.) CAESAR
U and I
Saracen

This was a peculiar heat. The U and I was very fast, but got into trouble by blanketing and then fouling the Saracen, so that both boats tipped over. Meanwhile the Caesar, sailing a steady and conservative race, crossed the line. The Saracen had to go into dry-dock, but the U and I was a very good second.

Second Secondary Heat.

Bob-tailed Nag
Brutus
Pie-fish
Tip-Top

The Nag was a fast winner, the Brutus a steady second. The Pie-fish came along prettily and made third, tipping over just as she crossed the line. The Tip-Top tipped over.

First Semi-final Heat.

U and I
Caesar
Soumarqué

The U and I was inclined to go too far to westward, but kept up a splendid pace right through. The Brutus was steady as usual, but the Soumarqué could not finish.

Second Semi-final Heat.

Bob-tailed Nag
Brutus
Missing Link
Pelican

The Link and the Pelican drew a by, so they were not in the secondary heat. The Nag won this heat easily, going very fast. The Brutus, to everyone's surprise, tipped over, but was soon righted and came in second. The Missing Link was fast between tips, but could not keep going. The Pelican was not seaworthy.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

Final Heat.

Brutus
Caesar
U and I.
Bob-tailed Nag

This heat was run after the Whittemore race, to give time for repairs, and by the time the boats got going the wind had fallen a good deal. This made it bad for the two big boats; and the reeds, which are out owing to the low water, may have been worse for them than for the others. At any rate, at one time all boats were over but the Brutus, which came in first. The Caesar was second, and the U and I third. The Nag was hauling up splendidly, but could not make it soon enough. The cup therefore goes to Smedberg, with hearty congratulaions.

Whittemore Race.

Puffin
Lucky Strike
Fleur-de-Lys
Hefty Baby
F.D.II

At first it looked like a repetition of the fiascos of the past two years, for every boat went over at once. Finally E.C. jumped overboard and furled the balloon-sail of the Puffin; whereupon she went like a bird, and won the race beyond any question. It was very funny to see him standing in shoal water, so far out.

The races lasted till after six, and it was half-past when we sat down. As may be imagined, there was not much time before sing-song. In fact one stunt was put on without any real rehearsal, and one of the characters in it was not told what to do till just before the curtain went up. But never mind. We got the races done; and now we shall not have to be whistling so hard for a wind, or perhaps spending a whole day in one slow drifting heat after another, as we have sometimes had to do.

WEDNESDAY (Cont'd.)

NINTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks"....R.R.C., C.H.C., F.T.H.
2. Violin Duett.....M.P., P.Collins.
3. Piano Solo.....T.Curtis
4. Piano Solo.....P.Curtis
5. Choruses.....October, Camp Chantey, Merryweather Races.
6. Merryweather Quartette...C.F.P., C.H.C., E.C., M.P., A.F.V., R.R.C., J.H.
7. Stunt, "Mary Jane".....Leland, P.Curtis, R.Collins, Sullivan, Whitman.
8. Stunt, "The Water Gliding!" Sherburne, Ladd, Dwight, Lester, Gignoux, Farnsworth, Coolidge, Phillips, Woodbridge, R.

CAMP SONG.

We were rather alarmed when instead of our regular Chopsticks team there appeared a band of Bolsheviki, chattering in their native Russian. We were soon reassured, however, when the familiar features of R.R.C. emerged from strange wrappings, and told us that they were only fooling, and not real Bolsheviki. All three played, C.H.C. extending an arm round each of the others, and playing the extreme top and bottom. The effect was very fine, as was the dramatic close.

Our two violinists gave us two charming selections, and we wanted more.

The Curtises had been asked to play a duett, but as they had none with them, each played a solo, recalling all sorts of pleasant memories of the days when they first played for us. They really were small then.

(Overheard at an early Curtis rehearsal)

"Play it faster, you nut." Well, I did you big stiff."

Excuse this digression.

The quartette made an entrance that was startling in the extreme. A.F.V. was borne in on a ladder, apparently lifeless, while one of the company led the way with a lantern, and R.R.C. played a funeral march.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Fortunately he came to life soon, and then the fun began, with a splendid string of personal verses, to various familiar tunes. We may have had quartettes that have been more musically ambitious, but we have never had a quartette that has given us more fun. The words of the verses will follow in due course.

"Mary Jane", though not rehearsed at all, was very effective. Leland was a charmingly demure heroine, and P. Curtis was a true type of rustic gallantry. P. Collins was calm and cold-blooded as the stern father, and Sully, in his "store clothes", was a figure to dazzle the eyes of any maid less true to an ideal than Mary Jane. Whitman as the cow had a brief part, but he did it well, even when six table tops came over on him.

"The Waters Sliding" has not been acted since the days of General King, otherwise Bill the Lizard. Sherburne was fascinating as the wandering lady, and Ladd made a gallant soldier in his tartans. We had only a glimpse of Dwight as the husband in the Northland, but he looked amply able to care of his strolling spouse without any help from the army, and the children were a delightful group.

So ended a splendid sing-song; and if we did run over time, no one seemed to mind.

The only absentees were P. A. S., who went to bed right after supper, exhausted with yelling through the megaphone and paddling all the afternoon, and Jimmy Hallowell, who was let out for the races, and then out back in the Infirmary.

And then we piled all the furniture up and down the room, got our handkerchiefs, and went to it. Indoor scouting: Carratunks vs. Carrabassetts.

The first game went to the Carrabassetts by a heavy score,

WEDNESDAY 12-5.
(Cont'd.)

The second game was very close, the Carratunks winning, 12-11.

The third was closer yet. The runs were tied, 15-15, and the Carratunks won by two shots.

There was one murder, and one case of suicide, otherwise the playing was good, and not more noisy than was reasonable. You cannot be absolutely silent when you fall off a table and land in a lightly balanced combination of chairs and table-legs.

W.S.W. made eleven runs for the series, six of them in the last game. We Believ this to be a record.

Carratunks	K	S	L	K	S	L	K	S	L
David-	X				2				1
R.S.C.			1			2	X		1
Cowing			1			1	X		1
P. Curtis	X		1			2	X		
Swedberg	X					2			3
R. Collins			1			2			2
Sullivan	X				X				4
Eldridge			1	X					2
O.S.L.						1			1
	4	0	6	2	6	12	3	6	16

Carrabassetts	K	S	L	K	S	L	K	S	L
Payson			1	X		1	X		2
Dunham			3	X		1	X		
I.S.B.			2	X		3			6
L. Lovell			2			3			2
Collins			1	X			X		1
T. Curtis			1			2	X		1
Swedberg	X		1	X		1			2
M.P.			1	X			X		1
	1	4	12	4	0	11	5	2	15

PERSONAL VERSES.

I

("Australia")

The Saracen would be going yet
If it hadn't tipped into th wet.

Oh Sully is all well again,
He looks as strong as twenty men.

Oh Haskell tried to splice a rope,
But now the rope's beyond all hope.

The Chub it leaked a mile a minute;
I don't know how,but it came right in it.

Oh,what's the use of building a boat,
If you don't know how to make it float?

Oh,boat-racing is very slow
If what to do you do not know.

A funny boat had Mr.Cab;
It sailed just like the old Moab.

Oh,Carl Lester can cox a boat;
He lands it right upon the float.

II

"Moses")

Liggett and his 'leventh hog.

Bukey loves his table walks.

Doctor and his damaged hand.

Welshie did not have the mumps.

Davidge and his erysipelas.

Happy and the Class C meet.

Now we are all through singing.

LIST OF ENTRIES FOR THE RACES.

NAME.	OWNER.
Lagger	Pigelow
Joe-Pom	Davidge, P. Collins
Pom-Joe	P. Collins, Davidge
#Bloody Streak	R. Collins
#Pilgrim	Cooley
#Blue Streak	Corning
Leo	Dwight
Pop	Eggleston
U and I	Eldridge
Saracen	Farnsworth
Soumarque	Farnsworth
Tip-Top	Frothingham
#Heat-Heat	Haskell
Saucy Simp	Heard
#Vanish	Jackson
No-Go	Ladd
Pie-fish	Leland
#Bob White	Lester
#Wave Crester	Liggett
Bob-tailed Nag	Payson, T. Curtis
Valley Dawg	Payson
Missing Link	Payson
Krazy Kat	Payson
Pip-Pip	Reynolds
Fad	Sherburne
#Cinch	Sherburne
Brutus	Snedberg
Caesar	Snedberg
Fantasia	Sullivan
#White Pine	Welch
Pelican	P. Curtis
Bubby	T. G. P.
Bubbin	C. S. L.
#Satellite	C. P. F.
Midget	Phillips

PITTSBURG RACE.

Puffin	T. C.
Fleur-de-Lys	P. T. P.
Lucky Strike	Hallowell
Hefty Baby	Coolidge
P. S. II	R. A. Liggett

The boats starred were not ready to race. There were some others that did not get even so far as a name.

THURSDAY Aug.29, Rain, S.W. Chilly. This time the weather report was taken off the door before I got it. It was rather a horrid day, as the rain began just before dinner, and kept it up most of the afternoon.

There was a good deal of rehearsing, and trying on of costumes.

The afternoon was chiefly ping-pong and bean-bags. We are holding the ping-pong scores on the chance that the matches may be finished.

The following bean-bag results we owe to the courtesy of E. Woodbridge, who translated them from the rather complicated system of shorthand in which they were originally recorded.

Eggleston	25
Bigelow	17
Cooley	32
Heard	23
Eggleston	19
Cooley	23
Cooley	21
Hines	17
Hines	15
Eggleston	23
Lester	32
Stackpole	15
Corning	34
P. Curtis	3[illegible]
E.C.	29
Sherburne	26
E.C.	29
Sherburne	2[illegible]
Ladd	14
P. Curtis	2[illegible] (3 rounds)

After supper, instead of Digestion Club, we worked some of our surplus energy off in singing till eight o'clock.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) Then came two lively circles of half-past eight Foxton, with some fine new mistakes.

Bignoux was called Welsh.

Dwight was called Swedberg.

Best of all Carl Lester called Bob Ladd "Mr. Batchelder", because C.F.B. blew a puff of tobacco-smoke at him. The power of observation is a great thing.

The half-past niners had all sorts of delightful reading: Bret Harte's "Handsome is as Handsome Does", a delightful parody on Charles Reade; "Spit-Cat Creek", which we all know and delight in; and "Mammon and the Archer", one of the very best O. Henry's.

FRIDAY Aug.30, B.29.4 T.70' Foggy, N.W. Clearing.

Having finished "Two Noble Lives", we are having talks on manners in the morning.

Mrs.Liggett came over this morning to see her Sandy,and Dick was over more or less through the day.

Bill Payson had news this morning that Reef Parker has his commission as second lieteńant,and is to report at Camp Devens in a few days.

Last Scouting Afternoon.

Not an ideal scouting day,as there was almost no wind, but it was decided early in the year that if possible we would avoid the combination of last scouting game and last day of camp.It is a good deal of a strain;and if it rains, as had happened twice,there is the season left incomplete.

So no one was surprised when reading was called off early.—No,I am wrong.One or two would-be dopesters,were sure it wouldn't be scouting,"because we never scout when we have reading out by the rest house."That is pretty poor doping.

The first game went to the Iroquois,seven runs to one. They also had the advantage on shots.This settled the question of the cup,as with a two-game lead against them,the Algonquins could not do better than tie the score;and if you cannot beat the holders of a cup,you certainly cannot take the cup away from them,no matter what certain small players may argue.

The second game the Algonquins got three runs,and the Iroquois none.The score in shots was tied.One very small Iroquois thought he made a run,but it was found that he had

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X			X			X		
R.B.C.		••		X	•			••	
F.G.B.	X				••			•	
F.T.H.		•		X	••••			••	
O.S.L.	X			✓			X	•	
A.M.R.	X	•		X	•		X	••	
Clarke	✓			X				•	
Coolidge	X	•		X	•		X		
Curtis, P.	X	•	/	X	••	/	X		
Davidge	X				••••		X		
Dwight	✓			X		/	X	•	
Eldridge	X	•			•		✓		
Farnsworth	X			X			X		
Hallowell	X			X			X	••	
Haskell	X			X			X	••	
Hines	✓			X	•	/	X	•	
Hutchinson		•		X			✓		
Ladd	X	•		X			X	•	
Leland	✓			✓				••	
Lester		••		X			X		
Liggett	X			X			X	•	
Whitman	✓			X	•			•	
Woodbridge, H.	X			X			X		
	14	11	1	18	18	3	15	20	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.F.B.	X	✓		X	•		X	•	
C.H.C.		••		X			X		
E.C.	X	✓ •		X	••		X	••••	
A.F.V.	X	✓					X		
F.R.S.		•		✓			X		
J.G.	✓			✓			X		/
Bigelow		••		X	••		✓		
Collins, P.		••		✓	•		X		/
Collins, R.		•	/	X			X		
Cooley	X		/	X	•			•	
Corning	X			X	••••		X		
Curtis, T.	X	✓	/	✓			X		
Eggleston		•	/	X			✓		
Frothingham	X	✓		X	•		X		
Gignoux			/	X			X		
Heard		✓ ••		X	••		X	•	
Jackson	X		/	X	•		✓		
Payson				✓			X	••	
Phillips	✓			X	•		X		
Reynolds	X	✓ •		X				••	
Sherburne	X	•			•		X	•	
Smedberg	✓				•		X		
Stackpole	✓			X			X	•	/
Sullivan			/	X				•	
Welsh	✓			X			X		
Woodbridge, G.	X			X			X		
	11	14	7	18	18		20	15	3

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) mistaken the boundary, and only crossed the brook.

In the last game there was much heavy firing in the woods, two large parties meeting there early in the game. The Algonquins had the advantage in shots, but were not able to put any runs through. The Iroquois won, three to nothing.

So the cup stays at the north end for another year. Heartiest congratulations to C.F.B. and his men, on a brilliant campaign.

Funny things happen in scouting sometimes. The C.F.C.—Stackpole resemblance was noticed again, which makes me feel better than I did.

My own resemblance to Frog has escaped me, but the eagle eye of Buggins detected it in the third game.

C.F.B. was so sure that he recognized Eldridge that he shouted his name till the echo came back from Gleason's shore. As the man he was shouting at happened to be Leland, and Eldridge was out of hearing, there was nothing doing.

Henry Woodbridge, ran so fast in the third game that he pitched down the hill and stunned himself; and Davidge, going to his rescue, was shot.

After supper came rehearsals, Digestion Club, and arranging of specimens of trees; to say nothing of nasty collecting of the last few specimens by C.F.B.

This time the tagged branches were laid out on tables, as stringing them to the rafters takes more time than anyone had.

There were forty-three specimens in all. There were to have been forty-six, but owing to pressure of time the list could not be quite finished.

FRIDAY (Cont'd.) We give the list in full:

Witch Hazel	Red Oak
Hazel	White Pine
Mountain Ash	Red Pine
White Ash	Hemlock
White Willow	Red Spruce
Gray Willow	White Spruce
Shadbush	Black Spruce
Linn (or linden)	Hackmatack
Rock Maple	Juniper
Red Maple	Var (Balsam Fir)
Striped Maple	Beech
White Maple	Alder
Maple-leaved Viburnum	White Cedar
White Poplar	Black Cherry
Quaking Asp	Red Cherry
Silver-leaf Poplar	Choke Cherry
Canoe Birch	Apple
Yellow Birch	Arrow-wood
Gray Birch	Sumach
Hornbeam	Plum
Hop Hornbeam	Cottonwood Poplar
Elm	

Best Lists.

R.R.	38 1/2
A.M.R.	34
Davidge	25
Payson	19 1/2
Stackpole	17
F.G.R.	15 1/2
P.Collins	15
Dwight	14

There were no blanks this year. The poorest had two down, white pine and red pine, and both were right. Then came a two and a half, and a three. The halves were cases where only the genus name was given, or a wrong species name. That is, the person who called rock maple red maple scored one half.

After the ruins had been cleared away, there was a wild game of half-past nine Boston.

SATURDAY Aug.31, E.29.4° T.66' Fair Southerly.

Harry Welsh left this morning.Too bad he could not stay through,but Kunoia breaks up to-day,and his sister is to take charge of him on the way home.

This morning Skipper followed up our tree contest by telling us about all the forty-three trees that we had,and the differences between them.

Squads went on as usual this morning,except that we do not generally have a squad to go and get large quantities of red pine.

The bankers,under C.F.E.,finished the "sea-wall" up as far as the embankment.There is more filling that can be done,but the main part of the job is finished;"and a good job,too."

Mr.and Mrs.Liggett,as well as Dick,came over this morning,and took Sandy off for some fishing.

Some people are very fond of saying what "we always do" the day of the fancy dress party.We have done a good many things,in the course of eighteen years.One of the most satisfactory is what we did last year,so we repeated this year, and took our roast mutton and potatoes up to the pine parlor.We were to have had blueberry pie,but owing to a misunderstanding they did not arrive;so we had one help of apple pie all round,and then blueberries.

After dinner the faculty adjourned for coffee,and we had reading right where we were.We have nearly finished "The Deluge".

After reading we found the list posted,without any very deep mysteries this time,except a neat arrangement of contour lines.We didn't even have to look in queer places to find it.

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

LAST JUNIOR BALL GAME.
SUPERMEN VS. SUPERSCHOOLS.

At the very first it looked like a close game, but in the third inning the Supermen began to pull away from their adversaries, and the final score was twelve to six. There was a great deal of loose playing, so that the game lacked just five minutes of lasting two hours and a half.

Fouls were plentiful, too. In fact Corning, in one time at bat, knocked four fouls in succession in four different directions, three of them so far that they all had to be hunted for at once.

S.S.L. struck out twenty men, but as Ladd could not always hold him, some of them got to first. He allowed only two hits, to F.F.F.'s three. F.F.F. struck out fewer, and gave a good many passes.

Supermen vs. Superschools of Aug. 31 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base bits.
2	1		1 Corning	5	E		E	E		K		1-3					5	3	0
0	0		2 Heard	9	K		2-1 E	K			K	6-3					5	0	0
10	1		3 F. J. H.	2	(K) 2-3		E		MS.		4-3						4	2	0
2	4		4 F. G. B.	1			K		MS.		3						4	2	1
1	0		5 T. Curtis	7			FC		6								3	2	0
1	0		6 R. Collins	8	K				K								4	1	0
1	2		7 Smedberg	6		K	3		K								4	1	1
7	1		8 Payson	3		(K) 2-3		K		K		K					4	0	0
3	4		9 Jackson	4		(K) 2-3		K		K							3	1	0
			10																
			11																
27	13		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	2 2	0 2	3 5	1 6	2 8	0 8	0 8	4 12					36	12	2

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				12	8	1-b. on errors.														

Superschools vs. Supermen of Aug 31 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
0	1		1 Cooley	4		1-3				4-3		6-3					1	1	0
0	0		2 Whitmore	8	1			K			f4	4-3					4	0	0
1	0		3 P. Curtis	6	f7				1-5			K					4	1	0
1	1		4 O. S. L.	1		f2			6-3			f2					3	1	0
14	4		5 Ladd	2	K		4-3						1-3				4	1	1
8	0		6 Eldridge	3			1-3				f8						4	1	1
0	0		7 Hines	5			K		K				f4				3	1	0
0	0		8 Sherburne	9		K		5-6		4			K				3	0	1
0	0		9 Leland	7		1		2-5		4-3	K						3	0	0
			10																
			11																
24	6		Time of Game. Hours..... Mins.....	Runs total.	1	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	/	/	/	31	6	3

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	H r
				1	20	1-b. on errors.		1		

While the game was going on, decorating had been going on too, and a committee had been over to the swamp to get cat-tails. We saw various people come in to the bonfire, with loads of stripped pine boughs, so we were prepared for the lovely mass of green that greeted our eyes when we came down to supper. (But F. S. S. did not come down to supper. He stayed up in the shop and made "A zoetrope, or Wheel of life.")

We had supper in our bower, and then scattered for dressing. Thanks to the daylight saving scheme, we were able to do a good deal of it by daylight; and draperies and wigs are hard to manage by lantern-light.

Priests were draped, rats put on their heads and tails, (sounds like geography), lovely ladies did their best not to trip in their unaccustomed petticoats, moustaches grew on lips that had never before known such manly adornments, gay gallants disputed as to which was the better-looking. Finally all were ready, and with remarkable promptness the grand march struck us. But we must turn over, for there no point in beginning such a long list at the bottom of the page.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

The Pied Piper	C.F.B.Jr.
First Alderman	A.F.V.
Second Alderman	F.R.S.
First Rat	Hines
Second Rat	Higgoux
Third Rat	Liggett
Fourth Rat	Reynolds
Fifth Rat	H.Woodbridge
Sixth Rat	G.Woodbridge
Seventh Rat	Phillips
The Chief Priest	C.M.C.
Alexander the Great	Sherburne
Lykiardopopolis	Davidge
An Acolyte	Leland
First Priest	Whitman
Second Priest	Eggleston
Third Priest	Sullivan
Fourth Priest	Shaw
Fifth Priest	Stackpole
Sixth Priest	Ladd
Lord Bateman	H.C.
The Young Bride	M.P.
Sophia	Bigelow
The Proud Young Porter	Payson
First Turk	J.D.
Second Turk	P.Curtis
Third Turk	R.Liggett
Ferdinando	M.D.
Elvira	R.R.
The Pastry-cook	R.E.C.
His Wife	Corning
Captain Reece	F.G.P.
William Lee	F.T.M.
The Boatswain	G.S.L.
First Sailor	Dwight
Second Sailor	Lester
Third Sailor	Clarke
Fourth Sailor	Hutchinson
The Widowed Ma	Frothingham
The daughter	Jackson
The Boatswain's Mother	Cooley
Beauty	Eldridge
The Beast	P.Collins
The Father	R.Collins
First Sister	Smedberg
Ivan Petrovski Skivar	T.Curtis
The Wicked Uncle	Farnsworth
First Babe	Hallowell
Second Babe	Heard
First Fiend	Coolidge
Second Fiend	Haskell

Was not this an inspiring and varied procession?We have tried to give the character in which each marched;for some men in their time played many parts.Hallowell was a rat after he had been a babe.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) Corning shifted from the pink gingham of the pastry-cook's wife to the ~~blue~~ blue robe of a priest, J.C. turned from a Turk into an alderman; and as for Bill Payson, he had to hop in and out of petticats so many times that we should think he would be in doubt as to whether he was a lady or a gentleman.

We give the stunts in order of presentation.

The Babes in the Woods.

We have seen this delightful opera before, but never has a more sinister uncle than Farnsworth greeted our horrified gaze. What a comfort that we can never be his nephews and nieces! Fit tools for his villainy were Coolidge and Haskell. Crime showed in every line of their faces, in every curl of their moustaches; but even their stony hearts melted at the appeal of the Babes, and with a fine gesture they flung down their daggers and refused to commit the final crime. And who could have remained stony-hearted at the appeal of two such tender blossoms as these? We wonder that even Uncle Farnsworth could have harbored an unkind thought against Jimmy and Pam. And it seemed only right that the birds of the air, admirably represented by Frog in the character of the tender-hearted Robin, should show their sympathy.

Abdullah Bulbul Ameer.

This brief tragedy was vividly staged. The fine swagger of P. Curtis as Abdullah was matched by the insolent carriage of T. Curtis as Ivan Petrovski Skivar. The struggle was brief and deadly; and when it was over, we had a charming glimpse of Bertie the Badger as the Muscovite maid.

SATURDAY
(Cont'd.)

Ferdinando and Elvira.

After these tragic scenes it was pleasant to turn to a drama, in which the course of true love, though it didn't run smooth, at least reached a happy ending. R.R. was a fascinating Elvira; and when she let down her hair and wept, we did not wonder that Ferdinando was ready to go anywhere to gratify her wishes. Ferdinando himself was a fine figure. He certainly did "this sort of thing particularly neatly"; and the devotion with which he tramped round and round thrugh the South, on his way from Patagonia to China and Norway was most convincing. R.F.C. as the pastry-cook was enough to tempt any man to forget about Hoover and the food regulations; and Corning as the little wife was so cozy that we feel sure we know one reason for the gentlepieman's mirth. Who would not be gay with such a spouse?

Captain Reece.

Sometimes one feels that an author exaggerates the noble qualities of his hero; but no one could feel that about F.G.F. as Capt. Reece. Did we not see his devotion to his men? He not only had a zoetrope for them, but he went without his supper to make it, which is more than the author tells. Ices, papers, books, feather-beds—no wonder his men adored him. F.T.F. was most insinuating as the coxswain, and G.S.L. a fine bluff boatswain. Of the rest of the crew, we can truly say that they were nautical in the extreme, and a credit to the service. Of the ladies we saw less, but certainly the boatswain's mo- there was "a tempting ickle sing." Happy the captain who finds that such a one loves him from afar! Cooley as the captain's widowed ma, and Jackson as the enchanting gal were enough to satisfy any heart; and the necessary number of cousins, aunts, and nieces was filled in by ladies from other stunts. So that the whole ship's company was "quickly matrimonified", as it says in "The Pirates of Penzance."

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

Lord Bateman.

This ballad is familiar to some of us,but its joys never pall.From the first moment,when the fall of the curtain revealed E.C. as Lord Bateman,every inch a noble lord,we were thrilled with alternate anxiety and joy.For truly the course of Lord Bateman's love was a bit complicated.But never mind. If there was a painful moment when the truth of his devotion to Sophia was revealed,who can wonder that both the bride and her mother were delighted at the handsome offer of the proud young porter?In his striped waistcoat Billy was sight to win any heart.One sees little of the Turks,but they were extremely Turkish,and ruffianly to the highest degree.As for Sophia, she was a vision of loveliness and grace,in her purple robes and gold-spangled veil.How sweetly she expressed her love for Lord Bateman,and with what anguish she heard of his approaching marriage!Even the bride's mother must have melted if she had seen her.

After this drama F.T.H. danced a very pretty sword dance for us.

Beauty and the Beast.

This is one of the best of our operas,and it lost nothing in its presentation by this year's cast.Beauty was such a bewitching damsel that any beast,or any prince,would have been proud to win her,and desperate at losing her.The sisters were fine figures too,but like Thuthelred,they got lost in the flare of the heroine's beauty.Dick Collins was a capital father,and expressed his fear of the beast with amazing and convincing tremors.As for the Beast himself,he was splendid, whether in his grisly guise as a monster,or in his gay green tights and cloak,a prince every inch of him.

SATURDAY (Cont'd.)

The Pied Piper.

Here we had no true love, and no tragedy; but it was one of the best stunts of the evening. First we had the mayor and corporation of Hamelin, dignified but hag-ridden by cares and by rats. For the little brutes squealed and squeaked, bit their shoes, and climbed up on their very backs. No wonder the Mayor was ready to sell his ermine gown. Suddenly there came a rap. Did it mean hope? "Come in" cried the Mayor. And in stepped a tall figure in scarlet and yellow, pipe in hand and ribbons fluttering here and there. Should he rid their town of rats for them? A cry of joy. He sounded the first note; and instantly the rats came scrambling from their corners. We didn't have quite all the colors mentioned in the poem, but they made a fine group as they sat on their haunches, doing all sorts of quaint evolutions, as the magic of the pipe bade them. Then the Piper took the head of the line, and after swinging a circle round the stage, danced out of the room, the rats capering after, and the Mayor and Corporation leaping joyfully in the rear.

The Gordian Knot.

This fine specimen of the dramatic art is new to our stage, and different from anything we have ever seen. The falling curtain revealed the stately from of the Chief Priest, backed by seven other priests in blue. (Etruscans? They must have been; but what were Etruscans doing so far from home?) A crash of drums from outside announthe arrival of Alexander the Great, a gallant young warrior in white and silver. To him the mysteries of the knot were revealed, and he saw one man fail to untie it. Our sympathies went out to Lykiardopolis, for he wrestled manfully with the chariot, even if he did foul. (Of course biting is not allowed in wrestling.) The acolyte in scarlet, and the quaint apparel of the dwarf, added greatly to this scene. Alexander's own doubts as to whether he would try it or not

SATURDAY (Cont'd.) were settled by the remarks of a witch, who appeared suddenly from nowhere in particular, and with one stroke of his sword he clove the knot in twain. Great was the hubbub among the priests; but one wave of his sword sent them flat on their backs, drumming with their feet on the floor, and otherwise showing their complete submission. And so it ended, with the priests chanting their mystic song, and the Chief Priest towering in his yellow robes and gold mitre, lighted up a glare of green fire.

Well, then came the reel. We had two sets, and danced it double, so it did not take very long. Perhaps the absence of Mackie and Shippy helped, too. Last year Nelson had to be reeled forcibly by C.F.B. all the way down, and Shippy was so hopeless that he had to be taken out of the set.

Then came lemon sherbert, and last a big three-circle taps.

After that it was all over but the sweeping, which was rather fearsome. The floor had been very thoroughly sprinkled with corn meal; unfortunately some very special corn meal, which Mr. Sawtell had got for us with great difficulty. Wasn't that a pity?

We got to bed in remarkably good season, after a most delightful evening, rejoicing in the thought of the extra time to sleep in the morning.

TO THE FOLIS OF MERRYWEATHER.

Oh, staphylococcus aureus, thou pyogenic creature,
Thou raisest furuncles on every Merryweather feature.
The chill of fear thou bringest near, oh epidermic raider--
Algesic wheal you make us feel, bacterial invader.

With serum and with leucocytes you cause an infiltration,
Disturbing rest and dreamless sleep, destroyer of vacation!
By night you work, all rest you shirk, oh pathogenic coccus,
Oh fierce and fearful parasite, you lesions grossly shock us.

Through circulation brisk or slow your vicious virus courses;
The Hippocratic facies show on cattle, men and horses,
When, deep, malignant, through our haemic vessels slowly filter
The toxins which, in poor or rich, make strong men fall and wilter.

Oh staphylococcus aureus, oh pathologic villain,
Amongst the follicles of hair to settle you are willin'.
Pathology rears up its head and makes us quake and quiver;
With fever, chills, and minor ills you make us shake and shiver.

J.T.

SUNDAY, Sept.1, B.26.96 T.64' N.W. clear. Early rain

All this is true of most of the day,but the report must have been made late,for even at breakfast time it was not clear,and at six o'clock it was raining hard.

The photographing went off well,though it was a little complicated by a small infirmary puddle,so that we had to stand on two boards.

During the morning M.r and Mrs.Frothingham came over for a few minutes with some friends,and Mrs.Liggett was over too.

At afternoon reading we finished "The Deluge".It is a wonderful book.

It was really too windy for a regular water picnic, so there was Skowhegan in Gleason's pasture,and we had supper--including the long-lost blueberry pies-- on our beach,there a north wind does not bother.

MOOSELOOKMEGUNTICS VS. HOLLY CHUNKMUNKS.

First Game.

16 runs		3 runs

Second Game.

4 runs		3 runs

Third Game.

13 runs		8 runs

After Skowhegan came wrestling,and then a great deal of sitting,so that it was a dishevelled crowd that sat down to supper.

We had our pies in squads,four to a pie.It was a question who got meanest,but the vote finally went to Jim Cooley,with Freddy Pignoux a close second.Fred washed his own face,but Jim played a friend to see which should do the washing.

We had time for much singing,ending with the "Merryweather Light",and "Auld Lang Syne.

MURRAY The same select crew that brought the Summerdale over,
(Cont'd.)
or nearly the same,took her back,and the rest of us marched and sang. We couldn't have done that from Hemlock Point without getting rather out of breath.

Hymns were lovely,and Skipper let us run over time a little,as the list was a long one.

At half past eight Dick Liggett took Sandy off,to spend the night at Gleason's and make an early start in the morning.There is a good deal more to Sandy than there was when he came.

And then came "The Long Trail" (that isn't its name,but you know what I mean),and "The Maltese Cat."

MONDAY Sept.2, B.29.24 T.66° N.W. Clear

A perfect day;and much good work was done with the early trunks that by ten o'clock we were ready for an expedition.

LITTLE POND.

TEDUS.	COOKER.	GUANAMICFF.		APOL.
J.R.	H.M.	C.F.B.		F.G.P.
Bigelow	Farnsworth	C.A.S.	Dwight	Leland
Farnsworth	Stackpole	P.Collins	Cooley	Hallowell
A.M.R.	M.P.	R.Collins	Ladd	Davidge
EBFN,		Eggleston	Jackson	
G.S.L.		Sullivan	Sherburne	
Frothingham		H.Woodbridge		
Hines		Grub		
Corning				

YAMMER.	WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	FANTASTE.	FREEDUS.
C.H.C.	F.H.S.	A.F.V.	F.T.F.	Payson
Smedberg	Eldridge	T.Curits	Whitman	P.Curtis
Clarke	Gignoux	Hutchinson	Haskell	Shaw
Phillips	Reynolds	G.Wood.		Lester

This left at home M.R.,L.M.R.,R.P.C.,who had much business to attend to,R.R.,E.C.,who was feeling queer,and Archie Coolidge,who was having another boil.

As we were to come back to supper,and the current in Meadow Brook is pretty lively,owing to the low water,we all went by way of the Tiber and walked across.The Tiber is very low,but we got up to the landing below the saw-mill without much trouble.

The walk is not a long one,and the road--,well,you can see that it is meant for a road.After we left it we struck some rather thick going,but soon we came out on the beach,and there was Little Pond before us.

Swim was the first thing,of course.Then came dinner, with hash still piping hot in a pail.We ate and drank merrily and then began all sorts of games in the sand.C.F.B. built a big sand volcano;and while we were digging up sand to heap it properly,Ted Frothingham found a nest of turtle's eggs.

A band of geologists damned the little brook,and studied

MONDAY (Cont'd.) the action of streams and the formation of deltas etc.

Sand scouting is a new form of our pet game. You make a nice hollow for a course, and get two to play on each side. The players are blindfolded, and an impartial observer arranges obstacles. Then each player advances one hand cautiously, trying to touch his opponent's fingers. The one who first gets the right name for the hand he touches wins. It may also be played by one man on each side, using both hands.

Then came Skowhegan for a select company, along the rocks and through the woods. Altogether it was a lively time.

We had a good paddle home, and arrived in time for a swim, which is almost always welcome.

When we arrived we found two guests, Mrs. Phillips, and Mr. Breed, the latter a friend of J.G.'s, with whom he is going camping tomorrow. Signatures are not obtainable, as this goes to press late.

At supper Skipper presented the season's prizes, with a wild accompaniment of cheers and brief speeches.

Needlemen.
1. Reynolds
2. Benis

Dormitory Cups.
1. Leland
2. Sherburne
3. Davidge
Honorable Mention, Eldridge, Farnsworth, Clarke, Gignoux

Track and Field.
A. Collins, P.
P. Whitman
C. Heard

Watermanship.
Senior, Davidge.
Junior, Frothingham

Promethean Cup.
Davidge

MONDAY (Cont'd.) The honors in watermanship do not take the place of the canoe cup;that is seldom given.They stand for good all-round sense about boats,and ability to handle them; in short for watermanship.

Then H.D. took the floor.He spoke of the days when he was about Haskell's size,when a game of scouting might be lost or won by one brilliant player.Now it is different.What counts is team-play,and it was by team-play that the Iroquois won this season.The Algonquins had done well,however,and had at least given the Iroquois a run for their money.He then took the cup down from the mantelpiece,and presented it to the Captain of the Iroquois.

C.F.B. congratulated the Algonquins on playing an uphill season splendidly,and on trying out more new and desperate schemes than had been seen before.It was certainly team-play that won,and he thanked all the Iroquois for their splendid work.

The cup was then filled and passed by the two Captains, and the toasts began.

C.F.P. The Algonquin board of strategy--by the Nine Gods they swore.

C.H.C. The Ladies.(A rising toast,to which L.F.R. responded.)

F.C. The Medical Faculty,and their cheerfulness when they get you where they want you.

R.F.C. The Wrastling Doctor.

F.R.S. Mr.Chapin is the suitable person to propose that,as he is the one man that was put down the bank at Faculty Coffee.

A.F.V. The hardest worked man in Camp--our Secretary.

T.B.C. The Iroquois.

MONDAY (Cont'd.)

C.F.B. The Algonquins.

F.R.S. The Prefects.(Cries for Payson,who retires more or less under the table.)

Leland. As a victim,I propose the Tutors.

H.D. We know on which side our bread is buttered.

The butterers of our toasts.

C.F.B. Skipper and Mrs.Richards.(Standing,and a good many feet on the table.)

H.R. To Moulton Bartlett,a noble boy and a good scout.

H.D. The most despicable mug-hunter in Camp,

Joe Davidge.

F.R.S. He is one of the few Elis in a Harvard camp.

H.D. Rice Pudding.If we had had it the last week we should have won the last day,three straight.

H.R. To all Merryweathers in service.(For this we were all standing on our chairs,some with a foot on the table,and C.F.B. was standing on the table.So it ended,with a long,loud cheer.)

Davidge The Faculty.

Well,all good things have to end,and we could not sit and cheer and drink "the liquor of the aristocracy" forever.There was a bon-fire to light.It was a fine fire,too,and we hope that no one in the neighborhood thought we were burning up.When we had had enough of throwing the pudding-ball back and forth over the fire,we settled down for a good sing.Then came "Auld Lang Syne",in a wonderful circle.

We ended the evening with Blackboard Relay,and an O.Henry story.

TUESDAY Sept.3, Fair, S.V. The day of departures began with F.T.H., who had to catch the 5-48. He set his alarm clock for five; and getting up promptly, trotted over to R.B.C.'s tent and knocked, saying sweetly, "Did you say you wanted to be waked at five?". Now R.B.C. did not want to be waked at five, and had told him so definitely the night before.

As we were going in Fords, we did not have to make the usual very early start. It is handier to go this way, but the old slow trip in a hay-rigging full of straw, with suit-cases and mandolins stuck in the odd corners, and everyone getting out to walk the hills, was very friendly.

We got over in good time, in several instalments, and walked the track, or climbed the ladder to the top of the bank as our fancy prompted, till the train. We couldn't have a whole car, but the rear car was the one that we were to go in, so the last view was of a back platform crowded with waving brethren. Bless their hearts!

The faculty turned to as a trunk committee, and got all our trunks on but one, leaving Sam Jerusalem's trunks to go later. After all, if we are willing and able to put our own trunks on, we have the precedence.

A.F.V. and F.R.S. went in charge of the crowd. A.R. went too, but she is coming back Thursday. The rest of the faculty are staying on various lengths of time.

Ted Frothingham went off with his family to Ram Island, and Whit went with his by automobile. I forgot to say yesterday that his mother and older brother were here in the evening.

Carl Lester's mother and younger brother came for him

TUESDAY about one o'clock, and late in the afternoon Mr. Hallowell
(Cont'd.)
took his Jinny over to Pearson's to spend the night, before starting on a trip. With them went Freddy Reynolds, who is to wait there till his mother comes for him.

About swim time J.S. and Mr. Breed took the Allegash, and went over to Long Pond for a few days' camping.

This morning the North, Short, and Mammoth were cleared, and most of the faculty moved into the South. Then some of us went swimming, but C.F.H. and W.C. went sleeping, and did not stir till they were called, at two minutes of dinner time.

After dinner we began "The Lunatic at Large", which we have not read for a good many years.

In the afternoon the Mammoth was taken down and packed away; a big job.

There was also a good deal of wood split, and much clearing up of the Infirmary and surroundings.

Carlyle left this noon. He meant to stay through the week, but was feeling so ill that he wanted to get to his doctor at once. Mrs. Pickford, who often helped us when she was Ruth Thompson, is going to cook for us the rest of the time.

In the evening we had a good game of Mythology, went on with the "Lunatic", and had Taps at nine o'clock.

"They try to get some leathery sleep."

A good letter to-day from Reuben. He is glad to see Dome, but wishes he hadn't missed the last desserts.

HEIGHT STATISTICS.

NAME.	HEIGHT.	GAIN SINCE 1917.
Davidge	5'7 3/4"	4 1/2"
F.Collins	5'7"	2 1/4"
Payson	5'7"	1/2"
Dwight	5'6 3/4"	
F.Almirall	5'6 1/4"	
J.Corning	5'6 1/4"	3 7/8"
Whitman	5'6 1/4"	
R.Collins	5'6"	2 1/4"
Ladd	5'6"	
Snedberg	5'4 1/2"	
J.Almirall	5'4"	
Lowell	5'3 1/2"	4"
Ripley	5'3 1/2"	
Leland	5'3 1/4"	
Eldridge	5'3 1/8"	
Morss	5'3 1/8"	
Hobart	5'2 1/2"	
Bigelow	5'2 1/4"	
Eggleston	5'2"	1 3/4"
Sherburne	5'1 1/2"	1 5/8"
Thompson	5 1 1/4"	
Jackson	5' 3/4"	
Clarke	5'	1 3/8"
H.Corning	5'	
Morris	5'	
Frothingham	4'11 5/8"	
Shaw	4'11 1/2"	
Farnsworth	4'11 1/4"	2 3/4"
Hutchinson	4'11 5/8"	
Lester	4'11 1/4"	
Bemis	4'10 1/16"	
Cooley	4'10"	
H.Woodbridge	4'10"	
Mackie	4'9 3/4"	1 3/4"
Gignoux	4'9 1/2"	1 7/8"
Stackpole	4'9 1/8"	1 3/8"
Coolidge	4'9"	
Hallowell	4'8 1/4"	
Haskell	4'8"	1 1/2"
Phillips	4'8"	
Welsh	4'7 5/8"	
Hines	4'7"	1"
Heard	4'6 3/4"	
Liggett	4'5 1/4"	
Reynolds	4'4"	
G.Woodbridge	4'3 3/8"	
Biddle	4'---? (Not measured)	
H.R.	5'11"	
C.F.P.Jr.	6'	
C.H.C.	6'1 3/4"	
E.C.	5'7 3/4"	
H.B.	5'9 1/4"	
F.R.S.	5'8 3/4"	
A.F.V.	5'6 3/4"	
R.P.C.	5'6 3/4"	
C.S.L.	5'7 5/16"	
F.G.B.	5'7 7/8"	
F.T.H.	5'8 3/4"	

Best gain, Davidge, 4 1/2"

Total length, 99 yds. 1'5 3/8"

WEIGHT STATISTICS.

NAME.	FIRST WEIGHT.	FINAL WEIGHT.	GAIN OR LOSS.
Robart	84	90 3/4	6 3/4
Frothingham	74 1/2	83	6 1/2
Jackson	81 1/4	87 1/2	6 1/4
Davidge	115 1/2	121 1/2	6
Delland	93 1/4	99	5 3/4
Saeburne	84	89 1/2	5 1/2
Payson	138	143	5
Ladd	103 1/2	108	4 1/2
Eggleston	95	99 1/4	4 1/4
Hutchinson	74 1/2	78 3/4	4 1/4
Mackie	75 1/2	79 3/4	4 1/4
Rynolds	59 3/4	64	4 1/4
Whitman	127 3/4	131 3/4	4
Welsh	62 3/4	66 1/2	3 3/4
Morss	96 3/4	100 1/4	3 1/2
Bigelow	87 1/4	90 1/4	3
Heard	66	69	3
Liggett	58	60 3/4	2 3/4
Coolidge	77 1/2	79 1/2	2
Farnsworth	80 1/2	82 1/4	1 3/4
Blackpole	86 1/4	88	1 3/4
Cooley	77 1/4	78 1/2	1 1/4
Eldridge	105	106	1
Hallowell	68 3/4	69 3/4	1
S.Woodbridge	62 1/4	63	3/4
Hines	63 3/4	64 1/4	1/2
Lester	75 1/4	75 1/4	0
Jewell	105 1/2	105 1/2	0
E.Woodbridge	75 1/4	75 1/4	0
Haskell	72 1/2	71 1/2	1

ONE MONTH.

Dwight	117 3/4	123 1/4	5 1/2
Ripley	78	83	5
W.Collins	115 1/2	119	3 1/2
Phillips	67	70 1/4	3 1/4
Clarke	82	84 3/4	2 3/4
F.Corning	92 1/2	94 3/4	2 1/2
Shaw	78 3/4	80 1/2	1 3/4
Sullivan	93 1/2	94 1/2	1
E.Collins	112 1/4	112 3/4	1/2
T.Almirall	101 1/4	101 1/4	0
Thorndon	80 1/4	79 1/2	3/4
J.Corning	119	118	1
Pindle	77 3/4	76 1/2	1 1/2
Perie	80 3/4	77 1/2	3 3/4
Morrie	128 1/4	122 1/2	5 3/4

SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	B.B.	S.O.	Ave.
A.F.V.	3	14	5	9	5	0	0	1	0	.640
E.C.	5	18	12	10	3	2	0	6	1	.550
R.C.	6	22	13	12	4	2	0	1	5	.550
H.D.	6	25	11	11	2	1	0	4	1	.440
F.R.S.	6	23	10	11	2	0	0	4	3	.550
O.S.L.	6	25	12	9	5	1	0	3	4	.360
Davidge	4	20	8	7	1	0	0	0	5	.350
F.T.H.	5	24	5	8	3	0	0	0	1	.333
Almirall J.	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.250
F.G.B.	6	25	7	6	2	0	0	3	14	.240
Ladd	3	11	1	2	0	0	0	3	8	.180
Payson	5	18	1	2	0	0	0	4	8	.111
J.Conning	3	9	1	1	0	0	0	3	7	.111
Sherburne	3	9	0	1	0	0	0	3	7	.111
Smedberg	3	11	2	1	0	0	0	1	3	.090
Collins P.	3	11	2	1	0	0	0	2	5	.090
Whitman	6	23	2	2	0	0	0	3	9	.087
Leland	6	24	1	2	0	0	0	0	7	.083
Eldridge	6	26	4	2	0	0	0	1	7	.079
Jackson	6	21	2	1	0	0	0	3	11	.040
Hutchinson	2	5	3	0	0	0	0	3	4	.000
Morris	3	12	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Almirall F.	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	.000
Cooley	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	.000
Collins R.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Dwight	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
FOR AUGUST.										
A.F.V.	3	14	5	9	5	0	0	1	0	.640
Davidge	1	5	3	3	0	0	0	0	1	.600
R.C.	3	14	6	6	2	1	0	0	4	.429
F.R.S.	3	11	7	5	1	0	0	2	3	.444
E.C.	2	7	4	3	1	1	0	3	1	.428
H.D.	3	10	5	4	0	0	0	3	1	.400
F.T.H.	2	10	2	3	2	0	0	0	1	.300
Ladd	2	6	0	1	0	0	0	2	5	.167
J.Corning	3	9	1	1	0	0	0	3	7	.111
O.S.L.	3	10	5	1	0	1	0	3	3	.100
F.G.B.	3	11	3	1	0	0	0	2	8	.090
Collins P.	3	11	2	1	0	0	0	2	5	.090
Smedberg	3	11	2	1	0	0	0	1	3	.090
Whitman	3	12	2	1	0	0	0	2	4	.083
Jackson	3	10	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	.000
Leland	3	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Payson	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	.000
Cooley	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
Collins R.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Dwight	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
AUGUST GUESTS.										
C.A.S.	2	9	1	3	1	0	0	0	1	.333
Bennett	1	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	.200
J.B.T.	1	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000

Compiled by A.M.R.

JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

NAME.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	B.B.	S.O.	Ave.
F.C.B.	5	20	9	9	3	0	0	4	2	.450
Smedberg	2	9	3	4	4	0	0	1	1	.444
Collins,P.	2	5	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	.400
Corning,H.	2	6	0	2	0	0	0	3	1	.333
O.S.L.	5	19	12	6	1	1	0	7	0	.316
Payson	5	23	6	6	1	0	0	0	8	.260
Davidge	2	9	8	2	0	0	0	1	0	.222
Morris	2	10	3	2	0	0	0	0	2	.200
Sherburne	3	19	0	3	0	0	0	0	3	.158
Hutchinson	3	14	2	2	0	0	0	0	3	.143
Corning,J.	3	15	7	2	0	0	0	1	2	.133
F.T.H.	5	23	6	3	2	0	0	1	3	.130
Whitman	5	23	3	3	0	0	0	3	3	.130
Eldridge	5	24	4	3	0	0	0	2	2	.125
Almirall,F.	2	8	3	1	0	0	0	2	0	.125
Ladd	5	16	4	2	1	0	0	9	5	.125
Jackson	5	21	5	2	0	0	0	4	6	.095
Collins,E.	3	12	3	1	0	0	0	1	4	.083
Leland	4	17	1	1	0	0	0	1	5	.059
Farnsworth	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
Heard	4	15	1	0	0	0	0	5	5	.000
Cooley	5	13	4	0	0	0	0	12	3	.000
Hallowell	2	6	2	0	0	0	0	2	3	.000
Stackpole	3	12	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Hines	3	12	3	0	0	0	0	2	5	.000
Sullivan	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Lowell	1	7	3	0	0	0	0	3	3	.000
FOR AUGUST.										
Smedberg	2	9	3	4	4	0	0	1	1	.440
Collins,P.	2	5	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	.400
Payson	3	14	4	5	1	0	0	0	5	.356
F.C.B.	3	12	4	4	2	0	0	2	2	.333
O.S.L.	3	11	6	3	0	0	0	5	0	.273
Hutchinson	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.250
F.T.H.	3	13	4	3	2	0	0	1	2	.230
Whitman	3	13	3	2	0	0	0	3	2	.154
Eldridge	3	14	3	2	0	0	0	1	0	.143
Corning,J.	3	15	7	2	0	0	0	1	2	.133
Ladd	3	9	3	1	1	0	0	6	3	.111
Collins,E.	3	12	13	1	0	0	0	1	4	.083
Jackson	3	13	3	1	0	0	0	1	6	.077
Heard	3	10	1	0	0	0	0	5	4	.000
Cooley	3	8	2	0	0	0	0	9	1	.000
Sherburne	1	9	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	.000
Leland	2	8	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Hallowell	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Stackpole	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Hines	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	2	4	.000
Sullivan	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	.000
Lowell	1	7	3	0	0	0	0	3	3	.000
AUGUST GUESTS.										
Curtis,T.	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Curtis,P.	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000

Compiled by A.M.R.

WEDNESDAY Sept.4, Fair, Warm. R.F.C. left this morning.I' is sad to have our number diminish.

H.H. also left,but only for a little while,to attend an anti-tuberculosis meeting in Waterville.

This morning the tents in Bachelor's Row were taken down and put away.They took R.F.C.'s tent right down over his head,and left him writing among the bones.

In the afternoon stock-taking went on,and C.F.E. and T.C. had a busy and odorous time with cess-pools and drain.

We had a call from Miss Ruth Richards,Mrs.J.S. Bradstree,and Miss Hussey.

H.H. and F.S.L. went fishing,and caught four good bars.

Total number of fish,4.

In the evening seven of us felt frivolous,so we sought the crowded haunts of the city.We don't often go over to North Belgrade in the evening.I don't know that we were exactly thrilled,but the paddle over and back was delightful.

THURSDAY Sept.5, S.W. Fog Light rain p.m. H.H. got up early this morning and cleaned yesterday's fish,so that we could have them for breakfast.

F.S.L. left by the morning train.Too bad to have him go ,but these are busy days for everyone.

The following telegram came this morning:

All hands delivered.No trouble.Arrangements worked well. best wishes.

Does.

Letters have begun to come,too,from Dick Dwight,Stacky, and Tom Curtis.

To-day the stock-taking of the shop was finished.That is one of the big jobs.

THURSDAY (Cont'd.) J.G. and Dr.Breed came back from their trip to-day, and this seems a favorable chance to get the latter's signature.

W B Breed.

Later in the afternoon R.R. came back, after a successful trip, with many tales of the journey, and P.Curtis's sheet music, which he left last year, and took as far as Portsmouth this year. Next year he may get it to Newburyport.

About five arrived two guests who do not get here often, nor stay long, but who are most particularly welcome:

Jamie Peabody — Endicott Peabody.

C.H.C. went over to Waterville to see Dr.Hardy about his knee, and found it in such shape that he took the evening train to Bangor for a session with his own doctor, and perhaps a day or two in hospital. C.F.B. went over with him, to put him on the train. We hope for good news to-morrow or next day.

In the evening we read "His Duty", as so many of the company were not intimate with our Lunatic, and then had several rounds of black-board relay. The following sentences were the best:

It is some blue bird.

Go home, you poor fool.

I am some wrong thing.

I am rather tired now.

Good news from L.C.Z. He has his commission, and is second lieutenant in ground aviation.

FRIDAY Sept.6. Cloudy, Variable. Light rain. A day of many departures, beginning with C.A.S., who slipped off on his trusty motor-cycle a little before breakfast.

Then J.S. and Mr.Breed went by Ford,with a stray rock or two among their belongings.

E.C. took the morning train,to get back to his boat and a race.He doesn't think that he can get overboard this time when he wants to change his rig.

The Peabodys left about nine,in their motor.Hard to let them go,especially our own lady factiele.But so good to have had them,especially her!

In the middle of the morning our ranks were replenished by the arrival of the Shaws,who are to leave from here for Groton to-morrow morning.It isn't handy to get a motor in to Fourway.

At afternoon reading we finished the Lunatic,and at evening reading we began "The Prisoner of Zenda."

In the afternoon C.F.B. and A.M.R. went exploring behind Monkey Point,and played two new tree games;trees you can see along the shore you are passing,and trees you can recognise on the sky-line.The latter is rather difficult,but very exciting.They also saw a young Bonaparte gull sitting on one of the big rocks of White Ledges.

M.B. and R.P.C. had three sets of ping-pong,in which the latter won.

In the evening arrived Mrs.Wiggins--or Miss Petty--for a visit.She hasn't been here for a year.

Laura Elizabeth Wiggins

SATURDAY, Sept. 7, Cool, Cloudy

Yes, this is the other type-writer, and to tell the truth I don't like it so well as my own. But mine went in town yesterday in my lap, and didn't come out again. I left at six o'clock, for exams and other chores.

The Shaws left by the nine o'clock train, for Groton. It has been fine to have them here.

EXPEDITION ROUND THE HORN.
HECUBA.
C.F.B. jr.
H.D.

Our account of this trip must be second-hand, but it was a very successful expedition. The only difficulty was the giving way of a thwart at the Mills. And when they tried to get some marlin to mend it with, not only was there none to be had, but the Mills in general had never heard of it. They seemed to think it might be something to eat. So the two hardy mariners got some rope, and took a little marlin from the other mended place, and soon got their thwart into commission again.

They dined at various places, including the regular East Mt. Vernon stop, and came home in good order. . . .

Late in the evening A.M.R. turned up. Her train was late into Waterville, and there was a trolley-car off the track on the Oakland line. In fact the Oaklanders told Anderson, who went over to meet her, that there would be no more cars out. So he went home. But there was a car, and she took it, and got a man from the Oakland garage to do the trick. Oh, but it is good to be out again! . . .

SUNDAY, Sept.8
Cool
Cloudy.

It has been a quiet day,but a delightful one.We had service at the usual time,and then went over in canoes to get mail and paper.And there was a letter from J.R.,besides continued good news from the front.

After dinner we had much "Prisoner of Zenda",and then did more or less packing and odds and ends.

Soon we are to have our last picnic,in the pine parlor, and I must say goodbye to the job and the place that I love bes of all.Fir it is back to the army again,sergeant,with school beginning tomorrow at eight o'clock.

Well,I am not much good at saying the things I want to. But in spite of all the difficulties of the summer;mumps, whooping-cough,diphtheria,anti-toxin,and the Board of Health, I am thnkful for every minute of it.

And now my little hutch is empty,and it is "time for us to go."Goodbye,and good luck to all.

A.M.R.

MONDAY Sept.9, Fair, Warmer.

She departed,that valiant Editor,ina spatter of rain;soon it came down in earnest,and rained merrily all night;but to-day is fine and clear,altogether delightful.We draw the chairs closer,and say"Masters, spread yourselves",and try not to miss her and the rest too DREADFULLY.For Hal Davis has gone too,this morning;the gentle tutor,the faithful Merryweather,the "Summa Cum" student of whose splendid list of A's were as proud--almost--as his own people can be.Good luck to him,and all the good things he deserves!

We are burning up the red pine branches of the Fancy Ball,and they blaze and crackle finely.The room looks bare, but much lighter than with its bowery green.

A busy day,packing,clearing up,etc.Boats in the evening, in a wonderful sunset,with the little new moon veiled in rosy clouds.Then thrilling squeaks and chatterings of "The White

MONDAY (Cont'd.) Mice" and early bed.I must not omit to say that C.F.B and R.B.C. went over to Waterville to register.They came back clipped as to their hair,shorn as to their manly chins,with chocolates and ginger for the general delectation.Letters come every day from the Brother Boys,most welcome,and very joyful reading.Froggy Hines thinks he had a good summer,in spite of mumps and whooping cough. Hurrah for the valiant Frog!May he be with us nezt year,with no symptom of any kind to disturb his health!

TUESDAY Sept.10, Clear, Warm, N.W., Strong. Strong,stronger,strongest!Byt 4-30 it was blowing evi-dently with intention.The wind roared,the waves hissed,"R. B.C.,here's your chance!" Gallantly he rushed to the fray.

Out came the Squanny;off he started,C.F.B. attending with the usual Rangeley.The rest of us on the flaot,in blankets,(for it was mortal cold) watched with thrills.Will he?Can he?He could.He did! After a manful struggle he brought the Squanny in triumphantly,and we did our best to out-shout wind and waves in expression of our joy.So now we have another canoeman!

Just before supper came Miss Bailey and Mr.Barstow;the former to spend the night,the latter staying only to supper."White Mice" very thrilling all the evening.

Packing going on all day,very busily;chests all down and half filled.Delightful letters from many dear boys;they have been unusually prompt,and it is most pleasant to hear that they enjoyed the summer,in spite of mumps,whooping-cough,and QUARANTINE!

THE BALLAD OF CHILDE CHAPIN.

Waken, waken, Wind of the West,
For Chapin the Childe will take the test.
Chapin the Childe he fain would brave
The roaring wind and the rushing wave,
And prove himself before all men's view
Master and lord of the light canoe!

The West Wind opened his sleepy eyes
And then he rubbed them in great surprise.
"What's this?" he asked, and his look grew wild,
"What's this I hear about Chapin the Childe?
He'd see me rage, and he'd hear me roar?
Good gracious! Why didn't you say so before?
In half a crack I will prove it true
Whether he can be lord of the light canoe."

Then the West Wind puffed his cheeks out so--
And pursed his lips and began to blow!
And over the water there came a hiss,
A whisper and then a roar, I wis.
And the waves began to leap and curl,
And the spray began to fly and whirl,
And over the waters near and far
The West Wind broke with a shout of war.

Then Batchy the Bold cried, "Here's your chance!
O Chapin the Childe, to lead the dance!
With me beside in a rangeley boat,
Whatever may happen, you're likely to float!
Come on! Come out! if you should pull through,
You'd be master and lord of the light canoe!"

Then Chapin the Childe arose in his might,
And his comely limbs in azure dight;
And out on his shoulders he bore the Squanny,
The test canoe, so slim and bonny.
He launches, he boards her; he's off and away
In a whirl of wind and a smother of spray.

The West Wind clutches, the West Wind tears!
He roars and rages, he screams and swears;
But on through the welter, slow but sure,
With Pickerel Rock for his shining lure,
On through the tumult wide and wild,
Steadily on goes Chapin the Childe.

The Squanny rocks and the Squanny swerves,
She grips his muscles and cracks his nerves;
But close at his side rows Batchy the Bold,
And we watch from the float, where 'tis horribly cold,
Till a shout breaks out: "Hip! Hip! hurroo!
He's reached the rock, and he's turned it, too!"

The West Wind yelled,the West Wind screamed;
"That he could do it I never dreamed.
I'm beaten,you think,by a paltry fellow
In a rag of blue and a chip of yellow?"
Then fiercer than ever he snatched and tore,
And louder he bellowed than ever before.
But slow and sure,on the homeward tack,
The Childe on the West Wind turned his back,
And still erect,and still afloat,
He steers his course for the distant float.

The word rings out:he leaps amain:
A splash,a plunge--he's up again.
And now once more with forward gaze
He cleaves the wild and watery ways.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the float he nears.
He springs ashore mid our frantic cheers,
And Chapin the Childe has proved him true
Master and lord of the light canoe.

L.E.R.

Wed.Sept.IIth
Fair and COLD !

Fortyy degrees ! I can tell you,the water was cool at 6a.m..
But it was glorious,too,and Skipper made us a regular Christmas fire,so we were all right.The sun was bright and hot by noon,, so the Great Event came off at last.See next page !.. For several days I had sternly written on the blackboard,"Lavandus est Dux" That was my part;I pressed the button;Skipper did the rest..
In the afternoon R.R.,Miss Bailey,and ~~xxxx~~.. I,went to pay a call(owing for more years than I like to recall !) on Mrs Monks at her pleasant camp at the head of the pond;a delightful little trip.But I have forgotten to record the sad event of this day;:
Mrs Wiggins left us by the morning train.I went to the station with her,in Anderson's new ~~era~~ car,of which he is equally prpud and afraid.. In the evening we finished the White Mice,with equal joy and regret.Packing was as usual the order of the day;but I must not forget to record the mighty slaughter of flies before break- by L.E.W.,C.F.B.,and R.B.C.. Heaps upon heaps ! they went about the kitchen and pantry with glasses of hot water,and the creatures fell in literally by hundreds.This valiant attack,together with the liberal use of fly-strips,has really made a great difference in the pest,the one drawback of these September days..
Miss B ailey returned to Gardiner at 5 p.m..

Thursday Sept.I2th
Cold and cloudy;:
wind east..
C.F.B.departed in the morning,leaving us very sad,but very thankful to have had him so long.He has been a great help and comfort.Now we are only four,H.R.,R.R.,L.E.R..,and Chapin the Childe,who remains till the last,our one Merryweather Boy..
In the afternoon,R.R.and I went to make our other neighborhood calls,on Mrs Wallace,Mrs Stevens,Mrs Alexander..

And Skipper dug the Drain !

Friday, Sept. 13th
Rain.

At first it only looked doubtful; there were even deceitful gleams of sunshine in the early morning. Soon after breakfast, however, it settled down in good earnest for a rainy day, and proved a fine specimen of the kind. But, we could not stop for rain; the carpenters came, Fred Lord and Plummer Meserve, and the work of shutting up began. We worked all day, in rubbers and waterproofs, all but Chapin the Childe, who har dly left his work table, here in the big room, except for his meals. We read "In the Fog" after dinner and supper.

Saturday, Sept. 14th.

Fine and clear.

A glorious morning for our last; the water delightful, and the final plunge a thing of delight.

The shutters are going up, and Fred is waiting to pack this machine. Goodbye! good luck to Merryweather, and a happy meeting for us all next year!

Time for us to go!

LAVANDUS EST DUX

DUX LAVATUR

LAVATUS
EST
DUX

3558 3